

# THIS NUMBER CONTAINS A BELATED REVENGE

By ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD,  
Author of "The Gladiator," "Nick of the Woods," Etc.

COMPLETE.

[ NOVEMBER, 1889 ]

# LIPPINCOTT'S

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# The December Number

WILL CONTAIN

## ALL HE KNEW.

BY

JOHN HABBERTON,

Author of "Helen's Babies," "Bructon's Bayou," etc.

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A

# BELATED REVENGE.

FROM THE PAPERS OF IPSICO POE.

BY THE LATE

DR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD,

AUTHOR OF "THE GLADIATOR," "NICK OF THE WOODS," ETC.,

AND HIS SON,

FREDERIC M. BIRD.

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PHILADELPHIA.

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# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1889.

## A BELATED REVENGE.

[Mr. Poe's narrative is supposed to have been written about 1810, at Lexington, Kentucky. The events it records were of date long previous: the scene opens in that part of Albemarle which is now Nelson County, Virginia. Several of his chapters are here abridged or suppressed, and only so much retained as seems essential to the unity of his story. Such experiences were perhaps less uncommon on the frontier than we would like to think them.—*F. M. B.*]

### PART FIRST.

#### I.

##### THE SHAWNEE PASS.

THOUGH the Beaver's Pass was within five miles of my father's house, no one in the neighborhood knew of it but myself and he from whom I had the secret. It was difficult either to find or mount, being no more than a series of cracks and ledges in the precipice, to be scaled only by rough climbing; but it afforded a way, such as it was, across the Ridge, much nearer than the gap by which my brothers used to ride to the over-hill country. At its foot was a sort of wigwam made of brushwood piled against the rock,—a mean shelter and a wretched habitation; but since those days I have often been content with worse.

The Beaver, who called this hut his home, was a poor old vagabond, lame and worthless, who had long before disowned his tribe or been abandoned by it. He chose to live among the whites because of their fire-water, which was the only thing on earth he cared for. The settlers called him Niggurnose, in pure contempt, for his features had nothing of the negro. He was the wreck of a good hunter and warrior, but so harmless that no one wished to do him a mischief, beyond whipping him off for thieving, and playing tricks upon him. In his cups he would break out into rage at his fallen state, and threaten great things against those who thus abused him, as my father and my eldest brother Gregory; but this passed for idle chatter. He must often have



gone half starving before I stumbled on him asleep in the woods one day and came near murdering him in my childish terror. He had no gun until I gave him an old musket I won at a shooting-match; he would have sold it for whiskey, I believe, but it was so bad nobody would have it. I was all for rambling, and used him as a guide, paying him with liquor from the barrel kept at home for the blacks: we abhorred the stuff, though we always carried it in the forest, in case of accidents. Besides, I used to give him such game as I shot and could not carry home. He was a poor wretch, but he was of much use to me, piloting me about the country (for my father loved to keep me at home, and my brothers would never take me across the Ridge), and teaching me many things about Indians and their ways, with enough of the Shawnee tongue to serve me well in after-life. In this humble way my career as a woodsman began.

Nobody but myself cared at all for the Beaver, or even followed him to his haunt, till I led some others there on a doleful occasion. His pass had been used by the Shawnees of old, but it was years since they had set foot upon it. Their attack on the Fluvanna settlements in 1758, with the murder of my brother Toby and our relatives whom he was visiting there, was so promptly and heavily avenged that they never crossed the Middle Mountain again. The only survivors of that massacre were my cousin Fanny, who escaped unhurt, and her cousin Harry Leonard, who was found half scalped and horribly wounded, but afterwards recovered. He was about my own age, near fourteen; she was a year and a half younger. As all their nearer friends had been killed, these children were taken into our family, where Harry became far more useful than the sons of the house. He was docile, peaceable, and affectionate; he liked books and farm labors better than our rough sports; he would listen contentedly to my father's prayers and sermons, from which we used to run. For all this I despised him, and was never his friend. He gave me no real cause of dislike, but—well, you will soon hear.

As for Fanny, she was soon the light of the house; all loved her, but I more than the rest. My mother died, following my only sister. As the youngest, I was her chief companion—when I chose to stay at home. As we grew older, it was understood we were to be married by and by, and settled on a farm; but we inclined to her father's place beyond the Ridge, now safe enough from Indians, for settlers were continually pushing westward. A fort had even been built and garrisoned at the Crab Orchard, as far away as the north fork of the south branch of the Holston.

Fanny strongly disapproved my continual wanderings with the Beaver. She was never easy in my absence, she used to tell me, fearing I might come to bodily harm in the woods, or fall in with bad company, or pick up wild ideas and become estranged from civilized ways and from her. "You won't own it, George," she would say, "but you are easily influenced by strangers, though you are so obstinate with me. You ought to stay at home and help father more, now Gregory is away and only you and Tom left." And then she blushed a little, and added that if I meant to take a farm of my own it was time I settled down;

for when we were on the Buffalo, with no near neighbors, she could not bear it to be left with the blacks, and me tramping the hills for days together.

At this I would put her off with promises; but the passion for roving had gained possession of me, and, though I was always glad to get back at night and see Fanny, I was no less eager to steal off in the morning. I never could understand how it was that when in the woods I longed for home, and when at home I was pining for the woods.

Gregory had gone southwest with others to fight the Cherokees, and after that campaign was over he was detained by Governor Littleton of South Carolina, who employed him in missions among the Indians, and offered him a plantation if he would stay. Most of his comrades were killed; it was long before we heard from him, and he was away more than a year. As to Fanny's calling me George, that was my name originally, with Whitefield besides, after the great preacher who converted my father when he lived in Hanover County; but, hating the word and all that it signified, I exchanged with an Indian boy whose father came our way to secure a truce, when I was ten. My parents disliked the heathenish sound of Ipsico, but I would answer to nothing else, and it soon stuck. Fanny, who had a horror of everything Indian (and no wonder), always used the old name; and so, afterwards, did one other sometimes, in jest.

When I wished to ramble alone, I would give the old Shawnee his toll of whiskey and bid him stay at home and get drunk. This was not exactly right, perhaps, but it was the only way to get rid of him. One day in the spring of 1762, having thus left him behind, I climbed his pass, and started southward along the Ridge, meaning to see whether it could be followed as far as the Fluvanna Gap. It was a fool's errand, and led to no good results. The way was rough, and after two miles or more I was so entangled among rocks and precipices that I thought of turning back, when suddenly I spied a pool, not above forty yards across, lying deep in a sort of gulf, whence it sent a little stream down the western slope. It was a lonesome spot, and I was charmed with the sight, for I thought no white man had ever cast eyes upon it.

Seeking where to descend, I came upon some leaves upturned and twigs broken, as if by an animal's foot. I was raw on trails then; and thought it must be a bear's, so I made ready for the bear. Down I went softly, looking more over my shoulder than underfoot, till I was suddenly struck on the nose by a great switch of an ash sapling. Examining, I was amazed to see that this was nothing less than the stem or spring of a snare, such as boys set for rabbits and call a figure 4. I had flown it with my foot, and feathers lay about it.

Hugely disgusted to find that others had been here before me, I presently thought, The nearest farms on the west side are seven miles off; no boy from the east knows of the pass but me, and if any did they would not be fools enough to come up here for rabbits: therefore—Indians! So I made ready for them instead of bears.

The snare, I found, was set on a little deer-path, whereby the mountain bucks probably made their way to the pool. It led me winding down till, by peeping from behind a ledge, I could take a survey of

the nook. It was a fine place ; a gulf or sink some ninety feet deep on the eastern side, and rough with rocks on the other, where the mountain shelved downward to the outlet. Between the water and the north wall, where I was standing, was a good space of level ground, with three hemlocks and many flowers. Some of the rocks were covered with ivy and other vines. Half-way up the cliff rose a little spring, which made its way down with a pleasant pattering noise.

These things I noticed afterwards, being just then otherwise occupied. As I reached the ledge I heard the murmur of voices, and saw a smoke rising. A pebble grated under my foot, and up from the bottom, not three rods off, started the most terrible head and face I had ever seen,—an Indian's, but very pale, with hollow cheeks and ghastly staring eyes, and an enormous shock of hair. As the body followed it, I brought my gun to my shoulder with a speed which made the creature cry for quarter.

This, to my surprise, he did in tolerably good English ; and now I saw it was nothing but an imp of a boy that I was aiming at. He set up three dreadful yells, one after the other, crying out, "No shoot, no shoot, good broder, no shoot !" All the while he kept dancing about, as all Indians do when they are expecting to be shot at. This is a very good plan, when no better can be practised ; for it requires a quick eye and hand to hit a body which is darting around like a dry leaf in an eddy of wind.

Before I could bring down my piece—for I had no desire to harm any such starveling, half-naked child—I saw a big rifle poked up from the same hollow, and heard a white man's voice shout, "Down with your rifle, you cub, or I'll blow your brains out !" This speech was garnished with some profane and abusive words which I do not care to repeat. I saw behind the boy a sickly white face, more than half covered over with dark hair and beard, the effect of which was wild and odious ; but a very bright pair of eyes gleamed in the midst.

"Oho, stranger," said I ; "if you are for peace, I'm with you. But first you must explain what you mean by calling me cub, or it will be the worse for you." I had no idea of being insulted by any vagabond, white or red : so I jumped behind a rock, ready to quarrel if need were, though I had no great mind for it with one who looked to be starving.

He laughed, and said, "No offence, friend ; only I didn't like to see you draw a bead on the boy. Come down, stranger, if you are an honest man's son. Don't stand staring there, but come down and help a poor devil in a deuce of a fix."

I may as well say right here that I am able to report scarce one of this man's speeches (at any time when he was not checked by the presence of my father or of Fanny) with entire accuracy. My ears have been accustomed to every kind of horrid sound,—the wolf's howl by night, the growl of wild beasts at bay, the scream of a wounded horse, the groans of prisoners in torture at the stake, the yell of savages as they pounced upon their prey. There was a time when I listened with tolerance to oaths and curses ; but neither my tongue nor my pen ever learned to form them readily and lightly.

I stepped upon the ledge, to take a nearer view, and, seeing that the man had risen without his rifle and looked very sick and feeble, but was smiling in a friendly way,—even in that distress he had a most beautiful and winning smile,—while the boy stood staring at his side, I jumped down at once and went toward him, asking him who he was, and what he was doing in the bear's hole, which was no place for honest men.

"Oh," said he, sitting down on a rock, for he seemed almost too weak to stand, "I'm an honest man as the world goes—more's the pity, for honesty doesn't hold the winning cards, as you may live to learn, youngster. As for the place and how I got into it, may I be stuck full of turpentine skewers if I know, except that I came up the brook to cross the mountain, and fell down the rocks here, whereby I broke more ribs than I can count, curse the luck!" He went on to tell me that, being a stranger in the land, lately escaped from the Shawnees, and mistaking the directions given him by a settler some miles west, he had actually fallen into this pit eleven days before, and so injured himself that he could neither proceed nor return, the bed of the runlet by which he mounted being exceedingly rugged, steep, and slippery. I asked him why he had not sent his boy back for help: he replied that he had done so, but the boy, missing the way, had visited some other planter, who beat him, set the dogs upon him, and threatened to shoot him if he showed his face again. This had so frightened him that he would not stir again from the hollow, except to set snares for rabbits and small birds, on which they had kept themselves alive. "But we were two days without any food at all," said he, "when a fool of an owl walked into the trap and was caught by the leg." And then he showed me the wings, head, and claws of the bird, whose body the poor wretches had just cooked and devoured.

I was shocked to think of a Christian being reduced to such straits, in which I would not willingly see even a heathen Indian, so long as he behaved himself. So I was about to offer the man what food I had, when he spied my canteen, asked for that first, and eagerly drained it of what I had been able to keep from Niggurnose. In this he seemed to find great satisfaction, though he said the whiskey was "cursed bad;" but my dinner, which he divided with the boy, he owned was the most savory he ever tasted.

On my expressing surprise at the settler's inhumanity, the stranger said, with a huge oath, that he meant, as soon as he was recovered, to seek that man out and pound him within an inch of his life. This pleased me much, for it was my misfortune always to admire a man of spirit. I asked him many questions about himself and the boy, all which he answered without the least hesitation. He told me his name was John Francis, that he was a Pennsylvanian and lately a prisoner among Shawnees, from whom he had filched away the little boy I saw. "He is a half-breed," he said; "some trader's son, I believe, and a very honest child too, as you may see from his face." I saw no such thing, but thought he had a most wicked, mischievous, malicious countenance, though it was so hollow and meagre. Taking him to be a Shawnee, I thought to show my skill at his language, as learned from



the Beaver : so I turned to him and in that tongue asked his name. He stared at me as if he did not understand, and so did Mr. John Francis, who presently burst into a laugh, and said, "Come, now, no tricks upon travellers ; and don't suppose my Cherokee Jack knows any of your Shawnee gibberish." He then told me that the boy, whose name he knew not (only that he called him sometimes Will-o'-the-Wisp, and sometimes Jack-o'-Lantern, for a droll imp he was), had been a prisoner like himself with the Shawnees, and escaped before catching their tongue.

I was about to ask how a Cherokee boy and a Pennsylvanian could be captured together in that part of the world, when he stopped me by saying the boy was taken he knew not where nor how, but supposed in the Cherokee country, for the Shawnees went rambling everywhere. In short, he satisfied me, and I told him, if he felt able to walk a matter of two miles, or at most three, I could bring him down the mountain to Niggurnose's cabin, and there fetch him a horse, or, if he were too sore for that, some negroes, to carry him to my father, who was no such inhospitable cur as the settler he had spoken of.

"I can walk," said he, "three miles, and six more into the bargain, provided there be no monkey's work up and down precipices and water-courses and such Jacob's-ladders."

I told him there was no very hard descent except at the Beaver's Pass, and that was not so difficult to go down as up ; and, moreover, if he doubted his strength when he came to it, he could stay at the top while I went off for assistance, which I could bring, and have him housed before sundown. I added that it was against my conscience any Christian man should sleep another night in such a miserable unsheltered place as that.

"Oh," said he, "I have shelter enough, as far as that goes ;" and he showed me a hole that led to a nice dry chamber in the rock, where Jack had made good beds of branches, and a fire to keep out the damp ; "but," he went on, "we were smoked to death every night." I asked him if he had no fear of bears creeping in upon him, for the place looked more like a bear's den than anything else. "By jiminy," he answered, "I wanted nothing better ; for such a visit would have brought me meat for a month."

By this I saw he had courage and skill in woodcraft, and I began to like as well as pity him. He was indeed an agreeable man, of a fine pleasant voice and a handsome face, though now so much deformed by suffering and an unshaven beard ; and I soon found that his talk, when he chose (and especially when he left off cursing and swearing for a while), was superior to that of any man I had ever met, except my father.

He assured me he was able to walk, being greatly refreshed by the food and drink I had given him. He might indeed have left the chasm any day, he said, only that he saw no reason for breaking his neck in hunting for a path, the descent by the brook being out of the question in his condition, and Jack not succeeding in finding any better way of returning, or any whatsoever of proceeding. Besides, he went on to explain, if he must lie out on the mountain, he could expect no



better place than this, which offered wood, water, and shelter together, with the hope of catching some deer that might come down to the pool to drink. But in all the eleven days he had spent here he had not seen a single animal, except a great scoundrel of a wolf, that peeped down at him one day from the cliff and scampered off before he could raise his rifle. Others no doubt smelt the smoke of his fire, which is a powerful thing to keep wild beasts at a distance.

He now prepared to go with me, and the half-breed brought from a corner of the chamber a brace of haversacks, which they were about to clap on their backs; but I told the stranger he would have enough load to carry with his own weight, and took his bag, while he gave his rifle to the boy. It surprised me that men escaping from Indians should come off so full-handed; but he said he had concealed a little money, with which he bought his bundles and his gun at some of the outlying settlements. This satisfied my mind, and the more readily from my discovering at that moment that the nook from which Jack brought the bags seemed to run farther into the mountain, as if leading to extensive caverns. At that time my head was full of such things. I afterwards explored the place, and found a very pretty cave, full of pillars and springs, though not above a quarter of a mile in extent, and of no use or importance.

When we were ready to start, Mr. John Francis suddenly turned on me and said, "See here, friend; I have been waiting very politely to hear your name, and you don't seem minded to give it. Now, in my country we don't crony with strangers."

I thought this was being much too particular, seeing that I was on my own ground, and he the stranger, and also the one who needed and was receiving aid. It is proper, and often necessary in self-defence, to question the traveller who comes to your gate; but he has no call to pry into his host's affairs. You, being at home, need no guarantee of respectability, whereas he may be a criminal or a spy—there were plenty such on the border. But I did not care to quarrel with a sick man, so I said, civilly though shortly, "My name is Poe."

"The devil it is!" he cried; and I never saw a man more surprised in all my life. He stared at me hard and long, and down again he sat on the rock. "Hark'ee, stranger," said he, "I have heard of your Virginia Poes, but hanged if I expected to find one here. Poe, eh? What, are you a son of Powhatan Poe of Henrico?"

I told him that Powhatan Poe, formerly of Henrico, and now, as far as we knew, of Frederick County, was my uncle; and I gave him my father's first name, and my own.

"What sort of a man is your father?" he asked. I told him he could find that out for himself; for I saw no use in so many questions. Nevertheless he kept on asking them, with little ceremony, and nowise discouraged by my short answers; and first and last I must have given him a good deal of information, for we had nothing to conceal or be ashamed of. Presently he laughed, and said, with a terrible great oath, "Well, Mr. Ipsico Poe, you have some kinsfolk down in the Carolinas, I'm thinking. By all the Georges, you must have heard of your father's cousins, Richard Henry and Nixon, sons of Humphrey Poe,

and some of their sons and daughters along on the Dan, the Yadkin, and the Catawba?"

This language much astonished me. I told him we had relations down there, but who they were, or how many, I had never troubled my head to inquire. Then I asked him how he, being from Pennsylvania, came to know so much about them.

"How do I come to know so much about them?" said he, laughing harder than ever, though it made him grin with pain. "Oh, the easiest way in the world. By jiminy, my boy, it would be queer if I didn't know all about them, for I'm one of them myself."

"Mr. John Francis——" I began, intending to give him a piece of my mind; but he interrupted me. "What!" said he; "did you never hear of any of your folks down South, then?—not even of your father's cousin, Richard Henry Poe, and his two merry sons, Rover and Craven? Oh, by Jove, this won't do. Give me your paw, boy, for I'm your own second-cousin Rover, and we'll be the best friends in life, and have some fine old times together yet!"

He went on to insist so earnestly on our being relations, and seemed to know so much about my grandfather and all his family, that I supposed he must be right. I was but seventeen then, and he full twelve years older. When I asked him how he came to be ashamed of his name and his country, if he was a true Poe, he laughed heartily, and swore that "on the frontiers one must always be possuming among strangers. As for calling myself John Francis," said he, "I had a notion to call myself John Stitches, there were so many of them in my side."

In this jovial (not to say reckless) way he talked, till I knew not what to make of him. I considered that if he were really my second-cousin, as he said, he could make that plainer to my father than to me. I did not like the idea of all the downright lies he had told me at first, nor was I favorably struck with his continual contradictions of himself. Thus, when I told him my father's name, he declared he had never heard of *him* before, though he had heard much of my uncle Powhatan; yet as soon as he had gained from me all he wished to know, he laughed, and swore he was on his way to my father's house when he met with his accident. "I heard," said he, "that your father lived just under the Ridge, and that there was a short path across." Now, I knew that none of the settlers were acquainted with the Indian pass at all. These things made an impression, but I began to like the man too well to dwell on them or have any more words about them.

We started off together, and reached the Beaver's Pass, Rover (for so I now had to call him) making better progress than I expected, though he walked in great pain, and his face often grew fiery red, and as often terribly pale. He told me more than once that he had cracked half his ribs, and that they were playing the deuce with his lungs; adding that had he not been a bit of a doctor and bled himself after his fall, he believed he would have died of the inflammation. When we came to the pass, he seemed to be very ill, though he laughed and talked and joked as much as ever: his high spirits, and his unwillingness to give way to bodily pain and weakness, made me think him a wonderful hero. I wanted him to rest on the hill, promising to fetch

some strong negroes to help him down ; but he insisted on making the descent, declaring himself equal to the task.

It took us more than two hours to get down, and he was then so much exhausted that I led him to the Shawnee's wigwam, meaning to let him rest there. We found the Beaver in one of his drunken fits, extremely riotous and outrageous, railing against my father and Fighting Gregory as usual, and swearing he would have their scalps. Notwithstanding his pains, Rover was greatly diverted at the vagabond's fury, and said he was loath to leave such good company. I got him along nearly a mile farther, and then he gave out entirely and fell into a swoon. The best I could do was to recover him from his fit, deposit him in a sheltered place, leave him to the care of the young Cherokee, and hurry home for assistance. The boy, indeed, seemed much more concerned at his sufferings than I should have looked for from such a wild-faced imp and (according to Rover's story) so recent an acquaintance. My father was greatly surprised to hear of a kinsman so near, in such a condition, and discovered in so remarkable a way. His cousin Richard Henry he knew only by name, and nothing of his children ; but the tie of blood was to be acknowledged at once, and everything done for the sick man's relief.

Not to pause over needless details, we brought Rover home, where he confessed that he felt himself very ill, with a high fever. Though plainly in no condition to talk, he began to explain about the relationship ; but my father cut him short, assuring him that he was welcome, and saying that they could discuss all that when he was well again. There was a doctor within ten miles, but Rover would not have him sent for. Drawing out a little sharp knife, he opened a vein with his own hand, and showed us where he had breathed another, ten days before : this treatment, he said, would set the matter right. He then made us roll him tightly round the chest with bandages, to place his broken ribs in order, and declared himself very comfortable.

He was more injured than he thought, and overcome, I suppose, by so much talk (when he ought to have kept quiet), by the walk over rough rocks, and especially by the labor of descending the pass, which was work for a well man. In spite of the bleeding, his fever increased, and by midnight he was heated into a delirium, the most dreadful I ever witnessed. In this he gave abundant proofs (if we had needed them) of kinship, by raving constantly about the Southern Poes. He mentioned many names and events of which we knew nothing ; and he used such horrible oaths, and muttered darkly of such deeds of dreadful wickedness, that I shuddered, and Fanny, who had come in to help in the nursing, put her fingers in her ears and ran from the room. But my father, though pained to listen to such language, told us that it meant nothing (since the patient was not responsible), and instanced several pious persons who under such an affliction had vented foul words, and babbled of crimes they could have known only by hearsay.

We were obliged to send for Dr. Spottswood Jones (he who afterwards went to the Holston settlements and was killed by Chickamoggas), who bled Rover again, and told us there was but small hope of his recovery. He did recover notwithstanding, though he had a hard

time of it, and in little more than two months after was not only on his feet and on horseback, but often climbing with me the roughest crags of the region round. It would have been better for us all had he died in that fever, or in the sink-hole on the Ridge. Often have I wished I had never found him there—but this is idle; events are ordered somehow, though it is hard to tell how or why. They say man proposes, but God disposes: I desire to believe so, but it often looks as if the devil did the disposing.

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## II.

### JEALOUSY.

I SOMETIMES thought that Rover Poe had brought the very devil with him into my father's house; and when I revolved all the strange events and unhappy changes that took place during the months of his visit, it seemed as if he introduced not one evil spirit alone, but many.

The Cherokee boy, whom he called indifferently Jack-o'-Lantern and Will-o'-the-Wisp, and for short Jack or Will, as the humor seized him, was as much of an imp as any one born of human parents could be, being disposed to all manner of mischief, but, unlike other boys, seeking it always alone. He never joined in a single prank with any human being; his only known playmate was a bear which I had caught when a cub, and which once, on some sufficient provocation, came near tearing him to pieces. In less than a week after, he shot it; at least, it was killed by night by a shot from my own rifle, as I discovered next morning, and no one else could be suspected, though the boy denied it stoutly. As this was an offence too outrageous to be forgiven, I took the pains to entice him into a wood, and there tied him to a tree and drubbed him soundly.

I thought Rover would have cut my throat when the brat complained to him: for a minute or so he was in the most fearful passion I ever saw. We had a quarrel about it, but it ended in nothing, Rover soon coming to a better temper, and acknowledging I had served the young jackanapes right; though, as he said, he would rather have me strike *him* than the poor child who had trotted lovingly at his heels through troubles and dangers that might try a dog's fidelity. He added, with a laugh, "The thumping I could have borne better, for you know I am used to it." What he referred to I will mention presently. Rover was a strange man, always laughing: he would laugh when he was in a passion, or half dead with pain; he would laugh at a point of honor or a point of faith, at feelings, his own or any other's, at wounds, murder, and tragedies. Had he seen the world burning up in the last judgment, I make no doubt he would have laughed at that spectacle, even when the fire began to nip his own flesh. For myself, I am not so given to laughing, nor ever was, finding life a serious business. Some have accused me of lacking a sense of humor: if so, I am content to be without it.

Jack-o'-Lantern's roguery was not confined to bears, of which we commonly had two or three about the place, but was as often practised



on the horses, cattle, pigs, and fowls, which he tormented in more ways than I can relate, though always so secretly that it was hard to prove the fault upon him. Indeed, it was usually, through his management, laid to the negroes, and they were often chastised for knaveries probably of his committing. He took great delight to see them whipped, and by consequence they all hated him. Everybody did, indeed, except Rover and my father, over whom Rover had gained such influence that he would believe nothing to Jack's discredit, so long as Rover chose to defend him. The imp used to ride the horses, at night, and when they were in the distant pasture-field: I believe he would have knocked them all up, had I not told him privately that I meant to keep watch for him, and to shoot him the first time I caught him mounted without permission. This had its effect, for he was afraid of me; yet the horses still suffered at times, though not more than the negroes, who bore the penalty of all these doings. Such tricks he played with the cows too, for my brother Tom once caught him astraddle an old brindle we had, belaboring her with a stick, and frightening the whole herd. Tom would have trounced him, he said, but that the sight was so diverting. Tom was of an easy temper, and overfond of anything that could be thought amusing. These were but a small part of the mischiefs of the young vagabond. He was only ten, but a perfect son of Beelzebub.

As for Rover, I sometimes thought him as much of a devil as Will-o'-the-Wisp, though I liked him greatly. If I ever fancied I understood him, he would presently blaze out in some new way that did not fit with what went before. He seemed to be able to change his character as an animal I have read of changes its color; and that was the only way to account for some things he did. With me he was mostly a roaring, rollicking, devil-may-care good fellow, who valued nothing so much as sport, full of strange oaths and stranger tales of adventure; the most attractive but most unsafe of companions for a restless boy. When he was in a rage he looked like a murderer, and it was not hard to believe that he could act like one; but this rarely occurred, and I was probably the only one to see it. Queerest of all it was to hear him take a serious, even solemn tone; when he once did that to me, as will be told presently, I stood amazed, but had no doubts of his sincerity. I will say this for him, that he could talk well, and whatever part he took he carried to the life, so that no one thought of acting.

This gift had weight with my father, whose neighbors were all plain people. I have heard him say that to listen to Rover was like being at college again and among the educated men of the older settlements. With him I suppose Rover used to carry himself more soberly than with us, but I was surprised at his becoming such a prime favorite, till I noticed that he never slipped out a single oath when my father was by. His being a first-rate horseman and hunter was enough to commend him to Tom and myself, for he was a fine shot, and so brave that he never thought of giving way to a wounded bear, but stood the fight out with knife and tomahawk, provided he had but good smooth footing. In fact, every one liked him and made much of him, except Harry Leonard; and for Harry and his opinions I had little regard.



Fanny seemed to distrust Rover at first, but he soon overcame that, for he had a handsomer face than any of us, and a more limber tongue, and knew better how to please a woman. It gave me pain to see how fond she became of his company; and between this and my consciousness that he could make a far better show than I, I began to abhor the sight of him, and grow rough and sullen even to her, but without telling her my thoughts. Harry Leonard (though we were never good friends) came to me one day and told me I was behaving very wrong in this. He said his sister Fanny—for so he always called her—would never think of such a man as Rover, provided I treated her as of old; but I was now always cross and moody with her, and that might provoke her into liking him. I gave Harry no thanks for his advice, for I never liked interference in my private affairs; indeed, I was inclined to think he was only taunting me under cover of kindness, and what he said served to exasperate me further.

It was my mishap one day to enter the house and discover Rover and Fanny together in close and pleasant talk; I even saw him snatch a kiss. As soon as she beheld me she blushed and ran away, and Rover looked confused, like one detected in an improper action. I fell into a fury; if I had had a weapon, I believe I would have killed him. As it was, I heaped on him the harshest terms of reproach, while he strove to quiet me and make me listen; but I was wild with anger, and struck him in the face. No sooner did he feel the blow than he seemed changed into a tiger, and rushed upon me with such violence that I fell on the floor, and he above me. He was near thirty, and I not eighteen; and though my muscles were well knit, they were not so tough as they afterwards became, while he was an unusually powerful man. So I was in an instant under him, his knee on my chest, and his hand on my throat, as if he meant to strangle me—which would have been easy enough.

Scarce had I felt his fingers about my neck when he unloosed them and sprang to his feet, saying, in an awful voice and with a face that was dreadful to look upon, "Well done, young man! well done! To strike your father's guest in your father's house,—the son of his kinsman, and your best friend! And for what? For kissing a girl whom your scoundrel thoughts dishonor. A fine piece of work, my brave George! Perhaps you'd like to repeat it. Here is the other cheek; strike me again, will you?"

I was so confounded, between this speech and loss of breath from the fall, that I knew not what to say, but stood there staring at him, and choking with anger, surprise, and shame. Seeing this, he stepped up to me, laid the back of his hand on my breast, and said, "Answer it to your conscience, man; answer it, if you can! You have done me such disgrace as never but one man did before; and if you ask for him along the Catawba, they will tell you he was under the sod next morning, the weather being too hot to keep him!"

While he spoke thus, his countenance was such as I never saw before in a human being, and it made my flesh creep. I could not answer him, for by our creed of those days (which I have since had reason to think possibly overstrained) the insult of a blow could only be wiped

out in blood. But as he went on his voice changed and his look softened.

"George," said he, falling back on my old name, "when you lay there on the floor, I remembered how you had saved my life on the mountain; but it was not for that I stopped. I thought how your father had sheltered me in sickness, and that what I was doing was in his house; and that, too, failed to shake me. Do you care to know what did? It was considering one who loves you, or did not long ago, though you don't deserve it. Fanny has nursed me, and treated me like a sister: so I said to myself, 'I will take a second blow from this madman, before I do him a harm.' So you may understand you owe her your life. It is ill provoking one who could kill you as easily as twist a button from your waistcoat: I don't often hold myself in like this."

I stammered out some awkward excuses and explanations, for he had put me terribly in the wrong. After listening awhile, he said, in a reproachful tone, "So you thought I was playing the hawk with your pet pigeon, eh? I was the rival to steal your girl's heart, was I? Why, you fool, I was just then talking of you, and telling her lies to make your peace; for she is angry at you, and with some reason. As for the kiss, I've taken them before, and may again, as a jolly cousin should; where's the harm in that? You Turk, if you want to stop such doings, and let her touch nobody but you, you'll have to shoot all the family. Now do you see how the land lies, Mr. Jealous? What have you to say for yourself, eh?"

It does not matter what I said, since it was all he desired. By this means he obtained complete ascendancy over me, making me admire his generosity in forgiving the foul wrong I had done him by thought and word and deed. Yet all the while—after his first fury was over—I had an uneasy feeling that he was laughing at me. There was a twinkle in his eyes while he was yet preaching; and before we had finished he began to be merry, saying that boys in love were as bad as girls, to be borne with no less, but that it should be all right, provided I was never jealous of him again—which I never was. It was not my fate to escape the stings of suspicion; but him I trusted with my sweetheart, if no one else. Certainly he was a very able man; but I wish he had put his talents to some other use.

The unlucky blow I gave Rover was what he referred to when he spoke of being better able to bear a thumping than Cherokee Jack. We never mentioned that quarrel to any one, being both too much ashamed of it; but he used to keep me in mind of it, and jest unmercifully about it, especially when I showed any inclination to think or act for myself. It is strange that one so self-willed should have yielded so completely to another's control as I did in that unhappy summer.

It might be supposed that after this difficulty I was soon reconciled to Fanny; but such was not the case. It seemed that she had taken my sullen fits much to heart, and was not easily to be appeased. I never saw her alone, for she kept out of my way, and would leave the room if I entered it. Rover used every effort to reconcile us,—or so he professed,—but without effect. Though he had told me that I was wrong, it would not do, he insisted, to confess as much to her.

"It's never safe, my boy," he said, "to go on your knees to a woman and let her get the whip-hand: if you do, she'll want to keep it for life, and wear the breeches, and then there's no peace for you. They want a master, and that's what's good for 'em. The man's head of the woman, you know,—that's Scripture,—and she's got to find it out sooner or later. They like to play at being of some account, and we let 'em, so long as they're young and pretty; but they are made for our uses, and that's all there is of it. By George, sir, a gay conquering manner will fetch any of 'em: if you could learn that of me, now!—but you're too stiff; you'll never be smart and supple enough for that. If I were you, I should bring her to terms in short order. There are other girls about, though none half so good-looking, I own. Make up to some of them, if only as a feint: let her see your value."

"Not I," I answered, in some disgust, for I always detested tricks and stratagems—except with Indians, or Britishers, or scoundrels. "I'm not that kind. It's one or none with me, and fair and square means or none at all."

"Have your own way," said he, lightly; "but don't crouch and crawl and whine, for that's not your kind either, and you wouldn't look well at it. Stand on your dignity, man, and when she finds she can't play her tricks on you, she'll come round."

I followed this advice, as in accordance with my natural temper; for I had little gift or taste for humbling myself, even when I knew the fault was mine. Nor did Fanny show any disposition to meet me half-way; on the contrary, the gulf grew wider between us, to my great discomfort. More seemed to lie upon her mind than she chose to confess, and at last Rover and I were both persuaded that she had given her affections to another. I did not love to talk of this, for it was a sore subject, but he was continually returning to it and advising me what to think or do. His mind was subtle and penetrating, and fixed on points of which I never would have dreamed.

At first he led me to suspect my brother Thomas as a rival. There was no reason at all for this, except that Tom was fond of Fanny (as we all were), and very familiar in his way of showing it; yet the idea for a time possessed my mind, and was more dreadful and intolerable than I can describe. Later our suspicions fell on Harry Leonard. Here again I was unjust, for he had never done me a wrong; but this was not proved to my satisfaction till long after, when it was of little use to me to know the truth. He was often in talk with Fanny, who after these conferences was long in tears and seemed to shun me more than ever. A vengeful demon of jealousy took entire possession of me, and I was with difficulty restrained from doing him a violence.

When I could bear it no longer, I forced myself to seek an explanation. I found her alone; she rose, as usual, to leave the room, but I told her somewhat roughly to sit down.

"I want to talk with you," I said. "You are treating me most vilely."

"Oh, indeed!" she replied; and I did not pause to notice that she was both hurt and angered by my manner. "So I am the only one to blame, am I? Have you done nothing, then?"

"No," said I, "nothing worth mentioning. I have been out of humor, for I had reason. If you were as you used to be, you would find me just the same. What have I done, perhaps?"

"Oh, nothing," she said, scornfully, though her eyes were filling; "nothing at all. You have only disregarded all my wishes, and abused all my friends, and made my life a burden. Everybody else has always treated me kindly, but you, that professed to love me, show it only by hating every one who speaks a civil word to me. You stand about and glare, as if there were murder in your heart, and I believe there is. First it was Cousin Rover, and you wanted to kill him. Then it was your own brother Tom, and I trembled whenever you went off to the woods together, and wondered when you both came back safe. Now it is poor Harry, and I suppose you will shoot or stab him some day, for he would never lift his hand against you, even to defend himself. Who it will be next I don't know, for there are no more men here except father: perhaps you would like to shoot him? I never dare go to any of the neighbors, for fear you will come and make a scene, and very likely get hurt, for others would not be as patient as your own flesh and blood. There is no living in peace with you, George; I am always thinking you will murder me. Can't you see the trouble is all in your own wicked temper?"

She was crying now, very pitifully, and her tears contradicted the sharpness of her words. Fanny had a spirit of her own, but no one had ever heard her talk like this before. As for me, I sat there speechless for a good minute, wondering how she had learned all my secret thoughts; for her accusations had too much truth in them to be easily answered. Then I remembered that a man must preserve his dignity, and not lower himself before a woman: so I said, with a sneer, "If I am as bad as you say, no wonder you are tired of me and taken up with others. Any more?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, flushing and trembling with excitement, for she was greatly moved; "that's not half. I might try to bear all this, hard as it is, if you cared for me as you used to. If you want to be Bluebeard, you ought to be content with one girl at a time. This isn't Turkey, and you might at least leave me off the list, for I will be no slave to a man who isn't true to me. Deny it if you dare; you know you can't. And yet you have the face to say I take up with others!"

At this charge I stared, for it was news to me. "What do you mean?" I asked; and I fear I used some rough words, and looked fierce, for she shrank from me.

"Oh, don't pretend you don't know, George; you didn't use to lie. Where do you go when you are away so often and so long? If you like that girl over the Ridge so well, why trouble yourself about my doings? It's your hypocrisy, I believe, that's worst of all."

Her pride and anger had spent themselves in words, and she broke down in a passion of sobbing. I know not what I might have said or done, had not the door opened and Rover come in. Seeing the situation, he whistled softly and turned to go, but Fanny ran past him. I turned from him, for I was in no mood to talk just then; but in



those days he did with me as he pleased. He stood and gazed at me as if he would read my heart.

"Well, bully boy," he said, "have you brought her to terms? If you've been kissing and making up, I must say you don't look like it. But come out of this before you tell me; we might be overheard here, and a secret's a secret."

He took me off in the woods, as was his practice in these consultations, and I told him briefly what had passed. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish," he observed. "Depend upon it, there's some devil's work here, and it must be that Leonard fellow. Did you up and tell her there was no other girl in the case?"

"No," I answered; "I had no chance, and I was too dumfounded at such a charge."

"That's it," said he, "and it's more than a man can be expected to stand. When a woman loses confidence in you like that, let her go, I say. There was one once that I had been a good deal with, and that thought all the world of me, but she was fool enough to listen to a trumped-up tale like this about you, and I—well, no matter what, but it was the last she saw of me. Suppose there *was* some truth in the story; that was none of her business. Hang 'em, what right have women to go prying into a man's private affairs?"

"This is a totally different matter," said I, shortly, for I hated loose talk, and cared nothing just then about his past attachments; he might have had twenty, but that was no rule and no model for me, for we were differently made in that respect. "There is no other girl in my case, as you know perfectly well."

"That's more than I would want to swear to about any man," said he, with a wink. "Nature's nature, and we're all alike—except that you proper ones are apt to be the worst. How do I know where you go when I'm not with you? Of course I'm ready to tell any lies you like to get you out of a scrape; and," he added, for he saw that I was disgusted and offended, "it's true I haven't seen or heard of any other yet, for you are most confounded prudish. But this is the point, mind you: whether there be or not, she had no call to go flinging it up at you so long as the other keeps out of her way. It's damned bad taste on her part, and a reflection on your honor. Upon my soul, I wouldn't have believed it of Fanny" (here he ripped out a great oath); "but women are so infernally exacting, and meddlesome, and mulish; they've got the temper of a snake and the sense of a cow. I've tried all I know to patch up this old affair for you, my boy, but it's past praying for; all your father's whiskey wouldn't keep it sweet. If you knew the world as I do, you'd be content to cry quits. She don't care for you any more, Ipsico, or she wouldn't treat you so. She's got another, and she'd like to send the bill to you. I know 'em, and it's their favorite trick. It's that sneak Leonard, I'll stake my honor on it. I should let her go. If you want revenge, that's another matter; but you must be wary, and bide your time: no flying out and making scenes, now."

On this I told Rover how Harry had once cautioned me against him. This seemed to impress and incense him greatly, and he soon satisfied



me that it was an evidence of Harry's artfulness, whereby he strove to turn my suspicions from himself by fixing them on another.

After this I saw less of Fanny than ever, and the estrangement between us was complete. I thought it beneath me to repel her charge of unfaithfulness, and indignation and wounded pride sealed my lips. She was greatly altered, and so indeed was I. My distresses drove me oftener to the forest, where much of my time was spent. When at home, I raged inwardly against Harry, and would have fallen upon him, but that Rover restrained me. In quieter ways we persecuted him pitilessly between us, and in the end drove him entirely from my father's house. But before this another lamentable event occurred, which caused us more grief than even the death of my brother Toby.

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### III.

#### GREGORY RETURNS.

It may seem surprising that Rover, just released from captivity among Indians, should remain so long with us, and not go on to his nearer relatives, who were ignorant of his fate. I often wondered to think of it; for within two months of the time I found him he was quite able to travel. Various causes detained him, though when one week came he resolved to go the next. Once he felt unwell at the time appointed for his departure; another time it rained; and oftener he merely yielded to our persuasions, vowing that he liked us too well to leave us easily, and he knew not, once gone, if he might expect ever to see us again. Meantime he wrote (as he told us) letters to his friends, to acquaint them with his fortunes and whereabouts, and in course of time received an answer, which he showed me, and which I thought very well written, full of compliments and expressions of good will towards our family. Rover had no closer kin than uncles and cousins, his parents being dead, and his only brother Craven, as he told us, long since killed by Cherokees. This was the chief reason why he was in no hurry to leave us; and he often said that though the Southern Poes were a degree nearer by blood, and far older acquaintances, yet he thought full as much of us.

Toward the close of September, when Rover had been with us near five months, Fighting Gregory, to the great joy and surprise of us all, suddenly returned, though he had sent us word, not long before, not to expect him till spring. He was mounted on an elegant horse, and had a splendid new rifle and a pair of pistols, all given him by Governor Littleton in token of friendship and approbation for the services he had rendered. He wore a hunting-frock of the finest green cloth, with red cloth facings and leggings, and a handsome scarlet silk sash; and altogether he looked so grand that I thought in my heart he was a handsomer fellow even than Rover—whereat I was mightily pleased, for, fond as I was of my cousin from the South, I hated his excelling all of our own house. But, fine as he looked, Gregory was as forward and rough as ever; for, having shaken my father by the hand, he seized upon Fanny, who ran out to see him, and kissed her five or six

times before she could break away. This I did not mind, for it was Gregory's way; but it made me bitter to think that all were so much better treated by her than I.

After we had all welcomed him home and looked him over from head to foot, a call arose for Rover, who happened not to be at hand. At this Gregory stared, and said, "Rover? Who the deuce is Rover? Have you got any new dogs?" This, though a family name among the Southern Poes, was often given by us to the hounds, meaning no disrespect.

My father laughed, and answered, "It is no dog, but your second-cousin Rover, son of Richard Henry Poe of the Catawba settlements. He is now visiting here, and a most welcome visitor he is; a man after your own heart, Gregory, as you will soon find."

My brother stared about him in huge astonishment. He dropped a great oath, that I suppose he had learned at the South (for I never heard him use such before), and cried, "Father, what are you talking about? We have no cousin Rover in the world. There was but one, and he has been in his grave these two years and more."

This only made my father laugh, and we all joined in, as he nodded wisely, and said, "Oh, yes, my boy, but you must have heard of persons coming to life again. But, my dear son, I am very sorry to hear you use bad language. Don't do it again."

"I won't," said Gregory; "it slipped out unawares, you took me all aback so. Sorry to say anything you don't approve, pop, whether said o' purpose or no; but by cracky, dad, you're talking a lot of dish-diddled nonsense. You see, I stand to it——"

My father interrupted him: "Our pleasure in your return, my son, is marred by these signs of an irreverent and unbelieving spirit. I fear you have gained more evil than good in the wars, despite your apparent prosperity and the reports we have heard to your credit. I tell you our cousin Rover is alive, having been delivered by the Lord's hand from the enemy and the oppressor. Had you but visited our relatives in Carolina—and I wonder that you did not—you would have learned all about him."

"Old Scratch!" cried Gregory (for he was angry now, and yet saw that he must take heed to his words, and not vex his father's ears by unfamiliar oaths); "I *have* been there, and *have* learned all about him. He is as dead as a pokeweed, and I hope to the Lord his brother Craven is too, as they think. Father, you have got some rogue among you!"

"He is no rogue!" outspoke Fanny, "and it is a shame in you, Gregory, to miscall him so."

To this we all agreed, and my father told Gregory sharply that he was a fool, and that we had seen the letter Rover wrote to his uncle Nixon, and Nixon's answer too; and if he had been there, he would have heard no such fool's story as he was bringing us.

"Father," said Gregory, very earnestly, "I'll take a heap from you, as is my duty; and, by Jericho, you're giving it to me already. I'd have you to understand, sir, that I'd thrash any man but you, and shoot any not my own kin, and that mighty quick, too, for hinting what you

said just now. Things have come to a pretty pass when you prefer the word of any chance stroller that comes your way to that of your own first-born. I reckon, sir, you may have to choose betwixt him and me; for, by Jehoshaphat, there's scarce room here for the two of us. Do you think I would lie?—that is, to any white man? Redskins are not folks to be nice with, nor yet renegades; but do you think I would lie to *you*? If you do, I'll say good-by as soon as I've settled this Rover business, and be off to those that know me better. Just listen, now, will you—father, and Fanny, and all you bewitched fools, that can't see straight and take care of yourselves when I'm away, but put dark for daylight, and villains for honest men. I *have* seen Uncle Nixon Poe, and never a word about any letter did he say. Rover Poe is dead, I tell you, and his brother Craven a damned scoundrel—there, that slipped out again, but it fits his case, and I won't take it back. He has disgraced the family, run for his life, and turned Indian; that's what he's done, put in short metre, whether you ever heard it before or no. I'll not be surprised if you've got that vagabond here among you, —that is, if he's alive yet. If it's so, by the bones of all the dead Poes, I'll rid you of him!"

He spoke as one who means every word he says, and we were all struck dumb, and stood around in the yard with eyes and mouths wide open. That is, all but Fanny, who spoke up so pertly that I did not know whether to admire or be ashamed of her. "Wouldn't it be as well, Gregory," she said, "to wait till he comes, and say all this to his face?"

Gregory turned red as fire. "Thank you, sis," said he. "It's the first time I was ever called a coward; but, being a girl, you're safe. I'll say it to his face fast enough, my dear; just you wait and see. Oh, here he is, I reckon."

In among us walked Cousin Rover, much surprised to see such a crowd; for all the family were there, and most of the negroes by this time. Nor was his surprise lessened when Gregory, looking every inch the fighter he was, stepped up to him, and said, in no friendly tone, "Hark'ee, sir: do you hail for a Poe of the Catawba?"

"I do," Rover replied, fiercely enough, though he looked a little wild in the eyes, I thought.

"Anybody may see that he has the family likeness," my father began.

Rover interrupted him: "Pray, uncle, what's the meaning of all this? Is this my cousin, Fighting Gregory? And must I fight him, before he allows me to be of kin?" This he said very coolly, and then began to laugh, and held out his hand to Gregory. "Come, my man of war, as far as a fall at a close-lock, or a collar-and-elbow wrestle, will go, I'm your man; but, by jiminy, that's the roughest sport I can play with a Poe."

Gregory gave him a hard stare, but held back his hand, and said, "Hark ye, my friend; to be short, as becomes an honest man, here's the case. I am just back from the Catawba, have seen my uncle Nixon and his family, and learned the full history of all the Poes, alive and dead, that ever munched corncake out of Virginia."

This he uttered in a tone meant to be extremely trying to the nerves of any but an honest man; but no honest man could have heard and replied to it more coolly than Rover.

"Hark ye, friend Gregory; to be short, in your own way, which is a very good way: and how are my uncle Nixon and aunt Margaret, and my cousins all—Sue and Lou, Nancy and Poll, Dick, Humphrey, Peter, and Pepperell? And where's the letter Uncle Nixon sends me?—Come now, Gregory, I see we shall be good friends, but hang joking!"

"Joking!" cried Fighting Gregory, staring at Rover with eyes so wide open that we all began to laugh at him. "Do you profess yourself to be Rover Poe, alive and hearty?"

"No, sir," said our guest; "I profess myself to be Rover Poe, dead and buried."

This made us roar still louder; and even my father, who had been much provoked at Gregory's obstinate folly, now laughed as much as any, for he saw that Rover was not offended, and could give as much as he got. But Gregory, who never could abide being laughed at, fell into a rage, and cried out loudly, "Very well, Mr. Dead-and-Buried; here's the gist of the matter and the cream of the argument. Three cats won't make a fiddler, nor will Cherokee paint make a true-blood Shawnee. I'll tell you the charge, and we'll hold the court afterwards. My reckon is, you're no more of a Poe than I am of a badger; or if you are, then 'tis the worst of the name ever known this side of blue water. There's but one son of Richard Henry Poe alive, and that's not certain; but his name is Craven, and——"

"Stop, sir!" Rover shouted; and then he turned to my father; "Uncle, I am insulted at your door by your son. I see what he is after: I am charged with being an impostor, liar, and Heaven knows what else. This I cannot stand. Out of respect and love for you and your family, I can endure much, but not everything; and this passes all bounds."

"Gregory is a fool," said my father; "and I charge him to hold his tongue.—Be quiet, sir, will you? What do you mean by this outrageous nonsense? I thought you were only joking."

"I obey my father, and I hold my tongue," Gregory roared, doing nothing of the kind, but using it harder than ever; "but what I say I stand to against the lot of you. You are no honest man, stranger, and you've been taking in my father, and my brothers, and Fanny too, with a pack of infernal lies. That's my belief; how do you like it?"

"Be silent, sir," said my father, looking very uneasy. "Don't be offended; nephew, for Gregory is always hot-headed; and as for this foolish conceit of his, I trust you can put him right."

"I doubt if I can," Rover sulkily replied, "and I don't see why I should take the trouble. If he wants to think ill of me, let him, and be hanged to him; I thought I was among friends here. Yet for your sake, uncle, I'll do what I can. My crusty cousin's notion is that I am not myself, but my younger brother Craven. According to him, Rover is dead; according to me, so is Craven: so that, between us, I am nobody at all."



This he said in a humorous way, for he could jest even when he was in a passion. "Now, here's the difficulty," he went on: "he won't believe I am a man who, *he thinks*, is dead and buried, but insists that I am one whom *I know* to be so. My brother Craven was shot dead at my side, above two years ago, at Etchoee in the Cherokee country, when we of the Carolinas and Georgia were thrashed by Oconostota."

"That's what you say," Gregory cried; "but I can bring a hundred men to swear that Craven was seen in North Carolina eleven months ago, and chased out of it by good men, some of his own cousins among 'em, for a deed that ought to have brought him to the gallows. He'd done a dozen things as bad; this was only one in particular."

"I certainly thought Craven was killed," said Rover, looking at once surprised and grieved; "but I must confess" (and here he sighed heavily) "some hard things were said of him."

"Hard things" said Gregory; "he was the most Indian-souled scoundrel I ever heard of."

"I must allow," Rover admitted, "you have some reason for what you say."

"I am very sorry to hear this," said my father. "Why did you never tell us, nephew?"

"It was a sore subject," said he, very frankly. "What Gregory says is quite true: he *was* a disgrace to the family, and I am far from proud of him. Yet, after all, he was my brother: so I naturally don't like to talk of him when I can avoid it."

I do not care to repeat all the terrible things these two said of Craven, Gregory bringing them up, and Rover sorrowfully assenting, and even adding some other particulars. The rest of us listened in horror, and it became plain that, if but half these tales were true, this Craven was such a rascal as never before bore the name of Poe, and, as we all hoped, would never bear it again. They ended this part of the discussion by leaving it uncertain whether the villain were really alive or not—a point as to which Rover professed himself quite indifferent, meaning never to own him for a brother again.

Having settled this matter,—namely, that whether Craven Poe were dead or no, he certainly had not been killed at Etchoee as Rover thought,—they then began to dispute about Rover himself, who, as Gregory insisted, was killed and scalped in that same battle, and properly buried with many others, so that there could be no mistake about *his* fate.

"Now," said Rover, "this is the most ridiculous part of it all, for I was neither killed nor scalped, as you see. Nor was I buried either, unless I am much mistaken; though that might be indeed, for I have a bad memory."

"Well," said Gregory, "supposing you were not killed, and that you were Rover Poe, as you say, answer me two questions, and there's an end. Uncle Nixon says he found your body, and buried it himself; that is, he buried Rover, and he had Craven to help him. Where in thunder were you when uncle was burying you, hey? And if it wasn't you, how did your uncle and your brother together come to make such a confounded stupid blunder?"



"I don't know," Rover answered; "how should I? They buried somebody, as they said, and they thought it was I. Most likely the man was about my size and build, and dressed alike, and slashed across the face with a tomahawk; you say he was scalped? Just so; you know how it is in those fights. Lots of such mistakes occur; why, I remember—but never mind that. Where was I? Nabbed; that's why I wasn't on hand to help bury myself. I'd much rather have stayed to attend the funeral, but the red devils wouldn't let me. I was a prisoner with the Cherokees, and taken off in the mountains, where I had a fine time of it. They made me run the gantlet four times over, and would have stuck me full of pine skewers and burned me, but for the treaty they were making then. They served me as we often do them—made a slave of me, and sold me to the Creeks on the Chatahoochee, who used me like a dog, till I broke away from them and got among the Chickasaws. I've told the story till I'm tired of it."

"Yes," said my father, "we've heard it over and over. He was taken by the Chickasaws, and again from them by the Shawnees, somewhere out towards the Mississippi."

"How the deuce," said Gregory, "could the Shawnees make their way out there to the Chickasaw country?"

"Pooh! that's easy," Rover replied; "such a traveller as you ought to know that. They ramble all over between the Ohio and the great Cherokee river, the Hoyohega. The land is vacant, and all the tribes go there to hunt, and knock each other on the head. They call it the Dark and Bloody Ground, and a mighty dismal region it is, though full of bears, elk, and buffalo. I was along with the Chickasaws, hunting, for they had adopted me. I meant to escape on that very hunt; but the Shawnees snapped me up, and carried me the Lord knows where. I got away from them, pushed east, heard over the Ridge of my uncle here, and was coming to see him when Ipsico picked me up on the mountain. Now, sir, the dispute between us comes to this: you have been at my uncle Nixon's, and he told you not a word of my letter. Still, I can show you his answer, if that will satisfy you. Perhaps you know his hand?"

"No, I don't," said Gregory, "nor his nigger's neither; for he has a mighty fine mulatto boy, that he makes do all his writing."

"That's his accounts and the like," said Rover; "but he writes to me with his own hand. Now, then, all we want to know is why he kept my letter dark. You found him a mighty grum man, eh?"

"If I did, I wish I may be shot!" Gregory exclaimed. "Grum! He's the merriest, mischievourest old codgering colt I ever saw. He is, by golly! and so is the whole family."

"That's it exactly," Rover cried; "you've been there, I see. Well, he put a trick on you. He knew how surprised you would be to find me here alive and hearty; and now they are all laughing over the joke. That's the way at Uncle Nixon's. But hark'ee, Cousin Gregory, you don't seem to be satisfied yet; and I can hardly blame you. There are two ways to end the matter. If this be a piece of uncle's waggery, as I think, we shall soon have a letter from him, perhaps in a week or so, to own up; for he's a good man at heart, and when he stops to think

it over he'll see that such a joke might have bad results. If you agree, we'll wait for his letter. If not, only one plan's left. I've rested here long enough to tire all out, and use up the heartiest welcome that ever man had. If uncle will lend me a horse, I'll mount to-morrow morning and gallop off with you to the Catawba and ask them what they mean. If you see any other way to make you easy, say so, for I don't."

These words of Rover seemed to stagger my brother greatly. We all kept crying out upon him for his folly; and he admitted at last that he might perhaps be mistaken, and that Uncle Nixon might have put such a joke on him. As for riding to Carolina again, he was in no mind for that just now, especially as he had promised Governor Littleton to go back in two months, and then could easily visit Uncle Nixon on the way. It was a strange business, he said, and he meant to see the end of it; but meanwhile, as Rover told so straight a story, he was willing to drop the quarrel and take him on trust as a cousin, to be treated according as he liked him.

A grand hunt had been appointed for the next day, and in this Gregory agreed to join us. I was greatly pleased with this arrangement, for I thought Rover could easily win his good will in that way, being so fine a hunter.

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IV.

## ONE NIGHT.

I SUPPOSED that this extraordinary difficulty was now settled; but I was much mistaken. My brother Gregory came to me at night, when I was fast asleep, and roused me, saying he had a piece of his mind to give me. It happened that my brother Thomas, who slept in the same room, had gone to a neighbor's to borrow a horse, his own pony, which he called Limberleg, having fallen lame—a mishap caused, I doubted not, by the secret riding of Cherokee Jack, though I could not make Tom believe so. He was to spend the night at Shellard's, and return at dawn, to start with us on the hunt. I was, therefore, alone when Gregory came, and our talk was private, or we thought so. I have had reason since to suspect we were overheard.

My brother looked very serious and troubled, which was most uncommon with him. "Ipsico," said he, "you have brought a poison-snake to the house this time, and there is no saying how many of us he may sting before we get rid of him."

I was about to express my surprise, when he began again, looking hard into my face: "What is the matter between you and Fanny?"

I did not choose to answer this question, for it was not my way to discuss my private affairs with any one—except Rover. I did it with him simply because I could not help it; he had such a way of drawing out one's secrets as I never found in anybody else. I had waked in a bad humor, having dreamed that I saw Fanny running away with Harry Leonard; for such ideas were ever flitting through my brain. I have heard it said that sleep affords a better refuge for the unhappy than drink, or warfare, or any other excitement or distraction, seeing it

is a species of oblivion furnished by Providence, which can be enjoyed without shame or sin. It may be so for those who are exempt from dreams; but at the time I speak of, my hours of slumber were often more tormenting than the daylight. So I told Gregory, very shortly, that if he wanted information on that point he might go to Fanny for it.

"Why, so I have," said he. "I find there is a quarrel between you; and on my soul I believe this cursed cousin of ours is at the bottom of it. It is just in his way."

Said I, "Brother Gregory, if you have nothing more to say, I wish you would go away, and leave me to my sleep, for I must rise early."

This I said very gruffly, and it caused Gregory to give me another hard stare; but he did not fall into a passion as I expected, though he never could bear to be contradicted or opposed. Instead he spoke quietly and (for him) very gravely and earnestly.

"Brother," said he, "you have been at the persimmon-tree too early, and you talk on the wrong side of your mouth. I am not going away, but mean to sleep here in Tom's bed; I have a whole heap more to say, and all you have to do is to listen, and let me put some sense in your noddle, and answer when I tell you. I will say no more to-night about the quarrel betwixt you and Fanny, for that's a thing can be attended to hereafter. But as for this snake in the grass, this Rover, or Craven, or Old Nick, whichever he may be, we must e'en have a talk, and that none of the shortest. So scratch your nose and answer. How did you find him, and where? Come, tell me all about it."

I said the story could as well be told in the morning, when we were riding on the hunt. But Gregory said the morning might go to the devil, and the hunt too; he must have the matter settled at once, and it was mighty important it should be.

Seeing him so impatient, I related the circumstances of my finding Rover at the mountain-pool, and then, at his desire, repeated what Rover had told me about his escape from the Shawnees, his journey up the Kenawha and across the Fluvanna valley, until he tumbled down the rocks into that dog-hole.

"And he was coming to this Niggurnose Pass," said Gregory (for I had told him all about this), "and somebody told him how to find it? Now, my bunny boy, we're coming to the foot-marks I'm hunting for, and by and by we shall strike the broad trail. Who told him of this Beaver Pass, eh? Answer me that, will you?"

This I could not tell, never having been curious on the subject. As to the settler who had treated Cherokee Jack so roughly when he went back to seek help and food, Rover had always professed ignorance of the man's name, though he meant to find and punish him.

"Whew!" said Gregory, whistling hard; "he has taken a long time to find him. But if he can't find him, I will—that is, if he be a living man, which I won't be sworn to. Hark'ee, my boy; you used to have some of the Indian in you, and be good at a scent. Did you never suspect Cousin Rover might be barking you up the wrong tree?"

At this question I began to recall the three or four falsehoods Rover told me before he learned my name, and how he afterwards de-

fended them on the plea that a man could not be too cautious on the frontier. I remembered too that, though I had often since been among the over-hill settlements with Rover, he had never shown any desire to seek out the man he had such cause to be angry with. These facts, along with Gregory's strong suspicions, led me to think there might be something wrong about Rover. A boy's mind is like the mob of ignorant townfolk at election-times (as some philosopher said), apt to be of opinion with the last speaker.

My suspicions were afterwards put to flight; for, mentioning the matter to Rover, he proposed that we should cross the Ridge, taking Jack along, and seek out the persons concerned. Guided by the boy, we found the place where he had been so roughly treated. It was at the house of a Mr. John Peabody, whom I knew to be a very decent man. He admitted that he had driven away the young Indian, but it was because he caught him stealing chickens. This Jack could not deny, and it was cause enough for what he got: so my cousin said he had no fault to find, and we left Mr. Peabody in peace. Then we went in search of the settler who had told Rover how to cross the Ridge, and soon found him; but it turned out on inquiry that, instead of directing the traveller to the Shawnee Pass (of which he knew nothing), he had meant to send him southward toward the Fluvanna, where are passes enough, though none very good. Rover had mistaken this man's instructions, and hence his disaster on the mountain. I mention these things now to show how much wrong our suspicions on this head did Rover; though it was not till a fortnight or more after the night I now speak of that they were put to rest.

I repeat that Gregory's words had enough effect on my mind (for the time) to shake the good opinion I had formed of Rover. If it should be proved after all that he was not Rover, but Craven, there were many reasons why he should be skulking in by-places and hiding his face from honest men. As I have said, I do not choose to recite the list of this Craven's villanies, for he was of our blood, and it was our interest to blot out his name.

The sum of Gregory's thoughts was this. He was firmly persuaded that our visitor was Craven and nobody else; that the letter from Uncle Nixon was a forgery; that the account he had given us of his captivity among the Shawnees, his flight up the Kenawha, and his dealings with the over-hill settlers, was all false; and, finally, that he was staying among us for no good purpose. He was therefore resolved to sift the affair to the bottom, and that without delay. Instead of hunting with us, he said, he would cross the Ridge with the first light by the Shawnee Pass, which I told him how to find, and follow Rover's tracks among the frontiersmen till he satisfied himself (as he had no doubt he could) that Rover had not come into Virginia by the northern paths and from the Ohio, but by the southwest, along the New River and Holston valleys, and from the Cherokee mountains, where he had doubtless lived as a refugee until he was forced to flee, because the savages would tolerate him no longer. Or it might have been (though Gregory preferred the other view) that he simply tired of the wigwams, and wished to try the settlements again, in a region where he was not



known. He dared not show his face in Carolina; but the Virginia Poes might be as ignorant of his true character as we proved to be till Gregory's return.

This was the substance of what my brother said, with such seriousness as he had never displayed before. I was so much impressed that I agreed it would be well to fathom the mystery in the way he proposed, and engaged to tell Rover nothing of the purpose, and to make such excuse for his absence as I could. He was to start before dawn, that, in case what he learned beyond the Ridge should remove his suspicions, he might borrow a horse there and join our party on the Fluvanna.

Having settled this matter to our minds, we betook ourselves to bed. A minute or two after we had ceased talking, we heard a very slight noise in the passage outside the door. Gregory was for getting up to see what it was; but we were both sleepy, and I told him it could be nothing but a cat, or rat, or mouse. Here I was probably in error; if so, it was but one of my many mistakes which had consequences as bad as if they had been crimes.

I had scarce closed my eyes before my imagination was oppressed by gloomy and tormenting visions; each sad event which had thrown our family into mourning was acted over again in my dreams. Thus I saw my brother Toby lying dead in the bushes at the Buffalo settlement, just as Gregory and Thomas had told me they found him; I saw the neighbors carrying my mother's coffin from the door; I heard the groans of my sister as she lay dying of a fever in the next room. My mind was inexpressibly disturbed by these nightmare conceptions, and by others still more hideous, whereof the most painful related to Fanny and Harry Leonard.

Rover too was present; and once I was roused—that is, I dreamed that I was roused—from my sleep by a sense of suffocation. Some one lay on my body, holding the bedclothes over my face as if to strangle me; after a struggle I found that it was Rover; as soon as I cast eyes on him he began to laugh, and embrace me, and swear that he was the truest friend I had in the world. "And as for these stories of Fighting Gregory," he seemed to say, "and all the notions he has put into your head, they will be gone to-morrow, and so will he; but I'll be here yet, and you and I will be just as thick as ever."

But the most remarkable dream of all—the one that must have come last and driven aside the others—was about my brother Gregory. He came to my bedside, pulled me by the sleeve till I awoke, and then asked me to go with him and see him safely up the Shawnee Pass. "For" (I thought he said) "the sneaking Indian means to kill me."

This dream affected me so much that I awoke in earnest, and lay for some time listening to his hard breathing before I fell asleep again. I suppose it was my pondering it over that caused me to dream the same thing a second time; but Gregory now looked very doleful, and begged me so earnestly to go with him that I asked him (as I thought) what it all meant, and why he thought he was in any danger. He answered, "Susan has told me all about it; don't you see her?" I looked up, and there was my sister standing behind him, with her



arms round his neck, and her head over his shoulder, seeming to be kissing him on the cheek, or whispering something in his ear.

This sight filled me with such horror (for I knew, as well in my dream as awake, that Susan was long dead) that I sprang upon the floor, and was instantly awake. Though my eyes were now wide open, I thought, for a good half-minute, I still beheld the figures on the other side of my bed, so strong was the impression made on my fancy. I heard Gregory groaning in his sleep, and, not well knowing what I did, I roused him.

"Whose cow's in the cornfield now?" he asked; "and what the dickens are you after?"

Said I, "I mean to go with you."

"Go where, parson?" he grumbled. "What are you talking about? If you wake me up this way for nothing, I'll make you eat the bedpost; I will, by Jehoshaphat."

"Why, Gregory," said I, "I dreamed you asked me to go along, for fear Niggurnose would kill you."

"You dreamed like a fool, then," said he; "and a fool you are, to break my rest just to tell me such rotted nonsense. The ends of my fingers tingle: how do your ears feel?"

"They don't feel as if they were boxed, or going to be," I answered, in a huff; "and if that's the way you take a fair offer, you may go alone and be killed as soon as you like."

"Don't growl, Nippy," he said, being now wide awake; "you and I are partners. No harm shall come to you if I can help it, and I know you mean the same by me. Between us and the bedpost (which you shan't eat if you don't hanker for it), dad has no more sense than an owl, and Tom is as soft as a toad: so the salvation of this family depends on you and me, and we can't waste time quarrelling, for we've got to see this thing through together."

I was proud to be thus spoken to, for I loved my brother and looked up to him, and indeed he deserved it all. Flighty as he might seem at times, he had the best brain among us, and the warmest heart, with more energy to plan and act than any other in the county. Had he lived, our fortunes had been different. For me, I was but a raw boy then, unworthy such an associate.

"I'll tell you why I was cross, Nip," he went on. "I don't care a potato for being waked, of course; only you spoiled the merriest dream I've had for a year."

"A merry dream!" I said. "Why, you were groaning like a sick horse."

"You dreamed that," said he; "I didn't—that is, how could I? It was the merriest dream, I tell you—and yet, now I come to consider, it wasn't so merry after all, for it was all about Susan, and mother, and Toby and his sweetheart Margaret, and the rest of the dead folks across the mountain: so maybe you're right and I did groan. But I thought it was fine enough, for I didn't remember that they were dead. By golly, I thought Toby was to be married, and father agreed to it, for it was made up between them and us; and we were all going over to the wedding, and poor Sue was sitting on a pillion behind me,

telling me what a jolly time we should have together, dancing and singing all night long. It's odd to have such a merry dream about dead people, and I wish you had let me dream it out, for they seemed just as live as I, and maybe they had more to tell.—But concerning *your* dream: as to my being afraid of old Niggurnose, or any other ten vagabonds, that's a lying dream. But what do you mean about this old dog? Has he shown any viciousness of late? If he has, I'll make him drink two gallons of water, to bring him to his senses; I will, by cracky!"

I told him that the Beaver was as of old, harmless except when drunk, and, now that I was broad awake, I looked for no danger from him: still, my dream had affected me greatly, and we could not tell what it might mean, so I thought it would be better for me to go with him.

"Well," he said, "you may go; for then you can show me that bear-hole where you found the fellow with broken ribs, that called himself John Francis, and the cub Jack-o'-Lantern. I tell you what, Ipsy, that imp has a devilish bad face, and so much of his master in it that I wouldn't wonder if he were the rogue's own flesh and blood: they say Craven left his wife long ago to run after some tan-faced Cherokee mountain-girl. But"—he looked out at the stars, to see how near the morning was—"we shan't have over an hour now for napping: so let us fall to.—Oh, now, on second thoughts, Nip, it won't do: you can't go with me, for it would look as if I was afraid of something, which I'm not, and as if we were stealing a march on this snake, which is so, but I don't want him to know it yet. So do you buckle on to Mr. Rover Craven, and take your fun, while I see what I can do to spoil his."

Seeing that Gregory was of this mind, and being ashamed to suspect that any harm could come from such a helpless, lame old wretch as the Shawnee (for so, of course, I interpreted my brother's words "the sneaking Indian," in my first dream), I agreed to what he now proposed; though I could not help telling him such dreams ought not to be disregarded.

"Why, so I think," said he; "and for that reason I will walk with my eyes open. But concerning these dreams of yours, Nip; do you dream often?"

"Generally," I replied. "I have no quiet nights now."

"So I thought," said my brother, gravely; "and you might as well have told me all about Fanny, as I wanted you to. But it's no great matter just now; we can settle it by and by, and you shall be a merry dog yet, for that's my object. You shall have her, Nippy my boy, in spite of all the Cravens, and I'll dance at your wedding instead of Toby's; I will, sure as I live. But now let's sleep; and don't talk any more, or grumble out in your dreams. I'll lay you two bears to a deer-hide I wake in an hour, allowing six minutes over or under. But, poh! you'll be napping: so it's no matter.—But it's a mighty odd thing we should both be dreaming together about the dead folks. Poor Toby! poor Sue!" And in this way my brother sighed himself to sleep.

As for me, my rest had been so much broken, and my mind so roused, by my visions and by my talk with Gregory, that I found it almost impossible to close my eyes. Besides, a dread was upon me that I should dream the same thing over, and again behold my sister's face; and this thought filled me with horror. However common, this was but a cowardly and superstitious folly, and against natural feeling, for I had ever loved Susan well. Why should the dead harm the living, or the living fear the dead? They were as we are, they are as we shall be. If they loved us of old, they love us still, for the dead change not (unless to learn more and grow better); and it is ill for us if we cease to care for them. For some of us, if we understood aright, they should be dearer than anything on earth. Before I was two years older I had learned to await and welcome the appearance of those who had gone before, but now I was only a callow, wrong-headed boy.

It was more than half an hour after Gregory began to breathe hard, when I felt myself growing drowsy; and then, seeing it was near the time when he designed to start, I thought I would lie watching till then, and see him off. I well remember making this resolution; perhaps the turn it gave my thoughts quieted them, so that I fell asleep while making it.

On common principles (which are all that most acknowledge) it is surprising that, after I had banished the vision and the fear of it from my mind, it should recur so soon. It could not indeed have been presented immediately after my eyes were fast; but it was not an hour later. I thought I was a third time roused from sleep by my brother's voice; but now, instead of pulling me by the sleeve as before, he had taken me by the hand, and was thus dragging me out of bed, though with a feeble grasp: his voice was so mournful, and his looks so strange and dismal, that I was struck with grief and terror. I had then never seen what is called a ghost (though I had often heard people talk of them); but I was well persuaded, in this dream, that there was something beyond the natural about my brother. His features and the outline of his figure were but faintly visible, and it seemed to me that the whole apparition was surrounded and obscured by a thin mist or smoke, or it might be a hoarfrost, such as we see of a winter morning about the bodies of cattle that have been exposed all night, melting away in a fog. The time for frosts was not yet, it being but September; but I describe the vision as it appeared to me.

I thought, too, that his hand, as it lay on mine, was moist and chill; and it made my blood run cold to hear him say, "You are no brother of mine, or you would not deny me three times. Lose no more time now; mount the Governor" (that was the fine horse he had brought from Carolina) "and ride for life."

On this he seemed to drag me, against my will,—for I was awe-struck and incapable of motion,—to the door, which stood wide open: here, being incensed at my resistance, he struck me a blow that felled me to the floor, and vanished.

## V.

## NEXT MORNING.

I AWOKE, and found that I was really lying on the floor, half stunned and bleeding. There was blood on the planks, and at the height of my forehead on the edge of the door, which stood wide open, as I had seen it in my dream; so Gregory had doubtless left it, for he was careless in such small matters, and he was no longer in the room. I had walked thus far, and met with this accident, in my sleep; and, what with my hurt and agitation of mind together, I was in such a state that it was several minutes before I could gather my wits.

As soon as I was composed a little, I went to my brother's bed, and found it quite cold, which was proof that he had left it some time before. Then I ran down-stairs, and found the outer door ajar and nobody in sight. The morn was breaking in the east, though yet very faintly: the cocks had not begun to crow, and all was still as death.

I cannot express the commotion of my spirit when I pondered over what seemed like manifest warnings from the other world, and remembered the last words of the apparition, that pointed out so clearly the course I should take to avert a threatening danger. What that danger might be I was puzzled to understand, hardly believing it could come from the old Shawnee. Still, I recalled how often in his drunken fits he had sworn vengeance on my father and Gregory, as well as on all others who had (in fact or in his fancy) ill-used him at any time; and though such an event was noway probable, yet he might, if he had a gun by him while in that condition, fire on any one obnoxious to him who happened to pass by. I was sorry, therefore, that I had not gone with Gregory; though it was a comfort to think I could easily overtake him on horseback before he reached the brook (it being a matter of near five miles from the house), though he might have had a full half-hour's start.

I ran therefore to the stable, saddled his horse Governor, and should have pursued him without delay, though I had not put on my clothes (such was my confusion of mind), but for the lack of my rifle, which I had left in the chamber. A man on the frontiers may in an alarm or hurry run out into the woods without his garments, but I never heard of one who in any such emergency forgot his gun, which is almost as much a part of a woodsman as his eyes or nose.

I returned therefore for my piece, and this put me upon dressing myself, for I was now more composed, and satisfied I could overtake Gregory, though I should be delayed ten minutes longer. I then sallied out again, and, finding I had in my agitation clapped Fanny's side-saddle on the horse, I took the time to put another in its place. After this something occurred—I cannot now recall what it was—that caused me to go back to the stable, where I discovered that Tom's pony Limberleg was absent from his stall. I was instantly seized with the idea that Gregory, who perhaps did not know he was lame, and was anxious to get quickly to the pass, had taken him; though a second thought might have shown me how improbable this was, since on



reaching the rocks he would be obliged to turn the beast loose in the forest—which was not Gregory's way, nor that of any sensible man on the border, where a horse is the next necessity of life to a gun, and to be as strictly cared for.

This I might have seen had I reflected a moment; but my brain was still in such a whirl that I could think of nothing rationally. All I saw was that if Gregory had ridden off, though but on a lame pony, I had no more time to lose. So I mounted the Governor, who was a steed of fine mettle, and rode out from the yard.

A lane or avenue led from the house to the road: I reached the end of this, and was letting down the bars, when I heard the clattering of horses' feet. Looking up, I saw my brother Thomas riding toward me, with young Bob Shellard, the son of the neighbor at whose house he had spent the night, and two or three others from that quarter, who were to be of the hunting-party.

"Halloo, Ipsico," said Tom; "what are you after so early? and where's Gregory and Rover? Come back, boy; we must have a good breakfast before we start."

I suppose there was something strange in my countenance, for the boys began to laugh, and swear I had seen a ghost, or had a fight and been whipped, for they could see the dry blood on my forehead; and Tom led me aside to ask what was the matter, and who had hurt me. I told him I had knocked against the door, and was following Gregory to the Shawnee Pass, for he was in danger of his life from the Beaver.

"Old Niggurnose!" he cried; "why, he's at Shellard's, drunk as a pig at a cider-mill, and asleep under a hay-stack. By golly, I saw him as plain as I see you, and we had some royal fun with him last night, peppering him with squibs and spit-devils, till he got in the hay. Why," he added, staring at me, "you're a darned fool."

I told him my dream, which set him laughing, and, spite of a hint I had given him, he repeated it straightway to the others, and they joined in the mirth. They were much disappointed to hear that Gregory had started off by himself, he being a prime favorite with all, and so long away now. I then told Tom how Limberleg had disappeared from the stall, which only made him laugh the more, for the pony, he said, had by his own orders been turned out to pasture before dark.

It was light when I met these boys, and now the sun was nearly up. I had wasted too much time already to be able to overtake Gregory. The end of this confab was that, being well laughed at for my dreams and fancies, and convinced that the Shawnee was out of the way, I began to be ashamed of my weakness, and returned with them to the house, where we were joined by three other young men, who were to hunt with us.

As Rover, who was very lazy about getting up in the mornings, did not appear at breakfast, I went to his room, as I had often done before, and found him tossing about with a great pain in his stomach, which he said was worse than any rib-breaking. He asked me to get him some mint-drops and spirits, which I did, and they gave him much relief. Still, he was not wholly cured: indeed, he felt so badly, he said, that he



feared he would not be able to hunt with us: this he much regretted, for he wanted to have some more fun with Gregory. "Now, isn't it the drollest thing you ever heard of," said he (with many other words which would not look well on paper), "his taking me for Craven like that? But, by jiminy, I oughtn't to laugh about it; no honest man can stand it to be called a scoundrel. So I think 'twill be best, after all, to ride down to the Catawba and set matters right. Suppose you go along with me, Ipsy? Uncle Nixon will treat you like a lord; and there's Cousin Lou—that's Louisa—the prettiest little black-eyed hussy you ever saw. To my mind, she's full as handsome as Fanny; and the dark ones have more deviltry in 'em than your gold-brown hair and peachy cheeks. I say nothing against Fanny, though she's used you so damnably; but she's home-bred, and so are you. You live too quiet here, with nothing to do but quarrel; you ought to go off, man, and see the world. 'Stay at home and go to seed, Travel and improve the breed'; that's a good moral verse for you. By George, sir, it would do you good to court Lou a little, if only to bring Fanny round. That's the way to do it: when a girl's cooling toward you, warm her with jealousy."

I have said that I cared nothing for this kind of talk, which indeed I only bore with because I liked the man otherwise; though before now custom had dulled its first offensiveness, for I had heard a deal of it. But Rover talked so naturally that the suspicions Gregory had put into my head began to melt away, and I thought it impossible he could be other than he professed. It is true, at first he seemed a little restless and uneasy, and his eyes moved often toward the door and window, as if he expected some one to come in or something to happen; but I thought nothing of this, knowing him to be in pain, till the medicine I brought relieved him. I noticed that Jack, whom he always kept in the room at night, sleeping on a little pallet at his feet, was not to be seen. I asked where he was, and Rover answered merrily that he was probably out riding as usual—for I had often complained to him of the boy's doings. I knew that all the horses were in the stable, except Limberleg, and the pasture-field a good way off: so I did not suppose the imp had been at any mischief just then, and soon dismissed him from my mind.

At last Rover agreed to get up and come down-stairs, though he still feared he would not be able to hunt with us that day. The young men, who had been waiting for him, hailed his appearance with uproarious welcome, and chatted while he ate his breakfast. I chanced to be looking at him, when his eyes turned to the door, and fixed a moment there. Mine instinctively followed, and there stood Cherokee Jack, nodding, as if to say, "I am here." In another moment the boy had slunk out, unnoticed by any but myself. I thought he had been pursuing some of his amusements, and presently forgot him; for Rover, yielding to the persuasions of the rest, and saying he felt better now he was fed, agreed to go with us. He made his preparations rapidly, but it was a good hour after sunrise when we started.

The agitations of the night had greatly affected my spirits: the young men, seeing this, could not refrain from teasing me about ghosts

and dreams, though I had charged them to say nothing before Rover. Him I had told that Gregory had an affair which called him over the mountain, and would perhaps join us when we came to camp for the night on the Fluvanna. But he, being very shrewd, and seeing that something was wrong with me, joined me when I had separated a little from the rest (for I could not abide their jeering), and questioned me so closely that I at last confessed how my trouble was caused by the twice-repeated dream.

At this he was greatly astonished, and reproved me vehemently for not obeying what he called a solemn warning, such (he said) not being sent us for nothing. He even proposed that on reaching the brook we should leave our horses tied to the trees, and examine into the matter without delay. "I remember," said he, "that when I came down the pass with my broken ribs, and saw that old vagabond the first time, he was swearing against Gregory with all his might, and laying claim to his scalp. There's no trusting an Indian, old or young. You ought to have seen to this sooner."

I told him what I had heard from Tom, that Niggurnose was out of the way at Shellard's; this silenced him at once, and made him agree that there was no occasion to visit the pass, my dream, as it now appeared, being too absurd to think of. Still, what he first said stuck in my mind, and as we drew near the brook I felt I simply could not ride on and leave it behind. This feeling increased when, reaching the place where our path crossed the streamlet at a distance below the rocky foot of the Ridge, I saw a fresh shoe-track in the mud, doubtless Gregory's. I had instructed him to follow this bridle-road till he struck the brook, which would bring him up to the wigwam. There was another path, much shorter, that led along the foot of the Ridge, and was usually travelled by the Shawnee, and often by myself; but, being very wild and through a dark wood, it could not be easily traced in the gray of the morning by one unfamiliar with it; for this reason I had advised my brother to follow the stream.

When I saw the shoe-tracks, I was so moved that I got off my horse and began to examine the ground more closely, though not yet determined whether to go up to the pass. My companions made merry at my expense, and presently rode away, all but Rover, who argued with me on the folly of yielding to such a superstitious fancy. Within five minutes Thomas came back with another, saying he had thought over the matter, and was of my mind it would be well to look to the pass and see if anything had happened, for the Shawnee might be in his cabin after all, since no one at Shellard's had thought of looking for him at the hay-stack in the morning. Besides, as he said, it had come back to him that Toby's life was lost through his brothers' laughing at his dreams about Indians, which they had both lived to repent. Come good or come ill, he said, the thing would not take above half an hour, and by galloping we could soon overtake the others.

We left young Shellard in charge of the horses, and made our way up the rocky brook, Thomas in advance. Rover was now so ripe for the business, and so anxious about Gregory's safety, that I forgot all my late suspicions, and even told him—for I thought it dishonest to hide

the matter any longer from him—my brother's object in deserting the party.

At this he was much affected, first with anger, and then with sorrow, saying it was mighty hard that Gregory should nurse such ill thoughts in secret, after he had so patiently explained everything. "It's damnable rough on me," he said. "Fair and square's my motto, open and above-board; talk it out or fight it out like men, in the daylight. By Jove, sir, I'd as soon a man would shoot me from behind in the dark as say such things about me on the sly. If he wasn't your brother and your father's son, I'd—but there's the meanness of it, don't you see? I can't hit him back, being my cousin. I never would have believed it of a fighter like him. Curse it, could any man say fairer than I, or offer to do more, to put that foolery out of his head? If he had told me what he thought, as became him—if he had to go on thinking such crazy stuff—I would have crossed the Ridge with him and taken him to those men, and saved him a lot of time and trouble. By George, I'll follow him now and show him my trail, since he's so curious about it. But if he's got in any scrape over this maggot, upon my soul I shall feel as if I had had something to do with it! You see, Ipsico, as I've often told you, you can't play the fool without bringing trouble on others besides yourself." At this painful thought he found relief in a string of oaths.

But his discourse, and the satisfaction with which I listened to it, as removing any remnant of my doubts concerning him, were suddenly cut short. Thomas had no sooner reached the top of the water-fall than he stopped, and uttered a scream. We ran up with all our might, and there beheld the dreadful spectacle of my brother Gregory lying dead at the foot of the precipice, and the Beaver, whom we had thought so far away, stooping over his body, as if in the very act of scalping it.

At this sight my limbs failed me utterly, and I could neither move nor speak; but I retained sense enough to see Rover rush upon the old Shawnee, discharging his piece as he ran. The explosion, ringing with terrific violence under those hollow and resounding crags, recalled me to my wits, and I ran up likewise, following Thomas, though still in unspeakable horror and distress. I saw that Rover had shot the drunkard through the bowels: he screamed and dropped to the ground, but instantly rose, seated himself on a stone, fetched out a feeble war-whoop, and began his death-song in the Indian manner, making not the slightest effort at resistance: indeed (as we found afterwards) he was wholly unarmed, not having even a knife about him. Meantime, Thomas had let fly at him, but without effect. Before I could point my weapon (and I thank Heaven that I did not begin a life of conflict by shedding the blood of an old and defenceless man), Rover had leaped upon him with his tomahawk, and struck him three fearful blows. I was so much engaged with my brother's body, and lost in such grief and confusion of mind, that I took but little note of the dying struggles of the wretch who, as plainly appeared, had so lately murdered Gregory.

The sound of the rifles and our outcries brought young Shellard from the horses to our assistance, and it was well he came; for we were

as frantic men bereft of reason, and none more so than Rover, who seemed to feel that one Indian's death was but a poor revenge for the murder of such as Gregory. Had the Beaver left a family, I suppose we would have killed them all.

## VI.

## A GLOOMY OCTOBER.

NOBODY blamed us for removing such a worthless reprobate as the old Shawnee. That was a matter of course, even had he been caught in the act (as it seemed) by strangers, instead of the victim's nearest friends. It is a needless trouble to go twenty miles or more to court, serving as witnesses and jurymen, just to hang one who can be punished with much less labor and expense. Still, when it was noticed that Gregory must have been shot an hour or two before we got there (for he was cold), and when the Indian's musket was found stowed away in his wigwam, *loaded*, some thought that our action was perhaps hasty; and I half agreed with them. If the Beaver was sober, why did he leave the scalp so long untouched? And if drunk, how could he have the forethought to reload his gun?

Another strange thing was reported at home on the fatal day. Tom's pony Limberleg, which was lame and had been sent to rest in the distant pasture, was found there by some of the negroes soon after we started on our ride, with a shoe gone, spent and panting: indeed, it nearly died, and was useless for a month after. But in the grief and excitement which followed, this incident was overlooked.

Affliction is supposed to soften the temper, but it had no such effect on mine. My brother's wretched end caused me to dwell more bitterly than ever on another loss, and increased my rage against Harry Leonard. Several times I would have done him a violence, but that accidents and his forbearance hindered. The house became intolerable to him; he left it for a farmer's not far off, and joined a company of rangers who were soon going to the Ohio forts. At this my father reproached me bitterly, and Fanny, all in tears, told me I was a bad man, of a cruel and savage heart; and as for her brother Harry (so she always called him), she loved him better than me, for he was more worthy to be loved—which was true enough.

Soon after his departure I was seized with a fever, the first I ever had; it nearly killed me, though it lasted but a week. At this time Fanny relented somewhat; but I considered that all was over between us, and cared not to have her near me. As I recovered, all my desire was to get away from home; but my father would listen to no such plan. At the first word of it he was greatly distressed, and charged me to think no more of it, for he had already lost three of his five children, and knew what would follow if I went abroad to roam. To encourage me to remain, he added that I might marry Fanny the next spring; for he never suspected anything amiss between us, and it was not my nature to tell him. Poor Gregory perceived how the land lay when he had not been at home five hours; but he had more brains

than the rest of us together. Tom and I took after father in this, that we could not see what was under our noses till some one else pointed it out and put a name on it; though, to make amends, I had a rare gift for fancying things that were not, and eating my heart out over them.

Whether I were ill or well, my cousin stuck to me like a keeper or a conscience. Before I was out of bed, he brought me the expected letter from Carolina, explaining the ill-advised jest which caused the trouble between him and Gregory; but I would not read it, for the subject was hateful to me. I mourned the life that was thrown away through my neglectful folly: for hardening my mind against the warnings that came in sleep I have never forgiven myself, though my brother forgave me long ago. Had he stayed at home, no stranger could have gained such influence over me. It was impossible to be much with Rover and distrust or wholly resist him; but he rather—to make a distinction which was beyond me then—exerted a fascination than compelled affection. He knew how to make himself both necessary and agreeable, yet I had a feeling that he might go away to forget and be forgotten—though I was not destined to forget him. He taught me much, and really led and ruled me through that unhappy summer and autumn; yet not he, but Gregory, was such a man as I desired to be. No one knew how I loved my brother: I was esteemed cold-hearted, but perhaps it was rather inability to express my feelings than to feel. I was strangely and uncomfortably made; dislike and rage and hatred with me turned quickly into word and deed, but the better affections I might not show. No wonder I estranged those I cared for most: I was graceless indeed, but not so wholly evil as I seemed.

As often as I could escape unseen, I turned my steps toward the fatal Pass. The Indian's body had been buried where it lay, and others shunned the spot as accursed and haunted. Gregory had been shot while climbing with his back to the slayer, and had fallen from the precipice, full ninety feet. His body was cruelly mangled and broken, his garments torn to shreds by contact with sharp corners of the cliff, which in several places retained the bloody marks of his descent; his rifle lay beside him, bent and shattered. The bullet had entered his right side near the hip, and passed out on the left, causing instant death; but repeated searches failed to find the ball, or determine the exact point where he was standing, till one day I scraped with a stick in the fissures and crevices of the rock. While thus engaged, I laid my hand by chance upon a little bed of moss and earth, collected on the face of the rock, whence grew two or three sprigs of fern. I had no sooner touched this cushion than it slipped away, being loosened, as I found at once, by the very bullet I was seeking. Here it had stuck, and lodged among the roots of the plants, which kept it from falling.

I surveyed it with gloomy satisfaction, but with great surprise; for, though beaten out of all shape, I found by its weight that it belonged to no musket, but to a rifle. I instantly said to myself, "This never came from the Beaver's gun: so he was not the murderer. Who was?"

Excited as I was, I noted carefully the last spot which my brother's



feet had touched in life; it was over thirty yards above that where we had found his body. I marked it with my knife (though this was hardly necessary), that I might know it again, and then climbed down, to think the matter out.

These were my thoughts: first, could the Shawnee, who was not sober when we killed him, have been cunning enough to reload his piece after the murder, and hang it up? And second, was he such a fool as to clap a small bullet into a large musket, and trust to killing a man with it? The two would not go together; for one would show him in his senses, and the other out of them. A small bullet in a big gun *might* hit its mark indeed, but only a drunken man would rely on the chance; and if the Beaver was so drunk as that, he must have been incapable of such a precaution against detection or surprise as to recharge his gun and stow it away, before attempting to abuse the body.

Thus I thought; and, though I had no single reason for supposing that anybody in the world, besides the Shawnee, had a grudge against my brother, I began to believe there must be some one, and that he might be run to earth through the bullet. I resolved to weigh it, which would give the number to the pound, determine the bore of the rifle it belonged to, and thus lead me to the first result of my inquiry.

But see how a man's—or rather a boy's—mind changes, when he has heard another's thoughts on a subject which he believed himself to have sifted to the bottom. The first person I met on reaching home was Rover, who began to question me. Being in a tumult of soul I could neither conceal nor restrain, I replied that I had found the lead which killed my brother.

"Lord!" said he, staring at me with all his eyes; "you've gone mad. The bullet was inside him."

"You know it wasn't," I said. "It came out above the heart."

"To be sure," he admitted. "I had forgot; my memory's so cursed bad." Then, taking the ball in his hand, he laughed in my face—for nothing could keep him serious any long time. "Why, you fool, this is a rifle-bullet, and never came out of the Shawnee's gun."

"That's what I say," I answered, "all but the fool. I believe some one else killed him."

"The devil you do!" said he; "then you're as crazy as a loon." He laughed yet louder, but presently checked himself. "It's a sore subject to laugh about; but your fever must be coming back. So you think, because this is a rifle-ball, the Indian dog never shot it?"

"Try to talk sense," I replied, angrily. "You said so yourself just now."

"So I did, but you took me by surprise. This," said he, weighing the bullet in his hand, "is about forty-five or fifty to the pound; which is not far from my own bore, allowing for lost lead. Zounds! don't you remember that the one we took out of the musket was just a forty-two? I think that was it; it may have been forty-five. Harry Leonard weighed it, you know."

This I did *not* know, nor had I heard of it before. It never occurred to me to suppose the musket-ball could be any but its true

weight: I knew the gun was found loaded, and took it for granted that it was loaded properly. It now appeared, however, that Rover and Leonard and some others (he did not remember who) had drawn the charge and weighed the bullet, which was small: Harry, he said, had set down the weight. To end my suspicions at once, he went and got me Niggurnose's shot-pouch, which had been brought, with other things, from the wigwam. In it was an assortment of bullets, two only being of musket size, while the others varied, several seeming of the same weight as that I had found, while others were yet smaller. Most of them were mere buckshot, and it looked as if the Beaver had used any bullets he could beg or steal. I had given him a good pair of moulds that fitted his gun, and many a bar of lead; but he may have been too lazy to use them.

I told Rover it was strange the old villain should not have used one of the large bullets, since he had two of them in his bag.

"Oh," said he, "he was drunk; that accounts for anything. No, that won't quite do, either, since he had sense enough to play possum and load over again. This is about it, most likely: he saw Greg of a sudden, and banged away from mere cut-throat impulse with whatever was in his barrel. I'll warrant he got this very ball of some of the Shellards the night before. Or, stay, boy: where did you find it?"

I described the spot.

"Well," he went on, "that can't be; and yet it might, too. Who knows how or where a ball will glance when some fool's backbone gets in the way and turns it off its straight course? I saw a drunken dog once, in a hullabaloo, shoot into the ground at his feet; the ball hit a stone, flew up, and killed a man in front. This is a little under the weight of mine; it may be the very ball I peppered the old devil with! It might have glanced up from a bone and struck the rock; there's no telling."

"You're sure," I asked, "that it was a small bullet, like this, you took from the musket?"

"I'm sure it was a small bullet that Leonard showed me," he answered; "but I'll not swear to the weight, having forgot it. Harry did the weighing, I told you; and as great a rascal as he is, I don't see why we should suspect him of lying in this, unless we suppose he did the shooting, and that's not likely. Not that he's any too good, but he hasn't heart for such a deed; he's as tame as an old cow. If you want to go into guessing, how's this? Greg may have hit his gun against the rocks and shot himself."

"Oh, no," I said; "that's not possible. It went in just above the hip, and ranged upward."

"Oh, yes," said he, mimicking my tone; "entirely possible, if he was dragging the gun by the barrel as he climbed. Some men are just damned fools enough to do that."

"Gregory was no fool," I cried, indignantly. "He could not do such a stupid thing."

"Boy, you don't know what any man can do, or will do, or has done," he said, contemptuously. "Take me, for instance: you wouldn't think it, but I've been in some of the tightest holes and corners, and

had the most infernal times getting out.—Well, if you want any more fool theories I'll think some out for you : I can hit on twenty while you're sweating over one, and all rot at that. But, for my part, I'm content to stick to Niggurnose : go beyond him, and you're all at sea."

In this way he confused my mind and took the ground from under my feet, making it appear that anything was possible and nothing—unless the belief on which we had acted—certain. Nevertheless I retained my doubts of this, and made some further examinations at the Pass, which led to nothing. But my folly, or my hard fate, soon put a stop to my inquiries.

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## VII.

### EXILE.

It wearies me to think of those wretched days, in which I bore the heaviest burdens I had ever known. They say the sorrows of youth are trivial, not to be compared for a moment with those of manhood. I hold another opinion. In opening life our feelings are keen, and every rough impression strikes them to the quick ; in maturity they are dulled to suffering and skilled in endurance, so that the pain which to a boy would be like the lash of a whip comes to a man with a heavy, bruise-like sensation only, such as you feel from the glancing blow of a club when you run the gantlet. I know whereof I speak, and would not wish my worst enemy to bear more than I have borne. And yet in youth I was not esteemed to possess such lively and tender feelings as others ; but perhaps I had a talent for unhappiness.

This anguish of mind, sharpened into disgust with everything about me, made my desire persistent to leave my father's house. In the woods, I thought, I might perchance regain the composure I had lost. My early bias for diving into the wilderness and discovering scenes unknown to men had been in a measure put to flight by my regard for Fanny ; long since returned in double force, and quickened by my growing discontent, it was now made more urgent by the displeasure of my father.

Affliction had worked no happier effect on him than on his son ; his temper grew sour and querulous, and, having once begun to find fault with me in the matter of Harry Leonard, he continued to indulge his anger whenever I deserved it, and sometimes, I think, when I did not. God forbid that I should reflect on his memory, or accuse him of conscious injustice ; he was a good man and a loving, and what little unkindness he showed me at the last was but as dust in the balance, compared with my own many undutiful and ungrateful actions. But, not understanding the cause of my infirmity, he made no allowance for a state of mind which could not bear his reproaches, and, of all times in the world, began daily to scold and chafe me at the worst. If I had been in a healthier frame, I should have wondered at the change in him, for till now he had seemed not only unwilling, but almost afraid, to take me to task, whatever might be my shortcomings or offences. But now he was bold and stern, telling me that Heaven had

punished the sinful indulgence he had so long shown his family by taking the best away, and henceforth he would fulfil his duty toward those who remained. He bitterly reproved my desire to leave him, but took no good way to lessen it; in fact, it grew hourly stronger under the course which he pursued.

My longing to travel, thus inwardly spurred, received encouragement from another source. Rover, during his varied adventures in the South and West, had seen many strange lands and peoples. His accounts of the orange groves of Florida, on the banks of rivers filled with roaring crocodiles, the beautiful savannas that we now call prairies, the lakes that boil up like rising fogs, the rivers that sink into pits, and other such wonders, made from the first a strong impression. Nor was my fancy less stirred by his descriptions of the lovely valleys that lie among the Unika Mountains, where he said he had often seen gold, with which the Cherokees were well acquainted, though very jealous of any white man discovering it. I was still more interested in his curious tales of the West—though I have since proved them to be false. My cousin was not to be believed in all things, and sometimes owned that it was "easier to tell ten lies than one truth, any day." So I had my doubts, even then, about his wonderful stories.

When he found how earnestly I was thinking of leaving home, he began to propose twenty different schemes to me. "I'm as tired of living in a nutshell as you are," said he; "and this is a mighty big world, with plenty of places worth seeing. Suppose we go down to Uncle Nixon's? If you can stand their merry ways, we could have grand times there. You ought to learn to behave like other folks, and give and take. Still, I don't think you would do to run rigs on; and, to say truth, they are a horrid tormenting set, and would plague the soul out of you. Suppose we go to the Cherokee hills, and turn gold-hunters: we might make our fortunes. Or suppose we run down to the Savannah, and join some gang of traders, and visit the Muscogees, or the Seminoles, or the rest of that fry: it's a mighty fine land they live in. Or we might go over the mountains to the hunting-grounds, and fight Indians a bit. Or suppose we go to the devil, if you like. It's all one to me, and anything is better than living asleep, like a bear in winter. By jiminy, I believe your dad is growing crusty with me too, though he won't let me go. I'm for playing truant, by George!"

Thus my cousin discoursed to me, and I would have joined him almost any day in a visit to our Catawba kinsmen, but for the accounts he gave me of their humorous, mischievous ways. I was never fond of waggish people, and at this period felt a horror at the thought of their company, and knew I was wholly unfit for it.

While I was balancing between the restless desire to escape and unwillingness so totally to disobey and offend my father, an event occurred which suddenly removed the difficulties from my path and thrust me forth, a wanderer indeed.

It was some five days after I had discovered the bullet which killed my brother, as I still believed, though Rover had made me less positive. Between three and four weeks had passed since Harry Leonard quitted the house, driven out (as I have confessed) by my violence, and

he had not yet left the neighborhood. It was my ill fate, as I rambled aimlessly about the fields, to espy him and Fanny together in a remote and lonely place, which I doubted not they had appointed for their secret meetings. His arms were about her, she was holding him by the neck as if to prevent his leaving her, and both were crying.

As a matter of fact, he was bidding her farewell, being about to start for the Ohio. I might have remembered that when he left our house, stung by my ill treatment, he vowed never to enter it again. Fanny might have strolled there by accident; or, if not, what harm in a parting, even with tears and kisses (since it was perhaps forever), between cousins brought up together from infancy, saved together as by miracle from the dreadful fate which befell their families, and used to regard each other as brother and sister? But it was my misery to be in that state wherein affection is perverted to selfish and brutal fury, and one would avenge in blood the loss of what he has taken no pains to keep and no longer cares to claim. My mind was so estranged from truth that I saw in their endearments only the most glaring and insufferable proof of his baseness and her unfaithfulness; both had played me false, and I must punish them.

Infuriated by the sight, I drew a knife and rushed upon them, meaning to kill Leonard. Fortunately, my father was in a field not far off, and, hearing the screams of Fanny, who caught me by the arm and held so tight that the blow fell short and I could not strike again, he ran to us at full speed before I had done Harry much injury, and so saved his life. As he came in a rage, he struck me hard on the neck and shoulder with a stick. Possibly he did not recognize me (for my face was no doubt distorted with passion), but thought me some strange villain doing a mischief to his niece; or perhaps my unnatural act justified his severity. After all these years, I incline to think it did; yet it is an ill thing for a father to strike his child. Never had he lifted his hand in anger to me before, and this was a costly blow for both of us—ay, and for Fanny too.

Not content with this, he loaded me with dreadful reproaches, which I have no heart to repeat, though I shall remember them to my dying day. He would perhaps have struck me a second time, for I heard Harry call out, "Don't hit him, uncle! Oh, don't! don't!" (He always called my father uncle, though no relation to us at all.) "Don't hit him," he said again, "for it's all a mistake, and he didn't mean to hurt me."

I looked in his face, and saw it bleeding, for I had cut him over the forehead. If I had not been possessed by a demon, I should have seen as plainly that it was the face of one too honest, kind, and guileless to do me or any one a wrong. But I was so stunned and stupefied by the blow and my baffled rage together, that I took little heed of any of them. My father railed at me harder than ever, and Fanny sobbed and wept; while Harry, still crying, and wiping the blood from his brow, came up to me and offered me his hand.

"I forgive you, George," he said, "indeed I do; but there was no cause for this. I came to bid my sister Fanny good-by; that was all; and what I told you once was every word true. I am going away



to-morrow, and you will never be troubled with me again. But oh, Ipsico, you are doing yourself more harm than me, and you will live to know it."

He then attempted to take my hand, but I snatched it from him, turned away, and, without speaking,—for I could not,—left him with Fanny and my father.

As I entered the house, one thought stood out before all others—that it was the last time I should look on its familiar walls. Thomas and Rover were away, so there was no one to advise me or dissuade me from my purpose; for now, I knew, my home was my home no more. My father had turned from me, as well as Fanny, and I cared not how soon the others died the same.

I got me my rifle, my horn, my pouch, my hunting-frock of green serge, my wallet (for it was easier to carry than a knapsack), my little axe, and other such things as I took when going on a hunt for several days. Tossing about in my drawer, I found a small Bible that my sister Susan had given me just before she fell sick. Though I had never regarded the promise I made her to read it, I thrust it into my bundle for a keepsake, thinking how little I had known the value of her goodness and affection until now, when I had lost the regard of every one else. As I thought of her, my eyes filled with tears, and I remembered the dream wherein I saw her holding Gregory round the neck, as if to drag him with her into the other world. I wondered that I should have feared her, and wished she had been sent to me instead. But it was not so: I had many long years yet to live, though I was then taking the best course to cut them short.

Having made my preparations, I went down the stairs and out of the house. As I stepped from the porch, I saw Fanny coming up, still wringing her hands and crying, but she would neither speak to me nor look at me: so that I left her, never more to see her alive, without one kind word to think of afterwards. I looked round for my father, and saw him coming too; but when his eyes fell on me he frowned, waved his hand as if to order me away, and turned off toward the fields. I thought of following, to bid him farewell; but my neck was still sore, and my mind revolted, remembering the blow. As I left the yard, an old hound that I sometimes took when I hunted near home came to me, and wished to follow. I had always treated him severely, for he had a bad nose and was often at fault; but he loved me better than the rest. I whipped him back, and departed alone.

When I had gone a little way, I looked back, and saw my father standing in a field, regarding me. Again I was moved to turn and speak to him; but he turned away, giving me no encouragement. Then I hardened my heart, and resolved not to look behind me again. No doubt he believed I was only going to the woods in a pet, as often before, and would return in a day or two. He was much mistaken. I made my way to the Shawnee Pass, climbed it, and took my last look at the spot where our chimneys might have been seen, but for the haze of Indian summer; made a meal of a cock-pheasant that was drumming on a fallen tree; slept at the pool where I had found Rover six months before; and at dawn set forth toward the springs of the New River.

## VIII.

## A FOREST MENTOR.

THE third night after leaving home I camped on the Catawba Creek. Toward morning, walking about for exercise (for it was cold) I caught sight of a little sparkle as of a star, glimmering well down the stream. This at first I took to be no more than a jack-o'-lantern, dancing over some swampy place. But, observing that it did not move, and was moreover of a ruddy, sanguine color, whereas all the swamp-lights I had ever seen were of a pale and silvery hue, I became persuaded it was some camp-fire. Of this I was convinced when I had crept down the stream a little and saw it reflected strongly on the water, though perhaps half a mile away. While I looked, it was twice or thrice hidden, as if by some one passing before it; and presently it began to blaze up more fiercely, as if fresh fuel had just been added.

By all I could learn on the Fluvanna from the man with whom I passed the night, and another who put me across the river in his canoe, there were no hostile Indians in the land; though, this being a fine hunting-season, it was not unlikely some bands might be in the outer valleys, among the deer and elk, which abounded in the unsettled regions. I did not, therefore, expect such dangerous neighbors now, and thought the fire probably that of some outlying hunter like myself, who found the morning too cold for comfort. Still, redskins might be about, and it became me to know, that if so I might be on my guard. So I resolved to reconnoitre the spot at once, being well satisfied that my own fire, which was behind a rock, could not be seen by the strangers from their camp.

I approached the light, using a hundred precautions, which were all thrown away; for when I got near enough to make my observations, I found a white man and a boy sitting by the fire, and to my amazement they proved to be no other than Rover and Cherokee Jack.

"Oho, by the royal George!" my cousin shouted, when I had left my cover and gone up to him; and he laughed as if our meeting were a wonderful joke. "Aha! you are caught at last, Mr. Jail-bird, as dad calls you. And what the plague are you doing here in the wilderness this cold night? Running off to turn Indian, eh, you renegade?"

"Keep your jail-birds and renegades to yourself," I answered, "and tighten up your tongue a bit, will you?" Glad as I was to see him, I was not going to be called names; that I could never endure from anybody. "What are you doing here yourself?"

"Time enough for that," he said. "Give an account of yourself, you ruffian. What do you mean by cutting and slashing the king's lieges and the girls' squires without asking my advice? I take it hard, by jiminy. You've raised the devil behind you, and all Albemarle's in a roar. So cut dirt, and don't stand argufying; buckle strap, shoulder gun, and double-quick-step over the mountains. That's your word, if you want to cheat the gallows."

I told him this was no time for joking, and I wanted to know what brought him there.

"Why," said he, "I'm come after you, to arrest you for killing Fanny's sweetheart."

I was astonished to hear this, for I thought I had hurt Leonard but little. But he swore I had "cut a big artery in his forehead, and clean finished him, or just as good. And if you want to save your neck," he went on, "you must cut, and be quick, and no nonsense, for the grand jury are playing the deuce about it, and the people turning out, and——"

Here I interrupted him, saying that in that case I would go back and bear my fate; for I was as ready to die now as at any time, having no great reason to cling to life; and it should never be said that I ran away out of fear of the law, or anything or anybody.

At this he roared with laughter, and swore I was "true blue, heart, liver, lungs, and all. And yet it's confounded unpractical; for what's the use of being strung up like the cat that killed mice on Sunday? I'd run fast enough if it was my case. I was only fooling you, boy. Harry Leonard's well enough—though you've spoiled his beauty—and the folks in Albemarle are all contented."

I was much incensed to find him thus trifling with my feelings; but he cared little how rude his jests might be. Indeed, no sooner had he finished this piece of deception than he began another, telling me that my departure had plunged my father into such affliction that nothing would pacify him till Tom and Rover had mounted their horses, to follow me and bring me back. On this I almost shed tears, and spoke of going back at once; and my rage was great when he laughed again and owned that this too was a lie, and he was only playing upon me. I told him that if he could not be serious and speak truth, I would leave him, and never desire to see his face again.

This sobered him somewhat, though he said it was hard I would not let him warm himself with a jest or two, when the weather was so much colder than his wit. My father, he went on to say, had not repented at all. "I told him plainly, from what I knew of you and the way you had packed up your toggery, that he must take steps to bring you back pretty quick, or he'd lose you, for I believed you had gone off for good,—not for an angry boy's hunt, but for a wronged man's exile, I said. That ought to have fetched him, eh? Well, it didn't. What do you suppose he said? 'I'm glad of it,' says he, 'for his wickedness has brought a judgment on my house, and I don't care if he never darkens my door again.' There's a pious, affectionate parent, now! I thought such talk was pretty rough, and I told him so; but he said you had deserved it all, and he ought to have begun this style earlier. But that's all talk: he'll come round in time."

I said, "How am I to know that this tale is any truer than the others?"

"Judge for yourself," he answered, very little offended. "Don't believe it if you don't want to: 'tis all one to me. We'll go back, and then you can find out. But if you see any fun in this, I don't. What says Fanny? That she's glad you're gone, for now there may be some peace about the house. I told her I was shocked at her, and then she up and said she'd like it quite as well when all your friends had made

tracks too. By Jove, sir, that cut me to the liver; for I had taken the pains to catch a red-bird for her, and when she killed it with over-feeding I stuffed it with ratsbane and wool, so that it was as good as new, all but the eyes, and them I made of cherry-stones. But that's the way with women."

I did not believe this of Fanny; for, however hurt she might feel, or however angry, it was not her way to be coarse or rude or flippant, and the speeches Rover put in her mouth sounded simply impossible for her. Yet it seemed likely enough she had taken a dislike to him, as being so strong a friend to me. And what he said of my father agreed with what I had seen and what I felt; yet this continued harshness wounded me most deeply. To change the subject, I asked him again what had brought him out here.

"Why, you, of course," said he. "Did you think I would let you go off alone, to be eaten by bears and scalped by savages? You always get into scrapes when you take your own head. If I'd been at home three days ago, I'd have kept your hands off Leonard, and you'd be there yet. I don't want your blood on my conscience as well as Gregory's: if he'd told me what he was after and taken me for a comrade, he'd be sound to-day. I've got some regard for you, if others haven't. So when I proposed to follow, and the old man said you might lie in the bed you had made, and go to the Shawnees or the devil for all of him, I spoke up very short, that if that was the way he treated his own flesh and blood, all I'd ask of him was the loan of two horses. He couldn't object to that, so here we are."

I said I did not see how he had found me, for I came on foot across the Ridge.

"Why, I knew we could find you about the Fluvanna, and it was a broad trail after the man who paddled you across put us on your track. Will is a rare boy at such work, and he soon found your marks running up the creek here. I left the horses at the Fincastle farm, pretty well knocked up, for we rode hard; but they'll be fresh enough in a day or two, and then we'll go back: Will can ride behind. Meantime we'll hunt, if you say so. Dad will come round by then; or if he's still rusty, it's only eating a little humble pie. But I say, what the deuce made you turn off like this over the frontier?"

I told him it did not signify what, and that I was not going back.

"Oh, well," said he, "just as you like: I'm good for a week's hunt, or till snow comes. But I wouldn't fret about Fanny: we can bring her round too, and it's not my plan that Leonard should have her. She's mad at you now for spoiling his beauty; for he had a fine white forehead, such as girls like, and that cut you gave him will stick across it like the wheal of an ox-whip. But she'll be out of humor with him before long; that ugly mark will cure her fancy, and then she'll love you again as hard as ever,—that is, if you're on hand and take pains to do the agreeable. All they need is a little management, and that you've got to learn sooner or later. But, by George, I'll not soon forgive her for letting me know my room was better than my company."

By this time I was completely disgusted and enraged, and the

thought of home was grown loathsome to me. But I bridled my passion, heard him out, and then told him as calmly as I could that, as day was breaking, I would now bid him farewell.

At this he stared hard, and I added that my resolution was made, and needed no swearing to. "You may tell my father that I ask his pardon for my past offences, and will never trouble him again."

Said Rover, "If you don't go home, as sure as a gun, Leonard will marry her."

"I don't care who marries her," said I. "I'm done with her, and it's all one to me now."

"Thunder and lightning!" he cried; "sooner than let that double-faced rascal have the girl, I'd marry her myself. By the nose on my face, if you won't outgeneral him, I will! I'll catch her some more red-birds, and try my luck. It's as easy as lying, and I've been there before now. By the royal George, no woman can hold out against my face and my tongue together!"

This idea diverted him so much that I thought he would never cease laughing. But at length I made him understand that his last jest was full as unsavory as the others, and that I meant to leave him. Then he swore I should do no such thing, for he would go with me to the end of the world, which he supposed lay somewhere near the Mississippi. He asked which way I was bound: I said that was nothing to him, for there was no reason why he should banish himself to go with me.

Other things I would have added, but he cut me short. "Where I stick, George Whitefield, I stick like a burr. You don't appreciate me, being something of a cub yet; but with all your faults I love you, Ipsico, and mean to be a father to you. So understand, I'm a fixture with you for a hunt, or a hullabaloo, or a campaign, whichever you like; for a day, a week, a month, or a year, by jiminy!" He then asked where my fire was, and if I had anything to eat, for he was hungry as a bear, and ready to say grace for his appetite, if he had any meat to exercise it on.

I took him to my camp, where he set Jack to cooking some of my venison. As he was resolute not to part with me, and I quite indifferent whither my steps were bent, so it was not homewards, I readily agreed to his proposal that instead of proceeding southwest toward the New River settlements we should go due west over the mountains, until we struck some good hunting-grounds, where we could amuse ourselves till we were tired of the sport or had determined what we should finally do.

He still professed to believe that five or six days of this life would cool my blood, and then I would be willing to go home. But he mistook my temper. My anger, as I may say, had vanished, but I was only the more resolute in my purpose.



## IX.

## THE BEAR'S DEN.

HAVING crossed several ridges, extremely steep and rough, we hunted with no great success about the Kenawha, in a region formerly occupied by the Shawnees, and still full of their remains. The scarcity of game pointed to some strong party near, of which we soon had clearer signs; twice we struck fresh trails, and once at noon, as we rested on a hill-side, we heard far off across the river the sound of guns. I was for reconnoitring, but Rover had more sense.

"You greenhorn," said he, "do you want to lose your scalp? Do you want to be stuck full of pine skewers and roasted at a slow fire? If you do, I don't. There may be twenty of 'em, there may be a hundred; more than we can fight, anyhow."

On all these occasions of alarm (for, though whites and Indians were then nominally at peace, that mattered nothing to the knaves of either side, and most redskins are knaves), Rover asked me if I was not yet "tired of being in a pet, and ready to go back to dad and Fanny." The question only put me in a rage, till at last I invoked curses on myself if I ever went near them again. God took me at my word, and punished me to the full of my ill-deserving.

On the fifth day of our adventure I wounded a buck: wanting meat, we followed it till we were entangled in a savage wilderness of rocks and cliffs. Drops of its blood led the way to a gap or pass, whence was no way out except right onwards. It was a wild ravine, hemmed in on either side, and by and by narrowing to leave no more than room for a brook that ran winding through. We passed a bulging hill that almost blocked the way, and beyond it found a path traced by the feet of wild beasts. Before us was a huge black bear making her way up the ascent, dragging the carcass of the buck we had so long pursued.

This was a joyful sight to us, especially to Rover, who loved a bear-hunt above all things. He darted forward to get a shot, but the beast was too quick for him. She gave a great snort, and, dropping the buck, began to scramble up the hill at a rate that soon carried her out of sight. We fired, but she was too far off to be hurt. Following as fast as we could, we had the satisfaction of tracing her to a hole in which she had taken refuge.

It seemed that the brook, which now ran down at a distance on the left, had once descended by another bed, much more direct and much more rugged; for at the place which seemed from below to be the crest of the hill whose foot made the promontory I have mentioned, it had pitched over a rock, perhaps thirty feet high, making a cascade, and then rolled, on the opposite side, down to the river. From this crest we could see that the ravine expanded into a little dell, very sequestered and beautiful; but we had no leisure just then to look at it more closely.

At the bottom of what had once been the water-fall, and worn, as we believed, by the action of the water, was the hole into which the bear had crept. We had not seen her enter, but bones lying about the

place showed it to be an old and favorite retreat. We at once set about to dislodge the beast, but soon saw that this would be no easy matter.

The den opened among rocks that lay broken, worn, and crumbling confusedly at the base of the cliff from which they had been detached. One of them, bigger than the rest, appeared lately to have fallen, and lay in a very singular and, as I thought, dangerous position; for it projected over the hole almost in the manner of a porch-roof, and rested on a mass of broken roots and trunks of trees that had been lodged there by the torrent before its course was turned. The hole, at the surface, was not above three or four feet across, but it seemed to widen below like a bell. It would have been hard to say by what means an animal could enter and leave such a place, but for the trunk of a tree which some accident had thrust into it. It was the stalk of an ash, that must have been twisted off by the winds just above the roots; for its roots would have been too large to go through the opening. Its forks, broken off short, lay above, and rested against the projecting rock that served as a roof. The bark was worn away, and its whole substance, which was somewhat decayed, was scratched and torn by the bear's claws as far down as we could see. It made a tolerable ladder for descending into the den, were any one besides the bear so minded.

As soon as we had examined the place, we began to debate how to get the creature out. Rover advised that we make a bundle of sticks, well secured with withes, fire it, and poke it down with a pole, and trust to the smoke to bring Mrs. Bear out. This would no doubt have been the best and safest device; but, being foolhardy and in a reckless mood, I declared that to be a trick worthy only of boys at a rabbit-hunt, and proposed that we (that is, Rover and I, for I did not think of Jack for such an enterprise) should toss up a shilling and see which of us should go down into the hole and kill the bear like a man.

Rover stared at me long and hard. "If I do!" said he, and he swore a terrible oath. "What, go down a bear-hole, with a bear at the bottom? Oh, Lord, that's too bad! Come, none of your jokes."

I told him I was far from joking, and that if he were afraid I would go myself, and show him that I could do some things quite as well as he.

He said, "If you go down here and kill this bear, I'll knock under at once, and spread your fame from Virginia to Florida. What, you don't really mean it, you idiot?"

"Idiot yourself," said I. "Don't call me names. Of course I mean it."

Rover turned as white as a sheet, and began to tremble all over: this surprised me much, for I had never seen him show fear of anything. He sat down on a rock, and looked at me a moment, and then at Jack, then at the hills about us, and finally on the ground. At last he spoke, and his voice shook all the while. "Boy," said he, "there are six things to be said of this. First, you will be killed. Second——"

"Never mind the rest, then," said I. "I'm ashamed to see you look so like a coward."

"A coward!" he cried, and his voice was still shaking; but he began at once to laugh. "Come, that's good—or rather it's small, in you. If you're bent on going down there, why, go and be hanged—that is, go and be eaten up. I'll sit here, and smoke out the bear when she's had her dinner; and I'll carry her teeth and claws home to Fanny, and as many locks of your hair as I can find, and——"

Here I interrupted him roughly, telling him to fling no Fanny up at me, but go home and marry her himself as he proposed, and leave me to this adventure, if he was not man enough to stand by me in it. I was only a boy then, and a most mortal fool.

He changed his tone: "Why, Ipsico, it's one of the biggest bears I ever saw."

Said I, "The bigger the beast, the better the mark,"—which is a hunter's proverb.

"Ipsico," said he, "try and use a little sense, if you've got any left, which I doubt. Here am I in charge of you, being the older man. What will your father and Fanny say if I let you get killed?"

"According to you," I answered, "they don't care what becomes of me. And I'm not in your charge, either, but in my own: you're not answerable for me."

"Well," he went on, "anyway, I've got a reputation to consider. What will other folks say of me if I go back without you? If the bear grabs you, as three to one she will, I can't fire without risk of hitting you, can I? See that rock, how loose it lies: it may last a year, or it may come down any minute. Suppose it drops: I couldn't pry it off and get you out. It would take more white men than there are within fifty miles to do that; and where would you be when they got here to help, even if there were no bear, and no Indians about?"

"Bah!" said I, for all he said only roused my spirit; "you're afraid. If they blame you, tell them I took the risk; it's my doing. If I don't come out, what do I care? But I don't expect to make a die of it this time—though this is as good a place and way as any."

Other reasons he urged to dissuade me; but the more he argued the firmer I grew. At last he gave it up, saying he had warned me as much as man could, and there was an end.

To tell the whole truth, though this was a very foolish and dangerous project, it seemed to me that the glory to be got far outweighed the peril. I had revolved the matter in my mind, and concluded that the enterprise was terrible only at the first conception. My idea was to descend with my gun and a light, and rest upon the first stump of a branch that might remain on the tree,—or, that failing, on some convenient decayed place,—whence, thus perched aloft, I might safely and at leisure survey the cave until I caught sight of the animal, which I could then easily shoot. I had sounded the pit by throwing pebbles down, and the noise showed me that it was not over twenty-five feet deep. "Let the worst come," I said to myself, "I can at least climb up the tree faster than the bear can chase me,"—which might have been so, with luck and presence of mind. To provide for this emergency, though I did not expect it to occur, I had determined to rid my arms

of the encumbrance of my rifle by securing it to a cord I had with me, and so draw it up after me: the torch I could cast away.

This was not a bad plan, if I could have been assured against misadventure from without the cave, such as the rock falling, or an Indian surprise, or the failure of my friends above to do what was needed at the right moment, or any other unforeseen accident. Apart from these, the device promised well enough, if only the end in view had been worth the attendant risk. But how often does a plan work just as the planner expects? This one was to turn out quite otherwise. It is my excuse that I was young and very foolish.

Having thought it all over, I sent Jack up the mountain to fetch me some pine knots for torches; he soon brought them, grinning the while, and showing more interest than he usually did in my doings—except when he thought I was going to thrash him.

I then laid aside my bundle and my hunting-shirt, that there might be nothing to obstruct me in climbing; I would have taken off my moccasins too, but for the fear of wounding my feet on the rough and jagged floor below. I tied the cord, which was long enough for my purpose, to the rifle, instructing the boy to hold fast the end. This was his part of the work, for Rover, after I had descended a little way, was to thrust after me a great bundle of flaring knots tied to a pole, to give me more light, and was besides to stand ready to pass his own rifle down, in case a second shot should be needed.

As for me, I was to clamber down as I could, with my rifle in one hand and my torch in the other. My axe was on my back, and my big knife in my belt, to be prepared for accidents.

When fully ready, I tried, as I had done once or twice before, to rouse the bear by pitching stones down, but she made no stir that I could hear. I then charged Jack to hold fast the cord, and not be frightened. The last advice I might have spared, for he was grinning with joy. He hated me for the trouncings I had given him of old, and for some other reasons; and, being a true Indian, though only half-blooded, he could not conceal his pleasure at seeing me go down into what he probably thought would be my grave.

Rover said not a word, and looked at me gloomily all the time, as if incensed at my obstinacy. But when I began to climb down the tree, he seized me by the hand, and cried, with a fierce voice, "Come back, sir, and don't play the fool any longer. You've done enough to show your mettle, and the thickness of your skull. Come back, I say!" I jerked away my hand, and he muttered, "Go, then, and the devil go with you!"

I thought in my heart that he was only angry at my proving bolder than he, and at the greater credit I should get among the young men in consequence. I forgot in my excitement that I was cut off from home by fate and solemn vows, and might never again see my old acquaintances, to boast of my exploit.

Scarce was my head below the surface, when I found my left foot resting on a knot, or fragment of a bough, capable of sustaining my weight. Here I paused a minute, and stretched out my torch, to try if I could yet penetrate the gloom of the abyss. But the rocks close



about my face prevented turning my eyes in any direction except downwards, and I was half blinded by the smoke which came sweeping up from the torch, as in a chimney.

Before descending farther, I twisted round my arm twice or thrice the cord that guarded my rifle, for fear it might by some accident slip from my hand. I also called to Rover to get ready his lights, and heard him answer, in a surly tone, "Go on. You would take your own way, and I wish you joy of it. I have no more to say to you."

I pushed on, and was so lucky as to find, about six feet below the first one, a second knot on the tree, or rather the remains of a bough, so big and strong that I could rest both feet on it with perfect ease. I then came to a stand, and, advancing my torch, endeavored to look about me.

I found I was not above ten or twelve feet from the rock on which the butt of the tree rested; but, from all I could yet discover, it seemed that this was only a shelf of stone, lying on the gap or river side of the den; this portion was narrow and smooth, while the other, toward the mountain, appeared to be spacious, with its floor much lower than the ledge directly under me. All this I could see only very imperfectly with my single torch; but the smoke was not so troublesome as before.

While I strove vainly to pierce the gloom that invested the distant part of the abyss, I heard a sudden snorting noise, made no doubt by the bear as it now caught sight of me. I was not at all discouraged by this note of warning, but on the contrary rejoiced, being still more persuaded than before that I was in no real danger. Still, I was not disposed to forego the advantage of the perch on which I stood, for I could now see that there was no other foothold on the tree below me. I therefore called softly to Rover to push down his lights, hoping by their means to obtain a view of the beast.

No lights appeared, nor was there any answer. I waited half a minute, and then, thinking he had not heard me, called to him again and more distinctly, but yet not loudly, for I did not wish to disturb the bear too soon. Still no torches appeared, nor was there any word of reply from above. Surprised and offended, I was about to call to him angrily, when I heard the Cherokee boy suddenly cry out something, but what it was I could not tell; and in an instant down dropped the cord I had committed to his keeping, striking me over the face as I looked up, and very narrowly missing my eye.

My rage and astonishment were great, but, before I could utter a word, I heard Rover scream, rather than say, for his voice was terribly loud and fierce, "Up, Ipsico, up! The Indians! Up!" and the next moment I heard three guns go off, which were perhaps near at hand, though they sounded to me full a mile away.

I remember what happened above and about me rather as the confused whirl of a nightmare than as a waking experience. I heard screams, the stamping of feet, and the rolling of stones, as if a torrent were suddenly pitching down the crag above. Before I could think what to do, or begin to climb to the surface, I felt a sudden shock, as



if struck by a thunder-bolt, and was spun through the air along with a fragment of the tree which I grasped, and rocks, dust, and Heaven knows what beside. My torch was struck from my hand, and myself, in the midst of such gloom as I thought belonged only to hell, pitched through the void, sheer down, as it seemed to me, a thousand feet, and flung with a violence that left me breathless, though not senseless, upon some soft, yielding, and elastic body, from which I rolled over among logs and stones, and twenty bears into the bargain, as I fully believed in my terror; for such a whining, yelling, snuffling, and growling, and tearing up of stones, and plashing in water, as I heard, was surely never heard before, unless in the very pit of darkness.

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## X.

## BURIED.

I STARTED to my feet, insensible of the wounds and bruises I had received in my fall, and, stumbling over a rock, found myself in the grasp of some groaning monster, I knew not what—but it was tearing me to pieces. Thanks be to Heaven, my rifle was still in my hand, for the twist of the cord round my arm had thus preserved it: with what speed I could, I thrust it into my enemy's jaws or bowels, I knew not which—for I was in the blackness of midnight—and drew the trigger. The roar of the piece in that confined vault was horrible. Injured and broken by the fall, it burst in my hands, and I could see the fire flashing out, not only from the vent and muzzle, but from the barrel, as it was rent asunder by the explosion. In that momentary light, dazzling as it was, and followed by darkness blacker than before, I beheld the yawning mouth and grinning fangs of the creature that was killing me. But whether I had slain it, and was thus released, or whether the same prodigious and to me inexplicable power, that had an instant before hurled me into its grasp now tossed me from it again, I could not tell; but away I went, dashed headlong over the stones, bruised and cut, but no longer in immediate danger.

Again I rose, and, flying I knew not whither, struck against what seemed the wall of the den, and the shock again threw me prostrate. But I rose instantly, in a frenzy of joy, for as I fell on my back my eyes caught a ray of light above, and it was the most blissful sight they ever looked on. My hands touched the platform on which had rested the butt of the trunk I was descending when the dreadful accident occurred that almost robbed me of my senses. The fragments of the tree yet lay upon it, and in an instant I clambered up, thanking God, and calling to Rover for assistance.

But, as I called, I heard sounds that filled me with terror, and saw a sight that froze my blood. I heard the rattling of many feet over my head, and voices crying in the Shawnee tongue, "Shoot, brother, shoot!" and "Run, brother, run! for mighty fine scalps have the Long-Knives!" Instantly I remembered how Rover had called me, crying, "Indians!" and I knew he was at that dreadful moment beset by them,

perhaps murdered, and I, like a rat in a trap, unable to break out and help him.

I looked up to the mouth of the pit, and thought no longer of Rover. What I saw explained the mystery of my sudden and violent fall; and, though it assured me of present safety from the savages, it filled me with a foreboding expectation of what was to follow. A huge stone lay over the mouth of the den: the very rock that had overshadowed it like a penthouse, released from its resting-place by some unknown cause, had tumbled there, and shut me up as in a tomb. The shock of its fall had broken the ladder-ash, and as the fragments parted asunder they had hurled me into the pit, as a boy hurls a pebble from a hickory rod or a hollow cane. The passage was not entirely closed: there were cracks and crannies left to supply me with air and a little light, but scarce big enough to allow my hand to be thrust through, could I ever succeed in climbing to them.

Were I to say, in the common phrase, that my situation might better be imagined than described, I should lie. No human being can conceive the horror that distracted my mind as I sat at the bottom of that dreary funnel, gazing up at the light that came twinkling down from the four or five crannies, like so many silver stars, and listening to the shouts of the savages, which grew fainter and fainter and presently died away. If they had killed Rover, what must be my fate, left thus deserted in the den of bears? When I thought of that, I began to cry aloud, that they might hear my voice and take me out and kill me at once; but they were now too far away. Then I reflected that Rover had perhaps escaped, and by and by would creep back and release me. This belief (for it was not a mere hope) supported me.

I said to myself fifty times that if he had been wounded by the guns that were discharged before I was dashed from the tree, I should have heard a cry of pain, if not from him, yet from the Indian boy, who certainly loved Rover, and all the more that he hated everybody else. If he had fallen, the whoops with which Indians testify their triumph would have reached my ears. But I had heard neither: his last words were a call to me to be up and fly, and all that I could make out from the savages were only encouragements to run fast and shoot well, which seemed to show that Rover was not taken altogether at a hopeless disadvantage. He was fleet of foot; there was no one of our young men in Albemarle, except myself, that could keep him in sight a mile; and when we had been running down a wounded deer together, in our hunts, he used to vow that he was not yet well breathed, when I was well-nigh exhausted.

On his safety, then, depended mine. I did not ask myself why he left me, but why he left me so soon. From the distant sound of the guns I judged that time enough was given him to help me up the ash; and two are better than one, or three than two, in a fight with Shawnees. But then how instantly, as it seemed, had the fall of the fatal rock followed on the firing of the guns! This left him powerless to aid me; for I knew, even if one man could stir it, which was most unlikely, it would be the work of hours, not of minutes, to remove the heavy door; and more than seconds he could not devote to me.

The fall of this rock, then, had driven him to abandon me. What made it fall? Its position, as I said, was insecure, balanced, as it seemed, on rotting trunks and roots of trees, and ready to be toppled down by any sudden shock. Had it dropped by mere chance? Had the elements conspired against me, to bring it on my head? It was unlikely to be overturned by a sudden gust, for many tornadoes must have blown past and yet left it on its perch. It could not have been thrown down by a sudden flood, for not a drop of water fell, or had fallen, through the chinks. I racked my brains to find out some cause for the calamity, and, though I framed a hundred theories, not one would satisfy me. All I knew was that it had fallen and penned me in, that Rover had fled, pursued by cut-throats, and that my chance of rescue from this frightful cell must hang on the issue of his struggles to preserve his life.

All this time my mental sufferings were so great that I scarce thought of my bodily hurts. I was dreadfully bruised and cruelly cut by my repeated falls among the rocks. Some deep gashes on my right side and my left shoulder had been made by the bear, I thought (when I came to examine them), and my head had been laid open, either by a fragment of my gun when it burst, or by some sharp rock. While I spent hours wondering over the mishaps of a few moments, and mourning my strange fate, I came near bleeding to death, without knowing it, though I felt myself growing sick and feeble. I fell asleep, or dropped into a swoon, I know not which; but probably it was the latter, for I did not dream at all.

At last I awoke, disturbed by something that pushed or pulled me about and made a whining cry. I started up in affright, for I knew it was a bear, and supposed it was devouring me. It fled at the sound of my voice, which I raised in a loud scream, being half beside myself with terror. I heard it stumbling about among the stones and broken boughs; and by and by all was again silent. I say, I had heard it, and felt it, but I saw nothing. All was pitchy darkness about me, and there was no light to be seen above my head. At first I thought Heaven had suddenly struck me blind; for I knew, by feeling about me, that I still lay on the shelf, under the entrance, yet I could see nothing. I strained my eyes, and altered my position a dozen times, all the while looking up, but perceived neither light nor cranny. Then it occurred to my fears that the Shawnees had discovered my hiding-place, and with true Indian devilry had set to work, while I was asleep or insensible, and blocked up with earth and stones every little hole at the mouth of the pit, so as to make my fate not only more certain, but more miserable.

While I was in this doleful thought, I saw a little ray suddenly twinkle over my head, and then disappear. I moved my head and caught sight of it again, but again it vanished. I sought it the third time, and a third time beheld it, though only for a moment; yet in that moment I discovered what it was, and almost laughed for joy, so transported was I to find my fears had utterly deceived me. It was a star—a beautiful bright star, glimmering up in heaven; and I thought Providence had set it there to comfort me, though it was so soon withdrawn

from my eyes. The night had come upon me while I lay in my lethargy, and it was only when I could perceive some heavenly body shining through one of the cracks, that I was blessed with the least ray of light.

The savages must have gone long since. All was silent above me, and I knew they were ignorant of my presence in the cave, perhaps of the cave's existence, for the overturned rock must have hidden the entrance before they reached it. I felt assured that Rover had escaped, and became more composed, reckoning confidently on being liberated from my prison after a time. Supposing it even necessary that he should go for help, I thought he could retrace his steps over the mountains and return with a strong body of settlers in four, or at most five, days, provided I could sustain myself so long.

For five days I waited anxiously for succor which never came. For five days more I watched in an agony of hope deferred, or lay upon the shelf in a stupor of despair, at first scarce daring to leave the pit's closed mouth to supply the needs of nature, and afterwards hoping for speedy death. Food was at hand in the carcasses of the bear and one of her cubs, which I soon killed; fuel I had in the remnants of the tree. For water, after the second day, I was obliged to go some distance. Several holes opened into passages leading gradually downward; the den proved to be but one extremity of a huge cavern. The paths and chambers nearest I explored by the aid of firebrands, and of fat taken from the bear; her skin supplied a sack for the conveyance of water.

On the tenth or eleventh day—for I had lost the exact reckoning of time—I shook off my despair, and determined to make an effort to save myself, since there was no help elsewhere. I was no stranger to caves, and bethought me that this one might have another outlet. My preparations were carefully made: the fat, melted by small quantities into oil, I put in a bearskin bag; the barrel of my rifle, its vent luted with clay, furnished a lamp, and strips torn from my shirt served as wicks. Thus lighted, and carrying my store of necessities, I pushed into the bowels of the earth, and, after many hardships, discouragements, and dangers, at length emerged on the other side of the mountain—only to fall into the hands of the very Shawnees who two weeks before had surprised Rover at the place of my imprisonment.

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## PART SECOND.

### XI.

#### A BUDGET OF BAD NEWS.

It is not my purpose to dwell either on my experiences underground, or on those which followed during near two years. What I suffered from the Shawnees, and how I was soon taken from them by Chickamoggas, who carried me to the southwest—all this does not matter now; nor yet how, escaping from captivity, I hardened my



heart against my father, and wandered as far as Florida, enduring troubles that were no more than I deserved. In the second spring of my exile I fell sick of a fever in Georgia, and during this illness God turned me to a better mind. As soon as I was strong enough I set out for home, avoiding our relations in Carolina.

Reaching the valley of the Holston, I found myself nearer the frontiers than I had supposed; a fort had been built in advance of that at the Crab Orchard, and several clearings begun around it. The garrison consisted of forty men; I fell upon a party of them who were hunting, and they took me to the station. The soldiers all being strangers to me, I did not scruple to confess my name, which set them at once to talking of the "young Poe" who had been murdered near two years before on the Kenawha. By this I gathered the common opinion as to my fate; but I was much surprised that they said not a word of Rover and the Cherokee boy. I led them to think I belonged to the Georgia plantations; for I was so overcome by shame at the recollection of the blow my father had given me that I was now more reluctant than ever to acknowledge my identity. For this reason I could not question them concerning Rover, which would have betrayed me at once. I pretended, however, to be interested in their story, and curious to hear more of my namesake's death; they advised me to inquire of a man at the Crab Orchard, named Matthews, who knew, as they said, all about the Poes, having come from the same county. Him I had seen at home in my childhood, but not for many years: so I thought there was no danger of his recognizing me.

I pushed on toward Crab Orchard, and on the way met with a strange and terrifying adventure. Between the settlements was near two days' journey, through a wild country. About dusk a storm came up, and I camped for the night in the best place I could find, under some projecting rocks. It was safer not to have a fire, for Indians might be about: so I ate some cold meat and bread that I had carried, and many a time have I fared far worse. The thunder grew so loud and the rain so violent that they kept me awake. It was full two hours after sundown, and as dark as pitch except for the lightning, when by a sudden great flash I saw what made my hair stand on end and my blood run cold. Along a ridge, not three rods from me, two figures were marching; and my heart stood still, for I recognized Rover and his Cherokee boy. Their faces were pale and set, their hair and garments drenched, but they never minded the torrents that were falling nor the awful roaring of the skies. It was fitter weather for spirits than for flesh and blood to be abroad in. Some now profess to disbelieve in ghosts. I shall not express an opinion on the subject, but in my youth we had no doubts of their existence, and would much rather hear about them than encounter them. My companions of two years before, I doubted not, had been killed when I was penned in the cave, and now, being more at home in these wilds than in the spirit-land, were pursuing some business of their own—what, it was beyond me to inquire. They were not in search of me, for they took no notice of my presence; indeed, they seemed to be in a hurry. I was too much frightened to think, and it was merely the hunter's trained instinct of observation that imprinted



these items on my memory. I heard nothing but the noises of the tempest, and saw the forms only for a moment; utter blackness followed, and when the next flash came they were gone. Some hold that Indians, like cats, can see in the dark, and Rover was half an Indian; besides, spirits never walk in the daytime, so far as I know, and therefore darkness must be more satisfactory to them than light. I sat up till near midnight, cogitating and wondering, and then, the storm having abated, fell asleep. Next morning I examined the direction from which they had come, and that in which they went, but the rain had left no trace of a trail.

Toward evening I reached the Crab Orchard. Strangers are welcome on the border, but Matthews showed more astonishment than pleasure on hearing what I saw fit to tell him of my errand.

"Gosh," said he; "this is queer; what some calls a co-incident. So you're one of the Georgy Poes, hey? Don't know as I ever heard o' them afore; but I've heard of the Car'liny ones, worse luck. It 'd 'a' been better for our Virginny branch if there'd 'a' been no others. Goin' to visit yer relations, was ye? Reckon y' won't find any of 'em in old Albemarle jest now. Pretty well broke up, they are, and what's left has got business to take 'em away from home."

At this awful word my heart gave a great leap, and then sank into my stomach. A man may think himself estranged from the ties of blood, but when he approaches home after a long absence it gives him a turn to hear such news as this seemed to be. With a mighty effort I mastered my agitation, and asked my companion what he meant.

"Why," said he, "thar was Toby first: he was killed by Injuns, away back in the fifties, acrost the Ridge—that is, this side of it—acrost from home, y' know. Or maybe y' don't know, if y' never been in this country afore. Then Gregory, the oldest, was shot in the woods clost to home, nigh two years ago. Old Niggurnose done it, they said, leasewise they killed him for it; but that's doubted since. Greg was a right smart chap, and good on a scalp-hunt; been off South, and gone through reg'lar battles safe, and thought a heap of in Car'liny, they said; but he wa'n't home a day and a night afore he was stuck like a pig: hard luck that, for sech a fighter. Next was Ipsico: I never expected him to come to no good end, with that heathen name. He'd 'a' been nigh your age if he'd 'a' lived: you favor him ruther. Thar was some fuss at home, I don't rightly know what, and he went off; and then that Rover feller, or Craven by rights, come back and said he'd got caught by Shawnees on the Kenawha."

At this point my anxiety overcame my prudence, and I cried, "So Rover got off safe, did he?"

Matthews looked at me with some curiosity, and paused before replying. "So 't seems. I wa'n't thar to know the rights of it myself, nor nobody else. Anyway, he come back with his Cherokee imp, and told that tale. A goldarned liar he was, but they saw no reason to misdoubt him then. Heard of Craven afore, have y'? They say he had no end of a name, and a most almighty bad one, in Car'liny, whar he come from; but I didn't s'pose it had got as fur south as Georgy."

I stammered something about having stopped in the Carolinas on my way, and urged him to proceed.

"Well, that Craven was a skunk and a snake. Half Injun he was, and whole renegade; had more blood on his hands—white men's, I mean, o' course, and not in fair fight, nuther—'n he had fingers; least-ways, so 'twas believed after he was found out and gone off for good. They think he murdered Gregory, and like enough Ipsico too; they was in his way, and he wa'n't one to stop for trifles. After that he took to courtin' Fanny. Y' never heard o' her, I reckon; how should y'? She was a cousin, saved from Injuns, and brought up in the house; used to be Ipsy's gal till he run off. Seems to me I heard she give him the sack, or some sech; but I ain't sure. Anyway, Tom and the old man thought all the world o' Craven, which passed for Rover, and inside of a year he married her. Then—but y' look sick, stranger."

I felt so, and well I might. For I saw it all now—all the plans and plots of that unspeakable villain, who had ruined my life and broken up our once happy home. Fool, not to have seen it long before! So all that poor Gregory had said of him was true, and vastly more. He had crept into my father's house,—or rather I in my blindness had taken him there,—endeared himself to all of us by his handsome face, his gay manner, and his devil's cunning, and used us all for his own ends, which must have been Fanny and the farm. He had poisoned our minds against one another, estranged me from my father and my sweetheart, and them from me; encouraged my roving tendencies, which they protested against in vain; deliberately nursed my surly temper and fostered all my evil qualities; turned my suspicions against Harry Leonard, who was doubtless perfectly innocent, and made me intolerable in the house, till I was driven, or drove myself, from it. I cursed myself in my heart for having been the tool and puppet of this domestic demon, to play with at his will; and yet I had been but a boy of seventeen, and he a mature and accomplished scoundrel. No doubt his smooth tongue had worked as well with Fanny and my father, making them think me worse than I was; but how could I blame them, when I was first and deepest in the fault?

As this revelation flashed through all the dark corners of my mind, I wished I were dead, and then remembered that I had something to live for—vengeance. At that thought I stiffened myself, and resolved both to seem and to be a man. I had been in sight of death and torture more than once, and learned from the savages, as all frontiersmen do, to bear both pain and danger with an air of calm indifference. Stoicism the learned call this, and I have since read of a set of people long ago who made it their aim and rule in life; but, as they lived in regions long settled and had nothing to do with Indians, they could have no experience of running the gantlet and burning at the stake: so it looks to me as if their boasted philosophy was a matter of words and pretences, or at best of mental practice and discipline. It is creditable to those who dwell in towns to think of such things as self-control and fortitude and endurance, even in the way of bare theory; but to us of the woods they are as *a b c*.

"Well," I said, after a pause not as long as I have made it in the telling, "any more?"

"Oh, yes, a heap more," he answered; "but I ain't sure it'll be good for y' to hear, y' seem sech a feelin' young man. I thought y' was goin' to faint jest now; I did, begosh. Been hurt by Injuns lately?"

I said I had been a prisoner once or twice, and badly used by them, and sick after I got away. Any exhibition of weakness, unless satisfactorily excused, stamps one as a coward, and I thought there was something like contempt in Matthews's tone. So I owned to having been through a good deal; but still, I said, I was interested in his story, and would like to hear the rest of it, for these Poes were relations of mine, and I was sorry for their misfortunes.

"Yes," he went on, "I should think y' might be. The trail's gittin' mighty fresh now, stranger. After Craven 'd been married awhile and got used to the gal, he sorter throwed the mask off, so to say, and become rampageous—or so I onderstand, though I hain't got all the particlers in order. Seemed as if he couldn't stand it to live like white folks and be respectable no more; and by all accounts 'twas a long time, for him. Fanny was high-strung and sperited, yet she was sot on him—or had been at first, while he behaved half-way decent; and then he was her husband, y' see, or s'posed to be sech; so she didn't know what to do, and the others didn't nuther. The old man, he was quiet and peaceable, as it says in Scripter; and as for Tom, he never was the smartest of the lot; that dodrotted Craven had him under his thumb, and he'd believe sky-blue was yaller if Craven said so. But the neighbors got kinder scanderlized, and thar was quarrels 'twixt man and wife, which ain't noways right, yet I don't know as I blame *her* much. In the midst of this along comes Harry Leonard—y' never heard of him, in course—from way off on the O-hi-o, and brings with him a feller called Nelson, which had been all over creation cenamost—in our parts, that is, mine and these Poes—I knowed him as a boy—and down in Car'liny, and the Lord above knows whar else. He knowed Craven, and all about his deviltries, or leastways enough for any white man's use. This Leonard was a uncommon kind and faithful feller, and mortal 'tached to all the Poes, as had saved him from Injuns and brung him up, includin' o' Fanny, which him and her was playmates from their cradles, like 'tis in the story-books; not that we gits many of them along hyer. Yet Ipsico treated him awful, bein' jealous in the wrong place, like a all-fired fool as he was, and set on by Craven, likely. I b'lieve 'twas after some such row Ipsy went off, dodrot him, and that was the end of him, and a good riddance. Well, Harry falls in with Nelson out West somewhars, and they gits to talkin', and he hears the inside of Craven's high old carryin'-s on in Car'liny, and how many wives he'd got, and sech. It seems he'd always 'spicioned him, not bein' such a owdacious fool as the rest of 'em—savin' yer presence, for I nigh forgot you was a Poe. So he gits Nelson, which was allers ready to go 'most anywhars, specially if thar was a fight ahead, and takes him along as evidence, thinkin' to expose Craven and save his friends: thar's a big-hearted chap, now, to take all that trouble, after they'd as good as turned him out. So they gits

back, and hears o' Fanny's bein' married to Craven, and then they don't know what to do, but lays low and watches. Pretty soon they hears o' his bein' rough to his wife, and back to his old tricks with women and whiskey-jugs and gamblin' and sech. So Harry he determines to have it out with Craven like a man, though he was a peaceful feller, and hated to hurt even a Injun unless he had to. He dasn't tell Tom and the old man, nor even let 'em know he was thar, for fear o' mixin' things, but jest goes to play a lone hand. Nelson, he follers unbeknown to Harry, so 's to see it fair; thar ain't no scrimmage goin' on with him outside it. And they had a awful row, and Harry 'd 'a' got killed but for Nelson, which is big and strong and a first-class fighter: he jumps in and catches Craven's hand as held the knife, and says, 'Now, dum ye, ye git out'n this, and go back to yer dum redskins, or to yer lawful wife that's a-livin' yet in Car'liny, if ye think that safe, ye dum big-amy: light out, now, unless ye want yer dum carkiss filled full o' lead.' A awful cusser Nelson is when he gits riled, and Craven had riled him, y' see, with tryin' to stick Harry when he was jest a-talkin' perlite to him and showin' him the error o' his ways. And in the midst of this in busts Fanny, all white and tremblin', which she had overheard the talk. She sticks out her arm, scornful and ragin', and p'int at Craven, and says, 'You—you——' and then she screeches out and tumbles down in a fit. And Craven, he lights out that night, feelin' he's done his durnedest thar, and the country ain't healthy for him no more, as was certainly so; and he takes his Cherokee Jack, which is a imp and don't grow no bigger. And Harry has to explain things to the old man and Tom, and they was so flustered they don't know which end of 'em is up. And Fanny never comes to, but goes from one convulsion to another, and her baby comes, and she dies, and it dies—that's one good thing, anyway, for it was that skunk's—and they has the liveliest times in old Albemarle y' ever see. Y' got 'em ag'in, stranger."

I sat there without power of speech or motion, as it seemed, for a deadly sickness oppressed my heart. I thought I had torn Fanny from it long before, but she was, then and since, the only woman I ever cared for. They call me an old man now; I was a raw and hot-headed boy when her last kiss touched my lips, but it was the last they have known. She loved me once, till I repelled her with insult and suspicion; and now, I thought, as soon as I could think at all, she has fallen a victim to my insanity. Life might have been a pleasant thing to her—to us both—for many a year yet, and now she is dead; tricked and duped, entrapped and slain, before she was eighteen. Well, I can avenge her yet, and then perhaps she will forgive me. I know Fanny, and that villain has wronged her more deeply than I; for I did it in stupid, honest frenzy, but he in devilish cold-blooded craft. We were happy before he came, to tempt and delude me; who tempted or deluded *him*? Whoever would win her favor in the other world must show her the knife that has found lodgement in his lying heart. But these are not matters I care to talk of, even now: a true affection between man and woman, whether it attains success here or not, seems to me a thing out of the common course, too private and too sacred for many words.



All this time Matthews was eying me intently, with a queer expression on his face, of which I took little heed. He was an illiterate man (as may appear from his talk), though shrewd; indeed, few on the border had enjoyed such advantages of home training—for the schools were not of much use—as my brothers and I, alas, disregarded; and fewer still had the taste for reading which I have kept up through life. But at that time I scarcely noticed my companion's language, for my mind was absorbed by anguish at his tidings.

After a while I managed to ask, "When did she—when did Fanny die?"

"Jest a week ago. I told y' the trail was gittin' fresh. Y' are a mighty feelin' young feller, to take on so for sech distant relations. But if y' want to hear the rest o't, they stayed a day or two, to bury her and the baby, and git their wits together, and then started out after Craven,—Nelson and Harry Leonard and Tom and the old man, with two of the neighbors as insisted on takin' a hand. They could 'a' had lots more, but what was the use? It oughtn't to take long, though he's had a fair start and is slippery as a snake, for they're mounted and he's on foot—unless he's stole a hoss somewhar."

"He hasn't," I broke out, "or he hadn't last night. I might have shot him then and saved them the trouble, if I had known; but I thought it was his ghost."

"Y' might, hey? Cur'ous y' should 'a' knowed him, seein' as you're from Georgy. It's generally considered no more 'n fair to give a white man notice, afore y' pop at him from behind a tree; but I don't know as I'd stand on p'int of etiket 'bout shootin' sech as him, if I belonged to the family. Well, if y' saw him last night and he was goin' straight, they must 'a' nigh cotched up with him by this time, for they was here yestiday noon."

"My God!" I cried, starting up; "and I never met them! I must go back at once."

"Not jest now, sonny," said the pioneer. "Night ain't no good to travel in, except for them that runs away—renegades and redskins, like Craven and his boy—or onless gentlemen like me and you was caught in the woods and hidin' from Injuns, or in sech accidents like. The c'rect thing now is to take a little corn-juice, and then go to bed; ye've got work afore y', and y' need some rest first. I'll start y' off early in the mornin', and likely go along."

Seeing that he was right, I yielded, and he took a more cordial tone.

"Ipsy," he went on, "thar ain't no use keepin' up this foolin' any longer. I 'spicioned ye from the start, and when y' asked that 'bout Rover gittin' off safe, I was sure 'twas you; but as y' was bent on goin' on humbuggin', I thought I'd jest humor y', and let y' see how goldarned bad ye'd acted. But y' seem to onderstand that, and I ain't one to keep stampin' on a feller when he's down. Boy, I'm right sorry for y'. Yer father and Tom, and Harry Leonard too, was mighty glum, and wouldn't hardly stop to bait their hosses; but Nelson, which takes everything easy—and 'twa'n't his funeral noways, only he likes a row—he told me the hull story over a pipe. If you'd smoke more



it might be good for yer mind: more'n once when I was feelin' low and grumpy, havin' lost a child or two with the small-pox or had my stock run off by them thievin' Injuns, it has lifted me up wonderful. Well, I'd 'a' gone along with 'em yestiday, seein' as they was old friends of mine, and the removin' of a snake like Craven is a public duty and benefit; but I was fencin' a lot, and my wife was kinder out o' sorts, and Nelson said six men was enough and too many to tend to one and a half, and if there was any rumor o' Injuns they'd git more at the fort, provided they didn't catch Craven first. I wisht now I'd 'a' gone—'cept that then I'd 'a' missed you. We'll take two hosses to-morrer, and not come back till we find 'em."

As we rode next day, I begged Matthews not to disclose my identity at the Holston, to which he agreed easily enough. Though little inclined to talk, I was obliged to explain my escape from the cave, and tell something of my subsequent adventures, ending with my seeing the fugitives by a flash of lightning. "I don't like their travellin' so hard in that storm," said my companion; "it looks like the skunk knowed he was chased, and was makin' for a safe place or friends not fur off. Thar's most allers Injuns about, away from the settlements, and he'd be apt to jine 'em. Then, if our folks catches up with 'em, they're on hossback, which is good to run yer game down, but bad when y' gits 'em at bay in rocks and bresh and broken ground, for likely they finds you afore you finds them, and y' don't git time to tether yer hosses out o' range and git to cover. Howsomever, we'll larn more about it to-night or to-morrer."

## XII.

### WHAT HAPPENED ON THE HOLSTON.

RIDING hard, we reached the Holston station at dusk, and learned that our friends had spent the night there and gone off early that morning with two of the soldiers to guide them. Craven had avoided the near neighborhood of the fort, but others who scouted for the party found a fresh trail a few miles out.

Next day before sunrise we plunged into the wilderness, with three of the men who joined us: roving bands of Indians, they said, were often about, and two horsemen might not be safe alone. It was a beautiful wild region, but I had no eyes nor heart for scenery just then. Toward two in the afternoon we heard distant hoof-beats, and one of the rangers said, "It must be them, comin' back." My impatience would not be restrained; I dashed forward, and, rounding a point of rocks close to the river, came upon a small party moving slowly and heavily. At sight of me some of them yelled in terror, and one or two guns were pointed; but Harry Leonard, running from the rear on foot, looked me over with one swift glance, and called out, "It's no ghost, boys, but Ipsico himself. That villain lied, as usual." Then, coming to me with extended hand, he said, mournfully, "You understand now, Ipsy, don't you?"

I gulped down my pride, gripped his hand, and answered, "Yes, too late. I ask your pardon, Harry—and hers. Did you get him?"

"No," he replied, looking down in shame and wrath: "he got us, damn him." It was the only time I ever heard Harry swear. "That is, we were ambushed: the boys took four scalps, but he—if it was he—escaped. His face was painted, but Nelson is sure of him, and I think I recognized him, though he kept in the bushes and it was getting dark. I wasn't much in the fight: I had to stay with your father."

"My father!" I cried; "where is he?" Harry's silence confirmed my fears, and told of another disaster to our ill-fated race. I looked at the procession, which had halted close at hand, and saw but five horses, one carrying double, another bearing a burden before the rider. I flung myself from my horse, and ran to this. Yes, it was the well-known form, now rigid; the face was placid and gentle as it had always been except when my violence drove him past the bounds of patience.

"Shot through the heart, afore we knowed an enemy was near," said the man who held him: "'twas that blamed renegade done it, we reckon."

I took the body from him, and fell on my knees beside it. For this, then, I had come back from the ends of the earth, and my penitence was all too late. I forgot everything but the corpse before me, and the love he had lavished on me in vain; they said I sobbed like a baby.

"Don't take on so," Harry whispered in my ear. "He forgave you long ago, and blamed himself. I reckon he knows just how you feel, Ipsy."

Tom flung an arm around me. "I'm durned glad to see you, Ipsy; there's only you and me left now." And he too fell to crying.

I had to clasp ten outstretched hands of sympathy. The rough faces around me were sad, and some of them wet. Matthews was cramming his great fists into his eyes. "He was too good a man to be plugged like this," he said. "I knowed him of old, and he wasn't like the rest of us: preachin' and prayin' kind he was, but, bless y', he b'lieved in it, and tried to live accordin'. He wa'n't no man for the war-path; never liked a fight, and never hurt nobody. I wisht I'd 'a' gone along, and rid in front. Seems to me y' might 'a' got the varmint y' was after, between ye."

"Don't go to blame me, dum ye," said a deep voice, that issued from a huge and hairy throat, wrapped round with a bloody cloth. This was Nelson, as I guessed at once, and a figure to arrest attention, even in my grief. His age might be thirty; but years, more or fewer, were little considered on the border, in comparison with the character and prowess of a man. He was full six feet three, and broad in proportion, without a pound of unnecessary flesh; his arms, bare to the shoulder, displayed the most tremendous muscles I ever saw. His brown hair was worn long and loose, as if defying any foe to take it; on the left side it was stained with blood from the fresh wound in his neck. Had there been any precedent whatever for wearing a beard, such as I have seen in ancient pictures, and am told is still used in some outlandish parts of the world, I believe he would have done it,

to be out of the common ; but in the time of which I speak such a thing was utterly unheard of. His bold features and dark piercing eye gave him somewhat the appearance of a hawk or eagle ; but, however wild he might be, Nelson was no bird of prey. His complexion was ruddy with health, and deeply tanned. Former fights had left numerous scars, several of which were plainly visible: the little finger of his left hand was gone, and part of his right ear ; one bullet of years before had grazed his forehead, and another furrowed his cheek ; yet any one would have called him a handsome, and certainly a distinguished-looking man. His dress was that of all frontiersmen, but gayly decorated ; a feather waved above his cap, his belt was of crimson leather, his shirt and leggings were heavily fringed, and the latter decked with beads. His manner was hearty and jovial, with a touch of swagger and bravado : this forwardness, backed by real ability, courage, and experience, made him the leader of every party and every enterprise. His language was free, fluent, at times shrewd and pithy, and constantly profane : this was his chief fault. He was quick to resent contradiction and criticism, but rarely abused his strength, or lifted his hand against a white man without apparent reason ; and all who knew him were careful not to provoke him too far. He was a standing disproof of the assumption which I have often seen in print, and sometimes heard stated in compliment to myself (for I never was much of a talker), that a man of action cannot be a man of many words, that deep waters always run quietly, and that a boaster is of necessity a mere empty pretender.

"Dum ye, Matthews," he remarked, "don't go to blame me now. It's easy to sit at home, and come out and show how the fightin' ought to be done after it's over. I don't care a cuss what you say, or any sech ; but sence this is young Poe come to life ag'in, which was killed by Shawnees on the Kenawha, I want him to know I done all I could—or any other man—and dum the difference. While the rest was a-knifin' and scalpin' o' the Injuns—and I reckon we got all o' them—I went for that dum scoundrel, which had cut and run with his boy, after firin' that one cussed shot. He kep' his dum carkiss safe out o' sight, as he thought, but I got a glimpse of him, and kep' my bullet for him. I pinked him, but not enough to hurt ; could tell that by the blood this mornin' on his trail, and the way he went. I throwed my axe at him, but it fell short. I chased him, and Tom hyar after me, till it was dark ; but he can run like a dum cat. I want ye to onderstand, young Poe, sence you've come back with your scalp on, that I done my duty, and it ain't my fault if that dum cousin o' yourn ain't deader'n he said you was."

"But why not follow him up?" I asked. "You've lost time."

"Jest so," said he. "That's what I told 'em ; but there was no good in follerin' with hosses, onct we'd cotched up with him, and not a dum feller would go with me on foot, though we was three beasts short a'ready. They've got enough campaignin' for the present, I reckon, and one of em's hurt tol'able bad. Then, ye see, if we wanted to save yer father's scalp, 'twouldn't do to bury him out thar, whar he might be dug up. That might answer at a pinch for you and me, bein'

woodsmen and wild chaps ; but he was a kind o' home body, and would want to lay in Christian ground, I reckon, or leastways whar white folks was. Bein' a dutiful son, you'll have to go back to the fort and help plant him ; then, if you like, we'll start out ag'in. Yer cussed Car'liny relation's fifty mile off by now ; but, seein' he ain't chased at onct, he'll take it easy, and we can git him in a week or tharabouts—providin' he don't git us first."

Unable to refute this reasoning, I sullenly assented to the return. The fresher horses from the fort received the heavier burdens, and two of the men went on foot. I wished to carry my father's body, but was overruled. "He's tramped 'way up from Georgy, boys," said Matthews, "and heard bad news enough last night to cover nigh two year, let alone this jest now. It stands to reason he ought to spare hisself, afore he goes out on the trail ag'in."

In later years I have not been wholly unacquainted with polite society, which nowhere, I suppose, is finer than in Kentucky, and especially about Transylvania University ; but true essential courtesy may be found as well in the woods as in the parlor. My companions, amazed at my sudden reappearance, were naturally anxious to hear my story ; but not a question was asked me till irrepressible grief had had its way, and till I had heard all they could tell of yesterday's disaster. It appeared that they were riding quietly, my father in front : it was well past sundown, and they were looking for a place to camp, when suddenly, from a thicket to the left, came a volley. Two horses were killed, and another so hurt that his throat had to be cut after the fight. My father lay where he fell, and never spoke nor moved. One of the rangers was shot through the thigh ; Nelson, Tom, and another were hit, but not so as to disable them. Enraged by this attack, most of the party (all, in fact, who were able, except Harry, whose filial affection kept him at first by my father's side, and who presently had his hands full, with the uninjured horses and the wounded man) sprang up the rocks, dashed into the wood, and despatched such assailants as they could find, before the latter had time to reload. The fury of the onset cowed the Indians, who were slain in a belated effort to retreat.

"I'm nigh sure thar was six guns fired, and no more," said Nelson ; "likewise that nobody run off 'cept a man and a boy. Four Injuns we got, and four guns : Craven we didn't git, nor hisn : that's five. But whose was six ? Could that brat o' his carry a gun, and fire it ?"

"Certain," said Tom. "He's older'n he looks, and he could shoot when he came to us, above two years ago. Likely that accounts for the sheep and hogs we used to lose."

"And I believe it accounts for Gregory," said Leonard, very solemnly. "I thought so long ago, but I couldn't quite prove it, and none of you would listen."

"He *has* a gun," I added. "I saw them three nights back, and both were fully armed."

"You did, hey ?" Nelson exclaimed, angrily. "Then why the blazes didn't you bag 'em ? 'Twould 'a' been cheaper, a dum sight, 'n the way things has gone."

"You let Ipsy alone," said Matthews, who seemed to have con-



stituted himself my champion. "He'd been away nigh on to two year, and hadn't heard no news yet, and s'posed Craven was half honest, and whole dead,—thought he was Rover, and scalped by Shawnees on the Kenawha, same as Craven said *he* was. Now, a travelled man like ye, Nelson, might 'a' knowed 'twa'n't lucky to shoot honest men and ghosts to'ds midnight by flashes o' lightnin'; no, nor good manners nuther. I'm s'prised at ye."

The giant stared, then extended a mighty hand to me. "I asks yer pardon, comrade; call it squar'? Well, that's settled, and t'other. Six guns, four low-down Injuns, a renegade, and a half-breed, which is also half-grown, and them two, which was the worst, got away, leavin' us only four scalps. On our side, three hosses lost, and a quart of blood belongin' to Bill Marks, which'll go lame till fall, and not be o' much use in gittin' in the craps, which is light anyway, so his help thar won't be missed no great, and Squire Poe, which was the oldest, and piouses, and peaceablest man amongst us, and the worst wronged by that dum varmint—unless it be his son Ipsy hyar. Want to know how they shot, Ipsy?—best thing I can say to comfort ye. One took yer father squar'; that I lay to Craven, which has got a black heart, but a white eye and hand, by all accounts. Next scratched my neck; near miss, but good as a mile: that's the boy, I reckon. Only them two aimed high. Three killed Bill Marks's hoss, and went through his leg. Four knocked Tom's hoss down—he's on yer father's now—and cut the hind side o' his leg, so he couldn't chase 'em as fast as I did. Five, same thing exactly; scraped Shellard a bit, and plugged his nag. Six must 'a' gone wild—or no: wa'n't your hoss hit twict, Tom? Dumd if 'twa'n't! That shot was throwed away. I thought 'twould 'liven ye up, boy; next best thing to bein' in a fight is talkin' it over arterwards, and notin' jest how it went in every particler: that's the way soldiers is made. I don't say thar war much science on our side, 'cause thar wa'n't. Firstly, as preachers says, we wa'n't thar for science, but for justice. Secondly, we wa'n't expectin' any fight to speak of, it bein' a time of peace, but jest peaceably pursuin' a dum scoundrel, to execute the law, or what ought to be the law, onto him. Don't have any preachin' your way, do ye, Matthews? Ye miss a dum sight o' larnin': that's why ye're so ign'ant, and use sech bad language. Shet up, now, and let me go on improvin' this young Poe. He's heard your horn long enough; I 'spect ye've nigh talked him to death sence night afore last. Ye never travel none, and don't see no fights to speak of; ye don't meet nobody to home, 'cept when a traveller comes by, and then ye let loose yer hull savin's o' wind on him, for fear it'll spile afore another gits thar to hear it."

I had no heart for these pleasantries, which were indeed ill fitted to the time. Perceiving that I listened with scarce concealed disgust, Nelson changed his tone:

"To git back to whar I was afore Matthews put in; as to t'other side o' the battle. Craven shot to kill; he allers does. So did the boy, but his aim wa'n't so good, or he was too fur back. The Injuns all aimed low, and I can 'count for that. Ye see, Craven expected a smaller party—jest us four, likely—and made 'em believe they'd



have plain sailin' and plunder. When they see how many we was, it scared 'em, and they knowed their only chance was to bring down the hosses. If they'd 'a' been fair shots, 'twould 'a' been better for them, and worse for us accordin', to aim at us instead o' the beasts; but they was the kind that makes good marksmen on a barn door at five paces, and they had jest sense enough to know they might hit a hoss at two rods, but prob'ly not a man."

"What Indians were they?" I asked.

"Chickamoggas, or some of these triffin', thievin', no-account tribes from down South: can't tell which by ther togs, nor ther dum painted faces. They was all dead when I got back, and I doubt if any of 'em lived long enough to hand out his visitin'-kyard. Boys, ye ought allers to take a prisoner or two, so's to git information of the plans and numbers o' the enemy," he added, with a wink.

"Nelson," I asked, anxiously, "suppose Matthews and I had been with you—if he had joined you as he offered to, and I had not missed you on the way—might the two more have made any difference? Could we have caught that knave and saved my father?"

"Well," he answered, gravely, "as to savin' or losin', that's in the hands o' Providence, as some calls it, and each o' us takes his chances. If you'd 'a' been along, you might 'a' got the bullet instead o' your father, and so might I or any other feller without you. It's a dum sight easier for me to tell ye what did happen, than how it might 'a' gone if things had 'a' been someways different from how they was. You and Matthews is both powerful men and turrible fighters, no doubt, but we had a tol'able active party as 'twas. Four scalps ag'in' one killed and one wounded (for me and Tom and Shellard don't count), after a ambush, and leavin' out the hosses, ain't so bad, though nothin' to brag of. You might 'a' done better, and then ag'in you mightn't. But as to catchin' Craven, I'll run you any day you like, summer or winter, with Injuns or without, up hill or down, through rocks and river or jest in fields and woods, and when you beat me I'll own it and not bear you no gredge. But that dum varmint can give us both forty rods start and beat us in a mile. You hain't chased him lately, have you? Well, I have, him and his boy, which kept ahead of him all the time."

"Are you certain you saw the boy?" I asked.

"Am I certain I see you now, hey? My eyes ain't wore out yet. I see a young feller, putty dum uppish and sot, which they tell me his name is young Poe. Maybe they're a-lyin', and you, or the man you purtends to be, was reelly killed on the Kenawha: how should I know? Jest so, I can't swear to Craven's boy, 'cause I never see him afore, not to know him and be cock-sure: when me and Harry was in Albemarle he was off on some deviltry, or layin' low. I saw *some* boy last night, if that'll do ye; anyways, 'twa'n't as big as a man. It run like a half-growed painter cub, and kep' ahead o' its dad. Maybe 'twa'n't Craven's son at all, but his father the devil. You saw him, didn't you, Tom?"

"I didn't see anything, after I'd left the rest and got well in the woods," said my brother; "only I heard you yell, and follered, after

I'd fired at one Injun and knocked another on the head. That's all I know about it."

"Well, young Poe," Nelson remarked, "I'm sorry I can't satisfy you, but I've told all I know. You'd better go and talk to Tom and Harry, for I don't want to quarrel with you yet, leastways not till after your father's put under ground."

This I found was Nelson's character, or one side of it; impetuous, fiery, extremely sensitive to anything that might possibly be construed into a point of honor, and quick to resent any slight, real or supposed, often when nothing of the sort existed outside his own irascible fancy. But his anger was quickly appeased; he was recklessly generous, ready to serve friend or stranger with his blood, passionately fond of adventure, fertile in resource, cool in danger, and fearless in action. His life (a thing unusual in rovers) was absolutely pure, except that on rare and festive occasions he would sometimes drink too much. The habit of intoxication he disapproved (as did most of us in those days) simply as tending to unstring a man's nerves, dull his eye, and so unfit him for the forest and the battle; but gambling he despised, and licentiousness he detested. He liked nothing better than to hunt down a seducer or adulterer. The rude justice of the frontier, in regions yet unreached by processes of law, was as much in his hands as in any man's; and it mattered little to him whether he went forth to execute its unwritten warrants at the head of a hundred men or alone. He was proud of the title of Regulator, then unfamiliar; nor did he ever soil his office with personal passion, or by confounding the innocent with the guilty. A moderate vanity, which never long misled his judgment, was his only form of selfishness: he scorned to have any foes but those of the community.

As soon as I could turn from my own consuming sorrows, I hastened to assure him of my gratitude, respect, and confidence; for had he not taken the place that ought to have been mine, in exposing and pursuing our household enemy? I found that he had already forgotten his wrath with its imaginary occasion, and was ready to overwhelm me with new benefits. He has but little further part in this narrative, but in later days he was my comrade on many a hunt, many an exploring party, many a war-path. Few names were more dreaded by the savages in the early conflicts of "the dark and bloody ground:" he fell by my side in a battle which has its place in history. Peace to his ashes, for he was a brave man and a true.

It is needless to repeat the explanations which I had to give to my only surviving relative, and to the companion of my youth who had been more than a brother to me, though (as Matthews said) I had used him vilely. The others crowded around to hear, and gazed at me in wonder as at one rescued from the bowels of the earth and from the maws of savages. Adventures were common on the border, but mine, in space and in variety, were thought to pass the usual bounds.

## XIII.

## A COURT OF INQUIRY.

WHEN darkness fell, we were still many miles from the fort; but some of the party rode on, and came back at midnight with a litter for the wounded man and a stretcher for my father's body. Marks, I may here add, bore his pains with brave good humor, and grumbled chiefly at being laid by for a season. I visited him before I left the fort, and he assured me that he would like nothing better than to go with me into the wilderness on another and longer search for the murderer, if I would only wait till his leg was well. "This ain't nothin'," said he, "'longside o' what you-uns hev hed to go through along o' that blasted cuss. Only I never was one to shirk work, 'specially if it was fightin'; and here I be, stuck on my back, till the dratted thing gits well. Darn them Injuns, anyway; to go a-knockin' me over like this, so 't I couldn't git nary one o' their ole red scalps!"

My father was buried with military honors: some words of faith and cheer were spoken by one who belonged to his religious society, and tears not a few were shed over his grave. They were men of war, but they could respect a man of peace who took up the rifle to avenge a domestic injury and rid the earth of a serpent in human form. Our sad story was now well known over the settlement, and I found myself the object of much sympathy and many offers of hospitality and service.

The commander of the post took me aside after the funeral. "Poe," said he, "you've made friends here. We're all mortal, you know: the squire died like a man, if 'twas at a dog's hands, and I don't think you're one to mourn quietly for him on the farm. If you'll stay with us, I can promise you work of the kind you prefer. A new station's got to be established further down the river, and Nelson, whose eye's true, reports the site of the late skirmish as a proper place. If so, it might be named for your father. How'd you like to go there with Nelson and a squad? You and he might hunt and watch for redskins while the rest were building the fort: then you'd be serving your country and your king in the regular way."

"I thank you, captain," I said. "I'll go down with the squad, if they can start to-morrow, and help survey the ground; but I can't stay long, for I've got particular business further on, that has to be attended to right away."

"So I supposed," said he. "The truth is, half my men want to go with you after that vagabond. It's irregular, but if you think you can get through in a month, I can let you have five—your own selection from the volunteers. That, with Nelson, will be enough, won't it?"

"Too many," I answered, with tears in my eyes, for this was extraordinary kindness. "I can't take your men where I am going, for it may be a long hunt, and this is a private quarrel. Besides, the smaller the party the safer, when one gets far from the settlements."

"I presume you're right. At least let us supply you with a new outfit. You've been long in the woods, I hear. You'll want plenty of powder and shot."

"My brother will pay for all that," I said. "The farm belongs to us now—two left of a family of eight—and it's more than we need."

"You're one to stand on your own legs, I see; but I fear there'll be only one of the family left if you're so stiff. Take care of yourself, my boy: there'll be work in future for such as you and Nelson. We'll see you on your way back, of course?"

"Surely," said I, "if I ever come back."

I sought my brother and Harry, and found our friend with them. Before this I had learned all the wretched details of what had happened in my absence, and reproached myself bitterly for not returning as soon as I escaped from captivity. Craven would hardly have dared to court Fanny had I been at home, nor (I thought) would she have married him had she known that I was alive. But there is no use in dwelling on this lamentable topic, and I wished to ask Harry his reasons for laying Gregory's death to Cherokee Jack.

"I could get no positive proof," said he, "for I was hampered; you were all infatuated with that villain, and so might I have been had he thought it worth while to be friendly with me. Nobody would act with me then, and it's too late now. But that's the only plausible theory. It was hardly possible for Craven to do the deed with his own hand and get back to bed by the time you found him there; whereas the boy was out that morning for hours—nobody noted his goings much—and Tom's horse had been out and lost a shoe, which I found the next day near the brook. Of course he acted under instructions. Nelson agrees in this opinion: I showed him the place, and how far it is from the house."

"I don't believe the Shawnee done it, anyway," said the Regulator. "But what's the difference, 'twixt Craven and his boy? He planned it, sure, and he had four hands 'stead o' two to work with. It's a old story now, and I wa'n't thar, so I go mostly by Harry's notions. He's got hoss sense, and the only one o' ye that had—'ceptin' Gregory, which was the best o' the Poes, though I 'low to train Ipsy hyer up to his stan'ard in time. The minute Greg come back, he or Craven 'd got to go; *motive's* plain, and that's always one p'int of the 'dictment in cases o' circumstantial evidence like this hyer. Thing 't amazes me is 't this varmint should 'a' been took in, and 'lowed to boss the place for two year, and never found out till me and Harry come along to run him off. Ipsy wa'n't nothin' but a boy when he went, but you was old enough to know better, Tom, let alone yer father, which was too soft and easy." Nobody thought of resenting Nelson's free criticisms, which (when serious) were sincerely aimed at the truth, and apt to come very near the mark.

"I know it," said Tom, hanging his head, "but he bamboozled us all; must have had some Injun magic. Durn him, I shan't have any peace till he's 'tended to. When do we start, Ipsy?"

"Wait a bit, afore we git to that," Nelson went on. "Thar's another matter. Didn't it never seem queer to ye, Ipsy, the way you was penned up and left in that cave? Tell me the hull tale o't, and leave nothin' out; slow and straight, now."

I did so. The general outline of what had happened, and some of



the particulars, were indelibly impressed on my mind ; but the manner and means of my being cut off from the outside world had never been clear to me. Nelson made me tell all I could remember of the discussion which preceded my entrance to the den, dwelling especially on Craven's objections, and on the changes of feeling expressed in his face and voice, which had moved me to some momentary wonder at the time. To these he listened with close attention, nodding sagely ; but when I went on to describe the horrors of my imprisonment and my efforts to escape, he stopped me.

"Pause thar; the rest is mighty interestin', no doubt, but 'tain't to the purpose jest now. If we had nothin' else to do, I'd go with ye to the Kenawha, and study 't out on the spot. I'd like to see that rock that fell on ye and shet ye in ; it might let in some light on a dark subjec', for 'tain't all plain, Ipsy. Ye say that stun didn't drap till the fight begun. Are ye sure thar *was* a fight? How'd ye know any Injuns was thar?"

"Why, they caught me when I got out of the cave."

"Yes, but that was nigh two weeks later, ye said. How'd ye know they was thar when you fell in?"

"Oh, I heard them, right over my head, a whole band. There was no mistake about that. It was the same party that took me afterwards, for they had Rover's—that is, Craven's—knapsack, and mine. They pretended to have killed him."

"Why might he not have been in league with those Indians," Harry asked, "just as he has been half his life with others?—as he was two days ago?"

Nelson shook his head. "That's different. He's been friends with the Cherokees, and with the low-flung, vagabond tribes down South, and with these loafers that gits turned out o' their villages and roams round hyerabouts; for the heft o' the Cherokees is tol'able half-way decent for Injuns, and don't go shootin' any whites they chances to meet, like them we got down the river; but they has their outcasts, sech as old Niggurnose was from the Shawnees. Craven wa'n't on any terms with the Shawnees; not 't he was any too good to be, but he never had the chance. When they come on him, he and his boy had to fight or run, same as you and me would, I reckon. If ye're positive certain he was really s'prised by 'em——"

"I never doubted it. I don't see how I can think otherwise now; though I'd like to believe all the evil I could of Craven."

"Jest so," said Nelson; "but 'tain't best to let yer wishes guide yer judgment, seein' things is as they is, and not as we'd like to have 'em. They don't show no respect for our likin's and dislikin's, which is dum mean of 'em, I own. So let's have the cold facts, if it's the same to you, 'stead o' yer warm feelin's."

"Well," I answered, rather nettled, for this reproof seemed to me uncalled for, "the cold fact is that he yelled to me to come up, for the Indians were on him. He seemed to forget just then that I couldn't."

"I dessay he'd rather 'a' had yer help in the fight; but that don't prove he hadn't planned to leave ye in the bar's den, afore they come. Ye say the boy drapt the cord on ye?"



"I suppose he had to drop it when he started to run, or he was frightened: that wasn't till the alarm of Indians was given—or at the same moment. But for that, I should put it down to mischief or malice, for the boy hated me, and would have been glad to see me killed any time. I had thrashed him once, and Craven was furiously angry."

"Then he might 'a' drapt the cord all the same if the Shawnees hadn't come. Jest so Craven may 'a' been loosenin' that rock so 'twas ready to fall; or a Injun may 'a' stept on it, rushin' down hill to git Craven; or it may 'a' tumbled 'thout bein' teched, which is dum on-likely. Them things we can't never make out, onless we could git him to tell. I'd like to tie him to a tree and ask him questions for a hour or two, afore we stopt his doin' further harm: 'twould clear up a many dark places, if we could git him to tell the truth for onct. But that'd be onpossible: if we was to stick him full o' lighted pine knots, like the Injuns does, he'd only lie the faster, likely; and I don't reckon we'll be able to pay him no sech delicate 'tentions, or stand on ceremony with him nohow. Wait, boy" (for he saw I was growing impatient): "ye say ye called for torches, a minute or two afore the alarm was give, and none come, nor any answer?"

"Just so. I was angry at the delay, and couldn't account for it."

"I reckon I can: likely he was busy a-movin' the rock 'bout then, and hadn't no time to waste foolin' with you and lights. Anyways, this much is plain to me: jest listen now, all o' ye. Even sech as Craven, I reckon, has got some remains o' human feelin's; they don't keer to go about butcherin' their best friends in cold blood, 'thout any sign of a quarrel—not onless thar's somethin' tol'able nigh to gain by it. Must be urged on someways, ye see. Gregory give him provocation two year ago; so'd yer father and the rest o' us t'other day, when we was a-huntin' him; but you hadn't—not then. You was like a little brother to him, so confidin', and admirin', and follerin' at his heels. All the same you was in his way, and had got to git out of it sooner or later, 'cause he wanted Fanny. He didn't like to murder ye outright, but 'twould 'a' suited him if ye had made way with yer-self, or been removed by a onlucky accident. So when ye proposed, like a tarnation young fool as ye was—ye needn't git riled, now, for ye was, and ye know it—to go in that bar's den, the devil whispers to him, 'Now's yer time, honey.' Then he turns red and white, and his voice kinder trembles, 'cause he's pulled both ways. Nateral feelin's o' friendship to'ds a old comrade and purtection to'ds a boy as was under his wing, o' which I s'pose even he had a farden's worth, or maybe a ha'penny's—I don't say o' bein' grateful for yer takin' him in and all ye done for him, for there ain't no sech in him; he was long past that, but not these others—they says to him, 'Don't ye do it, now; it's a dum shame!' Then cussedness and interest and old habit answers, 'Git on, now, dum ye; is you a-turnin' sickly after all you been through? Let the fool boy git in thar and be et by the bar, if he wants to.' And I reckon he 'bout concluded ye might, and he wouldn't hender ye none."

"But," I objected, "he said all a man could to stop me, and got angry when I persisted."

"Course he did : would he take you by the shoulders and say, 'Git in thar, now, like a nice boy'? That wa'n't the way to do it. More he asked you not to, more you was bound to go, bein' a chuck-headed ijit, as he said : so all the opposin' he could do served his turn. And he wa'n't lyin', nuther, for a wonder ; sometimes that kind can use the truth. I don't say he hadn't a little wizened ha'pen'orth o' conscience left, and that's the way he pacified it. Besides, if ye was to git out anyway, you'd keep on thinkin' he was yer friend, and he wouldn't 'a' lost nothin', but could wait for further chances ; and if ye didn't, he could say, 'Thar, now ; dum it, I done told him so.' Next time ye see a feller palin' and tremblin' like that, jest you remember thar's a fight goin' on inside him, and watch if the devil don't git his own way. 'Twould 'a' ended in his leavin' you thar all the same and makin' up a tale to suit, if the Shawnees hadn't 'a' come and interrupted the purceedin's. When you called and got no answer, jest afore that, he was a-deliberatin' what to do next, or likely waitin' for the rock to move. The proof o' that lays in what he said after he got away. What tale did he tell at home, hey?"

"I don't know," said I : "I wasn't there to hear it."

"Nuther was I, nor yet Harry ; but Tom was. You tell him, Tom."

"He said ne'er a word o' bear-pits, nor about Ipsy goin' into any such fool-trap," Tom answered, slowly. "He said the three o' ye was huntin' and explorin', and havin' fine times, when sudden the Shawnees came down on you, and you all run. He said you was shot through the head and body at once, and just gasped and died right away ; and he stood over you and tried to save your scalp, or picked you up and started to carry you off—he told that different at different times, but we never noticed it, or thought it might have been both ways—and killed a dozen of 'em, till near a hundred came round and he had to leave you, and had a hard time gettin' off himself. He said it 'most broke his heart to leave your body there, and he often wished he'd 'a' stayed and got killed too : 'twas that fetched Fanny. Golly, what a liar he was !"

"There were not twenty in the party," I said, "and he and the boy killed two of them. Did—did Fanny take on over my death, Tom?"

"Awful : we all did, o' course, but she was the worst. Father, he'd sit quiet and cry by himself, and say, whisperin' like, 'I drove him away in anger, and his blood lies heavy on my soul. Oh, my boy, my boy, my little boy !' And Fanny 'd come and throw herself down beside him, and sob, and say, 'Twas my fault, father. I was cross and hateful, and wouldn't listen, and that drove him mad.' And then that durned Craven, which we believed was Rover, he'd come and say he wished he'd died instead o' you, and then they'd all cry together. First off she used to look black at him and edge away, but he'd seem not to notice it, and go on to tell her how good you was, and how much he loved you, spite o' your havin' an ugly temper. Once or twice he tried to hint you wasn't so good, but he saw that didn't work. Ipsy, you was all wrong about her, and—well, no need o' namin' names. She'd never 'a' married Rover or anybody else if you'd 'a' lived and stayed about home, even behavin' no better'n you did."

With an angry sigh I turned from these dismal recollections. "So he never tried to raise a party and rescue me, of course? That's what I was expecting in the cave."

"He might ha' done that in the nearest settlements," said my brother, "if 'twas to be done at all; but I don't reckon he did. He never said a word of such, nor nobody else. When he got back with that story, which was pretty soon, considerin' the distance, some of us wanted to go out there and find what was left of you and bury it; but he said the country was so full of Injuns, it wouldn't be safe for less 'n two hundred men, and they'd prob'ly scattered your bones so we couldn't find 'em. O' course we couldn't get up any such party as that: folks said, What for, seein' Ipsico's dead?—Drat him, I want to be on his trail."

"Let's settle the counts o' the 'dictment first," said Nelson: "that's the reg'lar way—'s long as we didn't catch him Tuesday. We can't accuse him o' murderin' you, Ipsy, seein' ye ain't dead, though likely he meant ye should be; but three lives lays at his door—Gregory, and yer father, and Fanny. And hers, which is the only one he didn't aim at, lays heaviest, in my way o' thinkin'."

As to this I entirely agreed with the Regulator. On this part of my brother's narrative—the mock marriage and the sufferings of the duped and degraded wife—I have no heart to dwell, as I had scarce patience to listen. It may be that Craven's brutalities and infidelities were not worse than those of others who think lightly of the wedded state and look on women as playthings or slaves; but even had he won his bride fairly and legally, they were enough to damn him. Or had he lived with her as the most faithful and kind of husbands, the means by which he tricked her to his arms must make him forever odious to God and all good men. After the lapse of more than forty years, I can write calmly of things which set my blood on fire then; but my opinion has never altered. A great Italian poem, I am told, was once written about hell and the various fates of the wicked. I have never met this work; but if the author's heart was sound, he must have committed to his hottest flames the deceivers and betrayers of innocent and trusting girls.

Tom turned the discussion to his favorite subject. "Want to know what I think? I think as Ipsy said when he came up with us. You're wastin' time. What's the good o' cipherin' it out so fine? We had enough against him before he killed father. I allow that Ipsy's got the best right to be captain, 'cause he's got the heaviest account to settle; and I allow that Nelson's the biggest woodsman and best fighter. So I'm content to follow; but I want to know when we're goin' to start."

"If I'm captain, you're going back to the farm," I said. "I hate to disappoint you, Tom, but you're squire now, and the only one left, not counting me—and I'm not to be counted for home uses. So you've got to keep up the family."

He protested, with vehemence unusual to his docile nature. "Durn it, I'm easy to lead, but you oughtn't to drive me so hard. I can't go back there by myself, and die of lonesomeness."

"I would go with you," said Harry, "but of course I must go with Ipsico."

"Of course not," I said. "It's no work for you: this is not like riding a few miles beyond the settlements. The smaller the party now, the better. You've done enough for us, of this sort; now go back with Tom, and keep him company, and keep up the place. He needs you, and I ask you to represent me there. You're a far better farmer than either of us."

"To tell you the truth," he owned, "I like farming better than fighting—after trying both. Now I suppose you'll despise me for that." I fear I did despise him in my heart, for fighting, then and through most of my life, seemed to me the main and proper business of a man; and as we were situated on the border fifty years ago, and long after, there were grounds for the opinion. But I had grace enough to keep my feelings to myself, knowing that Harry was no coward, and—the soldier's business aside—a far better man than I.

"Well," I said, "tastes differ. I may never come back; certainly I shall never live there, for I prefer the woods. I'll make over my share of the farm to you two, to divide between you or hold together as you please. I'll draw up the paper to-night."

"Not for me, you won't," said Tom, beginning to cry. "I won't take it. There's enough for all three of us, and to spare. Harry can farm it, while you and I ride about and hunt. Don't ye get killed, Ipsy; there's too durned many of us dead already."

"I'll not take it, either," said Harry, with the old affection in his eyes; "but I'll be overseer, if you like, and take care of the place for you till you come back, since you won't let me go with you." Nevertheless I executed the paper without his knowledge, and left it in safe hands, in case I should not return; and late that night I took Harry aside, and told him I was not worthy to kneel at Fanny's grave till I had squared the account with her enemy and ours: would he keep the grave green, and plant flowers on it, both for himself and me? He gripped my hand hard, and turned his head away.

As for my brother Tom, it was his nature to be controlled and guided by some stronger will. Of old it had been Gregory, then Craven, till Nelson came. Had our lots been cast together he would have followed my lead, though I was four years the younger. Yet I left him without scruple: for the peaceful life of the farm, now comparatively removed from the frontier, he could not be in better hands than Harry's.

"Now, Ipsy," said Nelson,—we had walked away a little by ourselves,—"you're a man after my own heart. I knowed ye wouldn't take those fellers from the fort here, or I'd 'a' told ye what to say to Cap. I wa'n't sure ye'd send Harry and Tom back home, for they has rights next to yourn; but it's best, boy, it's much best so. We don't want none of 'em. You and me is jest the right-sized party for sech a business, and the right quality too."

I led him farther into the forest, that none might overhear or see what should pass between us. "Nelson," I said, "I'd rather have you with me than any other man alive. I never had such a friend as you



before, I never expect to again. If I live, we'll take some campaigns together, and I'll go with you wherever you will, just as you came all this way for me and mine. I'll take you for my captain, and be glad to ride or march in your company. But this business now is mine and nobody's else, and I've got to look after it alone."

He broke out into a torrent of protestations, far more violent than my brother's; he employed entreaties which meant very much, and imprecations which meant nothing at all; but I knew a way to silence him.

"Listen to me," I said: "this is no boy's whim. I believe there is no peace for me in this world, and no salvation in the other, until I take that villain's life. You know the story, but you may not understand how much it means to me. She and I were meant for each other, promised. We all were fond of her, but nobody cared for her as I did, not even Harry—though I was misled, and took the worst way to show it. I never looked at another, I never shall. But I don't think of my own wrongs beside hers.—I can't go on with this. But this is what I've been kept for. You couldn't get him the other night, because he's my game, reserved for my knife or bullet. Think me a fool if you like, but I'd rather die on his trail alone—at the end of it, mind you, with him dead first—than have any other hand, even yours or my brother's, reach him."

To my surprise, Nelson was silent, gulped, broke down. Then presently he said, "You hit me whar I live. Boy, I onderstand ye, and I love ye; for I've been thar, though few knows it. Thar was a gal onct, when I was nigh yer age—drap the rest o't, but I never had no peace nuther till my knife was in the feller's side, dum him.—No, I oughtn't to said that. It ain't perlite to cuss 'em after ye've sent 'em to judgment; no, nor noways needed, for it's *done*, and yer words can't add to it nor take from it. We'll never speak o' this ag'in; but that's the way I begun. Ye're right, Ipsy, though I wish 'twas so I could go along. I shan't sleep easy till ye come back; though ye will, o' course. Well, I'll go with ye, anyway, as fur's whar we had the fight, and so'll some more, I reckon; and I'll show ye all I know thar, and start ye fair, and you and Providence'll have to do the rest, and I reckon ye will between ye."

In half an hour Matthews came to me, greatly moved. I have not described him, and it is late to do it now: he was full fifty, and somewhat gray, tall and lean like most frontiersmen, more farmer than fighter, but loving to be on the edge of the wilderness; the humorous light had gone out of his eye now. "What's this I hear?" he said. "I know y' wouldn't take me after refusin' Nelson, but I'd rather go with y' 'n hev y' go alone; doggoned if I wouldn't. Boy, I'm 'fraid y' won't never come back."

"Oh, I expect to get back, but I must do my errand first; that's more important. You know the story, for I heard it first from you: do you think you ought to discourage me now? Do you think what I'm after isn't right?"

"Right?" he exclaimed, with some indignation. "In course it's right: who'd be dodrotted fool enough to say it wa'n't? But y' see,



Ipsy, things don't go by rights in this world, and I'm 'fraid that skunk 'll git the better o' ye. The Poes was a good old family, and I don't like to see 'em drappin' off so fast. That ain't all, nuther. Ever sence I see what y' was, Ipsy, I've felt right down mean. I played it hard on y' that night o' purpose, thinkin' to show y' the error o' yer ways; but I found y' owned 'em at onct, and y' wa'n't nothin' but a boy then. Say y' forgive me, Ipsy, afore y' go."

"You said no more than I deseryed, Mr. Matthews: I thank you for it, and count you my friend."

"And ye'll stop with me ag'in, to prove it, as y' go back? Y' won't go off after no more adventures, but turn on yer trail soon as y' git his scalp? Y' will, now?"

"If I am free and able to move, I'll come back as soon as I have done my errand, and certainly I'll not pass your door. I want to visit the old place then—not to stay—and the new grave you told me of. You see, it's my affair more than any one's else, and that's why I must go alone. I'll tell you a secret: I'm going to succeed; it's borne in on me. About getting off safe I'm not so sure, and that's a small thing beside the other, for my life was never yet of much comfort to me or profit to anybody else; but I think I shall get back."

The pioneer gave me his right hand, and drew the other across his eyes. "Ye've no call to run yerself down, boy: thar ain't another o' yer age in old Virginny, I reckon, thet's hed sech adventures; and I shouldn't wonder if ye've took more scalps down South 'n y' let on to. Git through this business right, and ye'll be a big man—most as big 's Nelson. Well, God bless and keep y', and bring y' back safe; and mind, when y' meet him, to git the drap on him. They say he's a awful good shot. Forgit what I said 'bout givin' him notice, for he wouldn't give ye none: I was only a-funnin' then. Git behind a big tree; or if it comes to the knife, draw quick, and strike sure. The heart's the best place, I hold, though some says the throat; it's accordin' to which is handiest. I wisht we had a meetin'-house to the Orchard, so's we could remember ye in our pra'rs. Providence plays queer tricks sometimes, if ye don't keep him up to his duty. What in thunder was the use o' yer father gittin' plugged, and Greg and Fanny spiled so 'arly? Yer father was a prayin' man, but he couldn't 'a' prayed right, I 'spect. I'm blamed if I can see through it. Don't ye help the Powers above to make any more mistakes."

The news of my solitary mission went rapidly through the settlement, and I was beset with renewed tokens of sympathy. The best rifles, knives, moccasins, and hunting-shirts they had were offered me, with more dried corn and tobacco than I could carry; but I had already procured all I needed. Next morning the whole population assembled to see me off, regarding me as one consecrated to a sacred service. So the knights of old, I have read, went forth under solemn vows to execute the will of Heaven.

Tom and Harry took tearful leave of me, with many charges and entreaties. To calm their anxieties I took them aside, and told them what otherwise I might have kept to myself. Fanny had appeared to me in the night, more beautiful than ever. Her spirit bore its burden

yet, of grief and shame and earthly undoing; but it was not broken, and it awaited deliverance. She smiled on me with a hopeful, expectant look, and said, "Meet me ten nights from now, by the blasted fir-tree on the rock above the river." I was assured, though by no definite words, of success, and knew I should be hurt, but should recover and return. "A ring of hers is on that man's little finger yet, and a locket with her hair fastened to a string about his neck," I said.

My brother's jaw fell, his eyes were wide and staring. "Thunder," said he; "how'd you know that? I never told you, nor yet Harry nor Nelson. Nobody here knows it but me, and scarce any at home."

"She told me," I said. "I must take them from him: then she will be parted from him, and belong to me. In September, if I understand it right, we will deck her grave together, and she will be at rest."

Nelson and eight soldiers accompanied me to the scene of the recent conflict, which I viewed with melancholy interest. I stood upon the turf which had received my father's blood, and examined the quarter whence the murderer took his deadly aim; but these spectacles were not needed to spur my zeal or strengthen my purpose. The Regulator showed me where he had chased the flying foe; "but that," said he, "tells nothin'." Soon as he got away from me he'd naterally git back to the valley and take the easiest course. He's got four days' start, but with luck ye may find him in a week: a hundred mile further he'll feel as safe as on the Mississipp. I'm goin' with ye to-morrer, jest to start ye fair on his trail."

And he did. There had been no rain since the Sunday night on which I saw my enemy (it was now Saturday), and we easily found the trail, which led right down the river. At noon we rested on a hill which commanded a lovely view far to the southwest. "You go no further, Nelson," I said: "we part here."

"Well, boy, yer way's plain afore ye. Keep onto his trail, only don't mind if it dips into the water a bit: look ahead and ye'll likely find it a rod or two on. Ye say ye'll be back in a month or six weeks? I'll wait for ye at Poe Station, huntin' and scoutin' for the boys while they builds the fort. Keep a sharp lookout, now, and mind ye git him sure." His voice broke; he gave me a great hug, and turned abruptly away.

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#### XIV.

##### ATONEMENT.

THE region which I now entered was little known to the whites. The massacre at Fort Loudon on the Little Tennessee in 1760, though considerably farther south, had checked emigration, and the settlements on the Watauga were not yet begun: in fact, it was I who first described that section to Captain William Bean (for I had been there before), and sojourned with him when he made his clearing on Boone Creek some years later. But now my course lay more to the west. I soon crossed into what was afterwards the State of Franklin, and is now Tennessee: it then belonged to North Carolina. The journey involved no hard-

ships, and only ordinary precautions at first: the weather was moderate for midsummer; game was abundant; the scenery was as God made it, nowhere surpassed, I suppose, on this fair earth.

On the eighth day (the ninth after leaving the fort) I found that Craven had joined a small band of vagabond Indians. Under other circumstances this might have embarrassed me, and even now it was necessary to detach him from his companions, for I had no quarrel with them, and wished to encounter him alone. Though I have been in many battles, I am by disposition and principle a quiet man; I never begin a fight, nor harm even an Indian unless he has done or is meditating injury to me or others. If these views had been more common on the border, many disasters might have been averted; for the redskins, though cruel, perfidious, and often wantonly destructive, have sometimes, I must own, been provoked by unnecessary and treacherous outrages of the whites.

In this case I had to deal, or rather to avoid dealing, with a mere hunting-party of five, who might be ignorant of Craven's character, and whose own misdeeds, no doubt numerous enough, were no concern of mine: so my only immediate object was to break up this alliance. They were, fortunately, camped beside a brook, about a mile back from the river; and they kept no watch, having that whole region (as they thought) to themselves just then. My plans were simple, but carefully laid. Wading the stream for a considerable distance, I surveyed the camp about midnight, and then entered it: I had left my rifle in a safe place, wanting both hands free. I had killed a bear the day before, and taken much of its skin: with pieces of this I covered my moccasins, so as to leave no plain marks of a human foot. I also made a trail across the creek to a rocky hill, that, if the Indians should discover more than I meant them to, they might suppose some animal had visited them.

It would have been easy to cut Craven's throat as he lay, but I never could bring myself to stab a sleeping man, unless under actual necessity. I might have taken his rifle, but it would be unfair to leave him defenceless in case of difficulty with his comrades next day; and when I fight even a scoundrel, I prefer to do it on equal terms. Nelson and the others would consider me squeamish, I knew; in fact, this accusation has often been brought against me; but we all have our peculiarities, and I must do things in my own way.

Moving lightly about, I gathered such articles as were lying detached from their owners. One of the savages grunted and turned over, and I jumped behind a tree and grasped my knife; but he was presently still again, and my proceedings were otherwise undisturbed. I did not want their things for myself, except some food—for of course I could not use my rifle nor build a fire while I was in their neighborhood, and my stock of provisions was running low: so I placed most of the spoil between Craven and his boy. Indians are generally very stupid, and unless their guest should wake before they did, and replace their trifling possessions, they would take it for a matter of course that he or Jack was the thief. Having accomplished my errand, I returned as I had come.

The ruse succeeded. Watching from a safe eminence early next morning, I saw confusion in the camp, and sounds of angry jabbering in an unknown tongue came faintly to my ears. Craven's presumed denials were unheeded, and fists freely shaken under his nose; but the five vagrants were too wise to proceed to extremities with a single pale-face. After a time they gathered their recovered belongings and marched growling up the creek toward the mountains on the southeast. They took with them my best wishes for their success and happiness—provided there were no whites where they were going.

Craven and his boy remained half an hour at the camp, apparently laying plans for their next move, then struck for the river, forded it, and soon disappeared: this I doubted not was a mere stratagem to elude pursuit in case their late friends should return. I followed, but could find no trail. This did not trouble me, for I had an appointment with Fanny that night, and knew she would not mislead me. Keeping to the right bank, I travelled all day to meet my tryst. As the sun went down, I saw across the river an immense rock of singular formation, and above it what seemed a dead and solitary tree. This, then, was the spot, and the end could not be far off. I found with difficulty a place shallow enough to ford, and it was nearly dark when I reached the top of the cliff. Yes, this was the fir, struck long ago by lightning, but its roots still firm in the thin soil. Nearly beneath it was a fissure or cavity large enough to contain a human form, and here I resolved to spend the night. Tired in body, but tranquilly expectant in mind, I fell asleep at once.

Something touched me: I woke, or seemed to wake, and saw Fanny bending over me, eagerness shining in her eyes. I stretched out my arms: she shook her head very gently, as if to say, "Wait." Not a word she said, but pointed to the south, gazed earnestly on me, saw that I understood, nodded, smiled, and vanished.

With the first light I looked abroad. To the right lay a green valley, to the left masses of rock, broken by ravines and mounting into hills. I looked to the priming of my gun, to the tightness of my belt, to the smoothness of my moccasins (for my movements must be noiseless); I saw that my axe had not lost its temper, nor my knife its point, and that the latter lay loose in its sheath, ready to my right hand. Then I climbed down the rock, found a spring that rose at its base, drank my fill, and ate the last of my provisions, for I knew the conflict was near, and, that over, I should be free to seek for meaner game, and take of the meat that roves the woods.

The way was intricate and rugged, but I had not gone twenty steps before it was plain that others had trodden it, nor fifty when I discovered a thin smoke curling up softly high in the air, scarce two hundred yards away. At the sight my heart gave one great bound, and then fell back into a calm assurance that I was being guided, that events would be arranged, that my responsibility was limited to a narrow compass, within which I could not go astray. My faculties were at their highest point, but I felt as if I would hardly need to use them; there was no doubt, no fear, no anxiety, only a consciousness that I should strike when the right moment came, and not till then.



Advancing, I came upon a gully, through which ran a little stream; narrow at the mouth, it was shut in farther back by walls of increasing height. I could not see the smoke now, but I could hear a voice: its tones were familiar, and the words too, for they were oaths, and far worse than Nelson ever used. It was Craven swearing at his boy, or at his ill luck of yesterday, which forced them to dwell alone.

Treading softly along a smooth but sloping floor, I rounded a projecting rock, and came upon a chamber like a penthouse. At my left ran the brook, flanked by a steep hill; close to my right hand rose a precipice, projecting in the background into a shelving roof. It was a curious and beautiful spot, as I had leisure to observe later. Here, in a level space some twelve feet wide, with a wall behind them that seemed to leave little chance of escape, sat Craven and Cherokee Jack, so busy with their breakfast that they failed to observe my entrance. This miscreant carried his crimes as lightly as others do their virtues: his handsome face was scarce older than when he deserted me on the Kenawha; he appeared none the worse for forced marches and nocturnal flights; even his hands were well cared for—he made his boy do all the work. But when he glanced up and saw me standing there, an awful change came over his features: his cheeks fell in, he turned ghastly white, then yellow like a corpse; his hair bristled like a porcupine's quills, his eyes seemed starting from his head: he looked what he was, a criminal whose sins have found him out. If I thought I could look like that, I should wish to die at once, even if I went straight to hell, that I might at least cumber and disgrace this earth no longer.

I kept my eye on the boy, too, knowing him to be dangerous: he was not much less frightened, but an Indian has more self-command. For a full minute the coward sat there speechless and staring; then he sprang up with a yell of terror, and tottered with shaking limbs to the side wall where his rifle stood. Instantly I covered him, and called, "Drop that, or you'll never live to pull the trigger."

He obeyed, still quaking; then presently, affecting a jovial tone, though his voice still trembled, he cried, "Lord, if it isn't Ipsico! Damn it, man, I thought you were a ghost! Great Caesar! you don't mean to say you're alive?" He roared with laughter as of old, but the mirth was very manifestly hollow.

"Yes," I said, and I was surprised to find myself talking to him calmly, as if it were some decent fellow-creature: "I'm alive yet, no thanks to you."

"And you haven't been home yet? No, of course not: I'm just from there myself. Can't stand civilization forever, you know; felt I must have a little turn in the woods. But what a curst runaway rogue you are, you jail-bird! To stay away all this time, and leave us thinking you were dead! You're the most infernal scoundrel I've struck yet." And he roared again. I saw that he supposed me still ignorant of his enormities; but it mattered not to me what he might think. The final moment had not yet come, and I waited for events to take their course. "Blast you, why don't you speak out and give an account of yourself? You can't play ghost any longer, you damned



humbug. What the devil are you after down here, anyway? Looking for those Cherokee gold-mines I told you of?"

"No," I answered. "You're my gold-mine: I'm after you."

He trembled again, perhaps at something ominous in my tone, though I seemed to myself a machine, pulled by strings from without; then, recovering a show of composure, cried, with an air of heartiness, "Well, my buck, I'm mighty glad to see you—though you gave me a confounded turn. We'll have a regular campaign together. But what are you standing there for, hang it? Sit down and have some breakfast."

"No," I said. "I've eaten already. I want a little private talk with you, Craven: send the boy off, will you?" At the sound of his old name he paled and winced, but made a sign to Jack, who moved toward the rifles. "He needn't take his gun, either," I added, for I did not propose to be shot in the back.

The half-breed sidled past me with a look of fear or aversion; and in truth I had no desire to touch him. "Well, if you like to go without dinner," his master growled, "I suppose we can accommodate you. I prefer fresh meat myself, and he was going to get some. You're damnably suspicious this morning: did you think he was going to shoot you?"

"I don't know what he might do," I replied, "after his dropping the cord on me in the bear's den."

"Oh, that was an accident. We should have fished you up presently if the damned Shawnees hadn't come on us just then. But, I say, how the devil did you get out of that?"

"If you remember," I said, "I was shot through the head and body at once, and you stood over me and tried to save my scalp. Well, after you were driven off, I came to."

He stared, turned several colors, looked down, and then forced a laugh. "So that story's gone far enough for you to hear it, eh? I don't blame you for feeling a bit rough, then. You see, Ipsy, I thought you were gone, sure; I swear to God I did. And after I got away it struck me that the bear's den wouldn't sound well at home. They might think that possibly you had escaped somehow, and that would only lengthen out their misery. Besides, it might look as if I hadn't done all I could for you, when I did—you know I did. Why in thunder didn't you come up when I called you?"

"How could I come up when the cord was thrown down on my head? How could I come up if I was gone, sure, as you say you thought?"

"That was afterwards, you fool, when I supposed the Shawnees had got you."

"How could they get me when they didn't know of the cave? How could I get out when the pit's mouth was closed? What I would like to know is, how came that rock to fall?"

"Oh, the rock; damn it, I forgot that." Then, seeing he had made a mistake and a damaging admission, he tried to take it back. "No: what rock?—Confound it all, Ipsy, it's so long ago, and that was such an infernal mess, that I'm all mixed up. My head's not what it used

to be, I believe." This I thought another unwary avowal, more true than wise. His skill in lying seemed worn out with overuse, and he was tangled in the meshes of the snares he had set for those who loved him. Conscience, I have read in a book of plays, can make cowards of us all, and I suppose the ragged remnant of his was just large enough to trip him. Two years before, he would never have confessed himself unable to explain his actions. "Well, you did get out, it seems: how was it?"

"Let that go. There's another question: who killed Gregory?"

He winced and paled again, for every shot struck home. "Why, Niggurnose, of course. You were there; you know as much about it as I do. Before God, I never laid a finger on him. Damnation, who says it was me?"

"Most people, now: they say you either did it yourself, or sent your boy Jack."

He poured forth a torrent of imprecations. "That's the way they talk about a man when his back's turned: I'll settle 'em. Jack! why, the child wouldn't hurt a kitten; only he was afraid of you, you were so rough with him. But to behave like this—I wouldn't have thought it of you, Ipsico. You were always surly as a bear, but I bore with you, and treated you like a brother; and this is what I get for it. Don't push me too far, boy: my temper's not too patient, and——"

"Bah!" I broke in: "I know all about you and your temper. You're only dangerous to those who trust you." Was this the man I had followed so blindly? I kept my eye upon him as one may on a wild beast, and he almost cowered before me. He could not keep up his thin bravado as of old; he tried to look me down, but his shifty eyes wandered about, as if seeking something that was not there. Then with an effort he changed his tone.

"Ipsico, I wouldn't know you, you're so changed, and it's infernally for the worse. Where you've been to hear all these damned lies and get these villanous thoughts in your mind about an old comrade, I know no more than I know why you called me Craven just now. Somebody's been abusing you, that's clear. I don't want to hurt you, and I'm putting a force on myself for you. I never did wrong to you or yours, so help me; and I'll go back with you to clear up this business—I swear it by my honor, by my soul, by all my hopes of heaven."

"That's a big oath," I said, scornfully; "but you're not going back. There are things in the way; my father, for instance."

He started, and his restless eyes turned toward the guns; but I was between him and the wall. I was growing tired of this discussion, and so, I judged, was he; but (as I have said) I was under the strong impression, or conviction rather, that it was not for me to give direction to the talk, or determine the moment and method of action.

He rose with an elaborate air of unconcern, and went on in a jaunty tone; but he could not keep the tremble out of his voice. "Your father, eh? The old gentleman and I were always the best friends in the world: he knows an honest man at sight, if you don't. If he were here and heard you talk like this, he'd be apt to thrash you

again as he did when you cut Harry Leonard. You scapegrace, you damned prodigal son, you're a nice one, to break your father's heart, and then fling him up at me."

My anger flamed up furiously—and then sank down, as if a cold hand were laid upon my heart. My blood was none of the coolest, and the inconceivable brutality of this ruffian's last speech was enough to strike one dumb with horror, or goad him into frenzy. Left to myself, I should have sprung upon him on the moment, and killed him or been killed. I would have been amazed at my own moderation, had I not recognized its constraining cause.

"You forget," I said, quietly: "my father was murdered twelve nights ago by a white man who looked like you; so like, that Nelson swears it *was* you."

"Nelson lies," the other roared. Then came a string of huge oaths, and terrible threats of what he would do to Nelson; but through it all his eyes were roving like those of an animal seeking a way of flight, and peering over my shoulder as if he sought for succor thence. "Twas a gang of beggarly Indians shot him. I'll go back and cut their hearts out, since the lot of you weren't men enough to do it. Why weren't you there to protect him, eh? What a cur you are, that come loafing here, and haven't pluck enough to avenge your father!"

It seemed as if he meant to infuriate me into attacking him. It was poor tactics, seeing (as presently appeared) that he had a reserve force: he should have gone on simply talking against time: but I believe my presence and my accusations together were simply intolerable to him. "I mean to avenge him," I answered; "and Fanny too."

At that name he glared, and raged afresh. "Damn you, what right have you to mention her? You had her once, you fool, and couldn't keep her. You don't know how to handle a woman, you poor dog; you can only snarl and whine. And now you want to take my place, hey? Go back and fight it out with your friend Harry Leonard; but don't you go near her. She's my wife, by God; don't you dare speak to her, you jilted sneak."

Shall a man endure such insults as these? And yet I did, for that cold hand again pressed down my rising fury. "You lie," I said, very coolly. "She never was your wife. Your wife is in Carolina, and Fanny is laid beside Gregory."

He had moved forward as if to strike me, but at my last words his countenance changed. "Is she dead too?" he asked. "Is this true, or another of your lies?"

"I'm not like you," I replied; "I don't deal in lies. She died the night you sneaked off, and you know what killed her."

"Upon my soul," said he, in a softened tone that for once sounded half sincere, "I didn't know she was dead; I never meant to hurt her." But his better moods were things much too slight to last. "If she was fool enough to listen to all the lies they chose to tell her," he snarled, "and give me no chance to explain, and go off in a squalling-fit like a sick wild-cat, is that my doing? But I suppose you, as a cast-off lover, would like to hold me accountable for it all, hey?"

At these vile words the influence which had held me back was sud-

denly withdrawn: what spirit of quick or dead could bear longer with such a hell-hound? "Just so," I hissed; "for that chiefly I'm going to have your blood, and send you where you belong."

At this moment his shifting eyes suddenly lighted up with a look of relief and expectance. He drew back; I took one hasty step forward, away from the wall, and snatched at my knife. Before I could draw it I felt a sharp pang in my right side, above the hip, and saw my quarry's face glow with devilish glee. I dared not turn, for my chief foe was before me, but instinctively I lunged backward with a sweep of my right arm. There was a gurgling, bubbling shriek, and then a fall: Craven's eyes blazed with the fires of hell, he uttered a furious bellowing roar, caught up his rifle, clubbed it, and sprang upon me. Reeling from the blows I had received and given, I dodged, but not quickly enough, for the gun came down upon my head. I had just strength left to alter the direction of my fall, and in falling to strike out straight before me, with all my soul upon the stroke.

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XV.

## FORGIVENESS.

WHEN I came to myself, the sun was shining into the ravine; by this I knew that some hours had passed and it must be near noon. I was lying on Craven's legs, with my right arm stretched out before me; my hand still grasped the hilt, the blade of the knife was where it was meant to be. I turned with difficulty, and saw Cherokee Jack extended behind my feet, his throat cut from ear to ear. My head was bruised and swollen and aching horribly, my side was stiff and sore; I was weak from loss of blood, but happier than I had been for years; peace and satisfaction filled my heart, for my work, or most of it, was done.

My first act was to offer thanks to Heaven, which had made my aim so true, and given force to blows that else had been both blind and feeble; for I knew that I was but an instrument and had been governed and guided to an appointed end. Next I felt of the bodies, and found them already rigid. I took the ring from Craven's little finger (which I had to cut off to get it), and the locket from his neck, and put them on my own. Then I examined my rifle, which lay unhurt and undischarged upon the floor; another was broken beside it, and the boy's yet rested against the wall. I next crept to the streamlet, where it flowed pure and cool at the upper entrance of the chamber; below it was discolored with blood, still dripping from the rocky floor. I took a long deep draught, washed my bloody hands and head, tore off my shirt, which was little fit for further use, and bound up my wounds as well as I could. Invigorated by the water, and now able to walk a little, I explored the cell for food, and ate of what I found, giving thanks as I had never done before. There was some whiskey, but I always hated the stuff, and would not touch it now. Then I fell to thinking.

The more I thought, the more I saw how beautifully this business



had been arranged, and not by any skill or wisdom of mine. Really, I had never considered what I should do with the boy. I do not make war on children like the savages, and left to myself I should probably have let him go, to perish in the woods, or grow up a skulking vagabond and scourge of the frontier. Yet he had taken part in all his father's villainies: he was a murderer in thought and doubtless also in deed; as such he was much better dead. And dead he was, by no will of mine, from a random stroke at an enemy I could not see, who had shed my blood by an assassin thrust. I saw how nearly I had lost my life: but for that step forward just as the unseen blow was aimed, he would have hit me full in the back, and either finished me outright or left me at his master's mercy. That chance step, I had nearly said; but it was no chance that saved me. So, too, had Craven's rifle come square upon my crown, it must have split my skull: as it was, it caught me glancing on the ear, and spent its force in crashing on the floor. Not only this: had I attacked my enemy in the heat of passion, it would have been like a common village brawl, wherein is no glory, but perhaps disgrace. Instead of that, I had reasoned with him calmly, and almost discharged the preacher's office, bringing home his crimes and giving him opportunity to confess them—though in truth I must have killed him all the same. But in fact I had acted merely in self-defence, and touched neither of them till they had attacked and wounded me. I saw why the restraining influence had been removed just at that moment: it was not only that my guardian could not bear the foul slur upon her memory, but to leave me free to meet assaults in rear and front. If she could, she would have given me clearer warning of the figure creeping cat-like from behind. But she had told me I should be hurt, and I had no anxiety to come forth from such an encounter as this unscathed. It is said in Scripture that those who shed man's blood shall spill their own, and I accept the penalty. I was never over-careful to avoid injuries in battle: should its chances leave me on the field, that was at the will of Heaven. Besides, were I to return from this mission unharmed, it would look as if I had taken base advantage and slain my adversary, defenceless, from a place of shelter; and that it is not my nature to do, had he deserved hanging fifty times. Nor did I forget that in our doleful story I had been much to blame: it was fit my blood should flow in avenging my sweetheart's ruin and my father's fall—yes, and my brother's too. But for my folly, they might all be living still. I cared not for my wounds, nor would had they been far worse.

Soon I thought of something else that I must do. I cut from my hunting-shirt the part that had been pierced and most deeply stained, and from Craven's a larger piece, through the centre of which my knife had gone; I had to tear it from his body, to which it was glued fast. These bloody tokens I put aside, with a long curl (which I tied carefully with a string) from the miscreant's head, meaning to offer them on Fanny's grave. There was a deer-skin in the cell; with part of this I patched my shirt, so as to cover the hurt again.

The upper part of the ravine, I found, was a mere cut between the rocks, narrow, stony, and soon impeded by a water-fall. I marvelled that Craven should have been caught in such a trap; but he doubtless

had no fear of intrusion. One might pass near the mouth of the gulch, as I afterwards found, almost without noticing it, and certainly without suspecting the recess it contained: had I not been guided, I never should have found it.

I had not strength to remove the bodies, even had there been any place near to bury them; but I pushed Craven's farther down the chamber, washed most of the blood away, and thus cleared a place to lie in, against the southern or shorter wall, with the pure water at hand. The sun had long since departed, and it was now growing dark. I would not have chosen corpses for bedfellows, and these least of all; but I was never superstitious, and adventure had long since hardened me. So, making the softest couch I could for my injured frame, I lay down to seek much-needed rest.

I was feverish that night, and either in dreams or in delirium renewed the conflict, with a hundred unpleasant variations. Now Craven would be standing over me, glaring with fiendish malice, his foot upon my breast. He said, "Yes, you fool, I sent Jack to shoot Gregory, and threw you all off the scent. I drove Harry off, and put it in your heart to murder him. I dropped the cords and moved the rock, and left you in the cave. I robbed you of your sweetheart, because, d'ye see, I wanted her myself. I killed your father, and now I'll kill you." Again I seemed to have the advantage, when Jack sprang on me from behind, twisting my neck with his long brown fingers, and grinned horribly in my face. I lay tossing and moaning in pain of body and mind, when suddenly a soft cool hand was laid upon my head, and it ceased to ache: it touched my side, the wound smarted and throbbed no more: it passed to my heart, the fever left me, and all was blissful calm. I recognized the touch which had twice repressed my fury. So she could minister both to the soul and to the members: of course, it is their office. She had been with me when I needed her most, but I could not see her in the daylight. Surely I might see her now? I opened my eyes, and she was there as plain to me as she will be in heaven. She was radiant now, for I had released her from that hateful bond; her beauty was transfigured, glorified: she smiled on me with infinite sweetness. I showed her the ring on my finger, the locket on my breast, and asked if I might keep them there: she nodded assent. I pointed to the lock of hair, the bloody cloths: she shuddered, but seemed to approve. I asked if there were more for me to do: she uttered no audible word, but the answer was just as clearly spoken to my mind—only to get well, go home, and do what I intended.

I fell into a sweet and dreamless sleep, and did not awake till it was light. Then I made my preparations for departure. The boy's gun, the axes of both, and whatever else was worth keeping, I hid under some rocks near by, thinking I might come that way again: all the knives I took, and such food as remained, which with my own belongings was as much as I then could carry: the bodies I left where they lay.

The first day I covered but a few miles, resting wherever I found a convenient spot, and keeping to the south bank of the river. My strength gradually returned, but the journey back occupied full twice

as much time as the pursuit had done. I met with no mishaps or enemies, and smaller game, enough for food, crossed my path as if directed there: the skies smiled on me, and this was no more than a pleasure-trip.

A mile below the new outpost a steep hill commands the valley. Down this Nelson came rushing to meet me, when I was yet far away: he had been watching there every evening for a week. He folded me in a tight embrace, and cried, all breathless, "Ye got 'em? Whar's the scalps?" I told him I did not scalp boys and white men: he was much disappointed, and muttered that I was "too dum partier." I appeased him by showing my trophies and assuring him of my entire success. Before I had well begun, he exclaimed, "Boy, was ye much hurted? Ye look pale and peaked. Ye've lost flesh, and blood too, I reckon; but ye've gained in sperit; yer eye's right peart, and ye hold yer head up high. I knowed ye'd do it. After we git through the rest of this business, we'll travel, and I'll show ye some fun. Ye ain't strong yet: hold the rest o' yer tale now, for all the boys wants to hear it."

At Poe Station I was received with the honors of a conqueror. I meant to set up a stone on the spot where my father had fallen, but it was already done. A mounted man had come with supplies from the fort above: they insisted that I should ride the horse back, while Nelson and the soldier accompanied me on foot. I deposited on my father's grave the knife and gun-lock of his murderer, and a piece of the discolored garment, as tokens that he was avenged.

Resting there a day and procuring horses, we stopped a night with Matthews, and then pushed on toward the old farm. Here I was welcomed with melancholy rejoicings and woful triumph. We presently repaired to the enclosure where so many of my race were laid. It was on a hillock behind the house, looking toward the Blue Ridge; an ash and several poplars overshadowed it, and a spring rose beneath. My brother Gregory lay facing the pass where he was slain: I cut off a corner of the shirt of one of his assassins, and pinned it to the mound with the other's knife. On Fanny's grave I laid the remainder of that cloth, with the fragment of my own about it, and thrust my knife through the holes in both into the sod. No one would ever disturb these relics: the rains would carry with them into the earth the blood alike of destroyer and avenger, purify the place, and bring content—if such were needed now—to the injured spirits of those whose bodies had been placed beneath. Finally I took the curl I had cut from the dead man's head, and burned it over the mound where his victim lay.

As we left the place, Nelson said, "That was a mighty movin' ceremony, Ipsy; but 'twould 'a' been more perlite and respectful yit if ye'd 'a' brought the scalps and put 'em thar too." On this point our opinions differed: Tom inclined to support Nelson's, but Harry Leonard agreed with me, and I knew I had been guilty of no neglect.

That night, after the others were asleep, I left my couch, went back to the burial-plot, and lay down between the newest graves. Perhaps I slept—what matters it?—for the expectation of these interviews roused no uneasiness or fear. I was surprised, but nowise disturbed,

to hear my name called in a man's deep voice, and see my brother Gregory standing before me. He looked like one lately released from imprisonment or disgrace; his face was graver than of old, his eye lit with a solemn satisfaction. "You have done well, Ipsico," he said, "and I am much beholden to you. It irks one to lie useless under ground and know that the scoundrel who shot you in the back still walks to do more harm; there's no resting easy till the account is settled. Besides, it was a scandalous way to die, and I was sore ashamed to be caught so and cut off in my youth. But I don't mind it now that you have grown to be a fighter like me; you have righted the honor of the family, and you will keep up its fame. It is not so lonesome as you might think, especially since Fanny and father came; there are so many of us now. You remember the dream I had that night? Look now."

He moved aside, and I saw the dim forms of my brother Toby, my sister Susan, and my mother; they smiled upon me. Then my father stepped forth, and I knelt to receive his blessing. "I was wrong, my son," he said, "and rued it bitterly and long. We were both wrong; we did not understand each other; but it is right now."

As these shapes faded, another, dearer than all, appeared above me. "This is the last time," she said, "the last on earth, my dear; but I will wait for you yonder, though it will be long. We have suffered by our own folly and another's wickedness; but you have atoned, you have removed the stain, you have broken the false bond, you have purified your heart and my memory. You will not need me now, but I shall follow your course and be proud of you, and you will know that I am yours and you are mine." She touched my forehead with a consecrating kiss, and I saw her no more. I have never seen her since, except in dreams—never as when she came to me from the other world, first to speed me on my mission, then to direct my way, next to reward and minister to me, and finally for this farewell. I shall not see her till I follow to the spirit-land, but I know she awaits me there; I have her promise, and I am content.

All the entreaties of my brother and of Harry Leonard could not detain me on the farm. Each spot was full of heart-breaking associations, of mementos of sweetness turned to bitterness. Here my sullen and unfilial boyhood had perversely confounded false and true; possessed by a demon, I had been as a wild beast to those who loved me. I could not wander about in idleness and meditate on what might have been. Here I had struck Harry; yonder I had been rude and graceless to my father; here and there and everywhere I had scowled on the girl I loved. Her pitiful face, tear-stained, remonstrant, wondering, pursued me through the house and about the fields. It was a fair domain, but the serpent's slime had trailed across it, the grass and trees and flowers were poisoned by the serpent's sting. The hills were soiled with blood, the rolling acres seemed a charnel-house.

"Harry," I said, "you are the only one left of those I wronged. Do you know that if I could live that year over I would be willing to die by slow fire at a Shawnee stake?"

"Ipsico," he answered,—his arm was around me, and his honest

eyes were wet,—“they forgave you as heartily as I, and nearly as long ago. You’ve done what you could to set wrong right; you exposed your life and shed your blood, and did what few would dare. The whole country rings with it, if you care for that. There’s not much happiness for you and me in this world, I reckon; but we can bear up and do our part like men.”

The next day—I had been at home a week in all—I turned with Nelson toward the outpost and the wilderness.

Of late years the infirmities of age begin to come upon me, and I spend much time in Lexington, where some civic honors have fallen to my lot, and my friends of the University are pleased to hold me in fair esteem. They are men of peace, and versed in matters of which I know little by comparison; but it is sometimes their humor to hearken to tales of the woods and the war-path, and discuss differences of opinion and feeling. The face of the country is indeed greatly changed, and with peace and security womanish notions have come in. Last winter I endured a sickness, and some thought me like to die: a reverend gentleman, bred in Eastern Virginia and unlearned in our border manners, visited me to offer spiritual consolation and advice.

“Mr. Poe,” he began, “you have been a man of blood. Do not the lives you have taken lie heavy on your conscience?”

“How should they?” I questioned in turn, bearing with him, for I knew him a worthy man, though of a narrow mind. “They were mostly taken in defence of our settlers and of their wives and children. But that I and others fought, such as you would scarce be here, nor a fair town like this.”

“Ah,” said he, finding it not easy to answer this argument, “but you have repented, and made your peace with God?”

“Surely,” I replied. “The sins of my youth, which were grievous, were repented long ago in tears—ay, and in blood, which may be more availing. Since I was scarce twenty, I have striven to follow the Lord’s leadings and to do His will.”

“I have heard a dreadful tale,” said the minister, “of an evil man who injured you and yours; how you pursued him far into the wilderness, and there slew him. This, I trust, was among the sins of youth for which you sought forgiveness?”

“Far from it,” I answered, showing respect to the man’s office and good intent, and humoring his strange folly; “it was the best action of my life. As Elijah slew the prophets of Baal, as Samuel hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord, so did I execute righteousness on one accurst.”

The good man appeared much shocked. “But vengeance is His, not yours.”

“He uses human instruments,” I explained, “and I was one. His angel guided my steps, and nerved my arm to strike.”

“Well,” said he, sighing, “you were young and hot-headed then, and much provoked, I doubt not. Now that you are old and your earthly ending draws nigh, is it not an awful thought that you have sent that godless man, and so many since, suddenly and unprepared to their account?”



"Why, no," I said, still exercising patience. "I am noway responsible for Indians, nor for renegades and villanous whites. I did not make them, and why the Lord did has often puzzled me; but that is His business, not mine. My business was simply to chastise them, and cause their iniquities to cease."

"But you know we are commanded to love our enemies," he went on.

"That," I remarked, "must be meant for the clergy and people who stay in the settlements, keeping shop or the like. You may be able to love Indians, for you have never seen them burn houses and carry away fresh scalps. As to scoundrels of our own race, I defy you to love them when you see them in their true colors. For the one you spoke of, all our domestic troubles came from loving him; we were set right, too late, when we began to hate him."

"At least," he insisted, "we must forgive our enemies. My dear though erring brother, can you lay your hand on your heart and say you forgive that man?"

"I have no desire to do so," I replied, "nor can I suppose that any such profession is required of me. I settled with him as soon as I could, and closed the account forever."

"But suppose you were to meet him in the Hereafter?"

"If I did, I should probably have to punish him again," I said. "But that is noway likely. Where he goes is no place for decent people, and that the Lord knows full as well as I do. Have I not often heard you say from the pulpit that the eternal punishment of the wicked was a most comfortable doctrine, and essential to the foundations of faith and morals? There never was a wickedder man than Craven. You see, I practise what you preach."

This ended the discussion, though the clergyman tried to cover his retreat by taxing me with superstition in believing that I had been favored with preternatural guidance and visited by the spirits of the departed. He was a person of limited understanding, who derived his ideas from books rather than from real life; but he could not shake my faith, for I know what I know.

THE END.

## THE VIOLIN.

I FEAR that to-day the friend of our fathers' youth, yclept Old King Cole, has lost much of his vogue; indeed, I believe that the rising generation is the immediate precursor of one to whom that old-time monarch will be not even a name, for the groves of Havana and the hill-sides of Turkey are flooding the world with the cigar and the cigarette, to the exclusion of the pipe; the omnipresent cocktail, and the sparkling vintage of the champagne country, are superseding the festive bowl in which the merry potentate rejoiced; and the great artists and sweet girl-amateurs who ravish our ears with the exquisite music of

*this small sweet thing,  
Devised in love, and fashioned cunningly  
Of wood and strings,*

have thrown such a halo of sanctity around the violin that nowadays King Cole's "fiddlers three" would seem desecrated by association with the pipe and bowl so inseparably connected with his name.

The same oblivion seems to be the proximate doom of such lyrics as "Hey diddle diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle," for our children require the illustrations of Kate Greenaway and Walter Crane, to the verses of Oscar Wilde and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, for their amusement, and the verb "to fiddle" is slowly but surely being relegated to the *morgue* of the dictionary.

Now that the era has arrived when in every family of pretty lassies one, at least, is learned in the lore of Paganini and a connoisseur of Cremona violins, it seems hard to realize that the dawn ever broke upon the day when Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son Philip Dormer Stanhope to the effect that "fiddling puts a *gentleman* in a very contemptible light, brings him into a good deal of bad company, and takes a good deal of time which might be much better employed." With Neruda and Tuà, Ollie Torbett and Nettie Carpenter, among the professionals, and a host of sweet, grave-eyed misses among the amateurs, it strikes us to-day as an astonishing thing that the genial and discursive Parke, writing of the oratorios at Covent Garden, under date of 19th February, 1790, could have found it in his heart to say, and in his hand to write, *apropos* of Mlle. Gantherot's concerto on the violin, "It is said by fabulous writers that Minerva, happening to look into a stream whilst playing her favorite instrument the flute, and perceiving the distortion of countenance that it occasioned, was so much disgusted that she cast it away, and dashed it in pieces. Although I do not recommend any lady playing upon a valuable Cremona fiddle to follow the example of the goddess, yet it strikes me that if she is desirous of enrapturing her audience she should display her talent in a situation where there is only just light enough to make darkness visible."

Nowadays not only is the violin the fashionable instrument, *par excellence*, for the ladies, but we see the viola, the violoncello, and

the double-bass itself, in the hands and arms of the sex that touches nothing that it does not adorn, and with its increased favor the value of the old fiddle has increased enormously. In 1756 a violin made by Stainer was sold at auction in Dresden, for which the Count Trautmannsdorf, grand equerry to King Charles VI., paid the maker twenty-six golden caroluses, undertaking to supply him, as long as he lived, with a good dinner every day, a hundred florins in each and every month, a new suit of clothes with gold frogs every year, as well as two casks of beer, lodging, firing, and lighting. As Stainer lived sixteen years after this, the violin must have cost the count, in cash, twenty thousand florins. In 1859 the violinist Wieniawski negotiated the purchase of De Beriot's Stradivarius for twenty thousand francs; and I have myself seen violins sold in London and Paris at from twenty-five hundred to five thousand dollars. At this moment "the Tuscan Strad," probably the finest example of Stradivarius's work now in existence, is for sale at Hill's, in Bond Street, London, at the price of ten thousand dollars!

On the other hand, there are countless well-authenticated stories of violins as valuable as any of the above being picked up by connoisseurs in bric-à-brac and pawnbrokers' shops for prices ranging from one to five dollars; and the finest violin I ever owned—a Sanctus Seraphino—I bought of a furniture-broker for seven dollars and a half! (thirty shillings English.)

A *Cremona violin*! What magic lies in the words! And what is a Cremona violin? It is a term applied to almost any Italian violin by a known maker which has completed a century of melodious existence; but especially does it belong to the authenticated violins of Antonius Stradivarius, "the monarch of them all," and to those of the Amati family and of the Guarnerius family. Violins by Bergonzi, by Guadagnini, by Sanctus Seraphino, by Ruggerius, by Gagliano, and by their fathers Gasparo da Salo and Maggini, are dubbed Cremonese instruments, but they rank below those of the three great workmen who made their instruments at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, whilst Gasparo and Maggini constitute a school (the Brescian) by themselves. This is not the place in which to discuss whether or not the Cremonese instruments are intrinsically worthy of the high place assigned to them. The position of Cremona violins to-day is perhaps a trifle anomalous, and, as the late Charles Reade, himself a great connoisseur in the matter, justly remarked in one of his letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1872, "The fiddles of Cremona gained their reputation by superior tone, but they hold it now mainly by their beauty. For thirty years past, violins have been made, equal in model to the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Cremona, stronger in wood than Stradivarius, and more scientific than Guarnerius in the thicknesses."

It is a strange reflection in this nineteenth century of ours, where everything changes, improves, retrogrades, or dies out, that the principal instrument used by musicians in the interpretation of orchestral, concert, or chamber music should have reached its perfect development of form over three hundred years ago (in point of fact, at the moment of its invention), and has never since then been improved—though countless

essays have been made—by the addition of any new contrivance, or by the modification of any of its existing parts. The word “invention,” however, is perhaps misused, for the violin cannot be said to have ever been invented at all; it eventuated, in a slow progression, and by infinitesimal degrees, from an antiquity which is prehistoric. As we see it to-day—a small four-stringed instrument—it first left the hands of John Paul Maggini and Gasparo da Salo, who worked at Brescia in Piedmont in the latter half of the sixteenth century. Some authors have asseverated that the true violin was made in the first half of that century by Kerlino of Brescia, Dardelli of Mantua, Duiffoprugcar of Bologna, Linarolli of Venice, Zanetto of Brescia, and others, but we have no evidence to prove aught but that these were makers of the old five-, six-, and seven-stringed viols, and *not* makers of the violin as we see it in the earliest examples of Gasparo da Salo.

Following closely upon Gasparo and Maggini, if not contemporaneous with them, came the Amati school at Cremona, which worked practically throughout the seventeenth century, whilst at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century there appeared, at Cremona, Antonius Stradivarius and Joseph Guarnerius, the imperial masters of the luthist's art. With Stradivarius and Guarnerius the art of violin-making reached its highest point of perfection, and from thenceforward has stood still. I ought perhaps to include in the above chronology Jacob Stainer, of Absam in the Tyrol, who lives in the records of the fiddle as the greatest of German makers, if not the only one worthy of more than passing mention. He worked from about 1640 to 1700.

From this period of perfection until now, the name of the violin-makers has been legion, and Panormo, Landolfi, and Storioni among them are worthy of rank with the secondary lights which I mentioned above. After them, at the end of the eighteenth and at the beginning of the nineteenth century, come the makers of the modern European school, Lupot, Gand, Mancotel, and Vuillaume, in Paris, and Banks, Dodd, Forster, Duke, and Lott, in London, all of whose instruments command comparatively high prices, and with them violin-making as an art, profession, trade,—call it what you will,—died out. There are working to-day the Chanots in London and Paris, William Ebsworth Hill, the Withers, Gand & Bernardel, Simoutre, and a host of others scattered over Europe; in this country Gemünder, Josephs, and others, all of whom are capable of the very finest work and are worthy the encomia bestowed upon them by Charles Reade in the passage I have quoted above; but, alas! violin-making *per se* is a lost art. And why? *Because it does not pay.* The old makers were content to make three or four fiddles in a year, and gained for them prices sufficient for their humble needs; but nowadays the craze for the old masters has strangled the energies of the new, amateurs and professionals who are in a position to pay the value of a first-class instrument want “an old one” for their money, one with a name and a label, and a certificate of the genuineness of the whole. I defy any conscientious fiddle-maker to build a perfect instrument—an instrument for all time—in less than two or three months; and when he has made it the

wealthy amateur does not want it; his work is that nightmare of the trade, "a new fiddle." Of violin-making, as of literature, it might be said, in the words of the Irish philosopher, "A man cannot make a living by it until he is dead." For the players who can only afford a moderate price—and they constitute the vast majority—the machine-shops of Mirecourt and Mittenwald are turning out fiddles by the thousand daily, fiddles excellent in appearance and possible, if not passable, in tone, fiddles which cost the wholesale dealer something in the neighborhood of two dollars in a case, with a bow, a packet of strings, and a box of resin, complete! No comment of mine is necessary. I can only quote the laconic remark of one of the leading European violin-makers with whom I once inspected the manufactory at Mirecourt. When we got outside, I turned to him and said, "Well, what do you think of it?" He raised his hands to heaven and ejaculated, "Damn!"

Of the absolute conservatism—I might almost say immobility—of the violin, all that I need say is that even the United States has produced no invention in connection with the instrument that has been adopted by any one but the inventor and perhaps a few of his immediate circle of friends; but in all countries of the civilized world innumerable attempts have been made to gild this musical lily, to paint this melodious rose. In the year 1804, Ernst, the celebrated virtuoso and concert-director to the Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who was also a practical fiddle-maker, wrote as follows: "After the numerous and repeated essays which I have made in the construction of the violin for more than twenty years, I have come to the conclusion that its form and manufacture as they have come down to us from the best Italian masters are not susceptible of any improvement." Notwithstanding this, however, every kind of murderous experiment has been made with a view to improving on the material, form, or detail of the instrument. Violins have been put forward made of earthenware, faience, and porcelain; violins of copper, brass, and silver; violins of leather, papier-maché, and vulcanite. I once made a collection of these abominable vagaries. I had the trumpet-violin, invented by one named Hell in 1854, the pear-shaped violin of Engleder, Hulskamp's crwth-violin, and innumerable fiddles strung with three, five, and six strings, one with eight, and one with eighteen! I described my entire collection in "Violin-Making as it Was and Is," and my cabinet was for violin-lovers a hideous dream. The only innovations of any note, and which call for more than a passing notice, are the guitar-shaped fiddles of M. Chanot, a French naval officer, and the trapezoid violin of M. Savart, an engineer of like nationality. The former were favorably received by a committee of the Institut de France, appointed to report on their merits, whilst the latter, though hideous to look at, were constructed on sound scientific principles, so much so, indeed, that in the work to which I have referred, I gave the minutest details of their construction, and recommended them to amateur fiddle-makers who are daunted by the dangers and difficulties attendant upon the construction of the true violin in all its perfection of form and detail.



Whence comes this perfection? Whence was it evolved? Who can tell?

'Tis true the finding of a dead horse head  
Was the first invention of string instruments,  
Whence rose the zittern, viol, and the lute,

says the author of an old play called "Lingua," written, they say, by Anthony Brewer in 1607; but this is a dictum, interesting to the bibliophile, inane for the historian. The history of the violin, from the earliest times until comparatively recently, has been found exclusively in pictures and sculptures. Metal and stone instruments may come down to us from the earliest ages, preserved in tombs and monuments, in almost their original state, but the wooden instruments of music, especially those of such delicate build as were made to sustain the tension of musical strings, even had they been intentionally preserved by those whose ears they charmed, must long ere this have succumbed to the ravages of time and its attendant destroyers. For the accuracy of descriptions and representations we can have no vouchers. The artistic imagination is apt to run riot in ornamental details of this kind, and in examining written records we have to allow for transcriptions, translations, and other disguising agencies. The mention of viols in the Bible is an error of translation. The same remark applies to the bow-instruments ascribed to the early Greeks and Romans, and notably to the fiddle of Nero: what was the plectrum *exactly*, we cannot tell, for no actual specimen of a plectrum has come down to us, though we have reason to believe that it was usually made of some hard material, such as amber or ivory. The earliest bow-instrument of which we have any definite knowledge is the ravanastron, a two-stringed instrument in use among the Hindoos from time immemorial, which claims as its inventor one Ravana, who reigned over the island of Ceylon, it is said, three thousand years before Christ. However this may be, it seems probable that the ravanastron is a congener of the ur-heen of China, a similar instrument, of which we have no evidence antedating the introduction of the Buddhist religion into China from India.

I have attempted to trace the ancestry of the violin, through this archaic fiddle, to the omerti of modern India and the kemangeh-agouz and the rebab-esh-shaer of the Mohammedan nations. From the rebab and the pear-shaped viols of the East I have progressed to the rebec, the rubebe, the gigue, and the kit of the mediæval West, and thence, by a natural law of causation and development, from the polychord viols of the older makers to the violins of the early Brescian school. I have refused to admit the Welsh *crwth*—so dear to the antiquarian-violinist—into the pedigree of the fiddle, regarding it, and, I think, correctly, as a mere survival of the classic lyres and barbitons which were played with a plectrum of greater or lesser length. In dismissing this section of the subject it is only fair to say that my theory has been, so to speak, danced upon by Mr. E. J. Payne, a high authority on the fiddle; but I fancy that a majority of those interested therein are inclined to favor my view of the case.

What is it, then, this fiddle which is a household word among us?

It is a hollow box from thirteen to fourteen inches in length, at the widest part eight and one-half inches and at the narrowest four and one-half inches broad. It is about two and one-half inches deep at the deepest part, and weighs about eight and one-half ounces. Beyond this we have a neck, terminating in a scroll, which, with pegs, finger-board, and tail-piece of ebony, bring the weight up to about twenty ounces. The wondrous capabilities and equilibrium of all the parts may be summed up in one short sentence: it supports a tension on the strings of sixty-eight, and a vertical pressure on the bridge of twenty-six, pounds. This extraordinary instrument, nowhere much thicker than a silver dollar, and generally about as thick as a quarter, fitted together as to its parts without a screw or nail anywhere in its construction, resists a perpetual tension and pressure of ninety-four pounds!

A perfect violin is made in seventy parts, each fitting each with an exactitude that almost deceives the most practised eye. The *back* and the *belly* are usually made in two pieces each, joined down the centre; they rest on the curved *sides*, that are made in six pieces, and these are supported by six *blocks*, at the top, bottom, and four corners. From block to block run twelve slips of pine, which are called *linings*, and to which, with the sides, the back and belly are glued. Along the interior of the belly, under the fourth string, runs the *bass-bar* for about six inches, and it is further supported by the *sound-post*, which is not fixed in any way, but communicates the vibrations of the belly to the back. The dark lines round the outlines of the back and belly are called *purflings*; they are inlaid in twenty-four pieces, and their mission is *not* ornamentation, as is generally supposed, but to preserve the delicate edges of the tables from damage. Beyond these we have the *button* and the *tail-piece*, with the *fastening* that connects them, the *bridge*, the *four strings*, the *finger-board*, the *nut*, the four *pegs*, and the *neck* and *scroll*. The latter are sometimes made in one piece, as also are the back and belly, whilst the purflings are often inlaid in thirty-six pieces instead of twenty-four.

Now, every single detail of these parts has to be scientifically and mathematically adjusted; a deviation of a fiftieth part of an inch at any point will destroy the fiddle, probably at once, and certainly as far as the illimitable future is concerned. The thicknesses of the back and belly must be adjusted to the finest possible graduations; the setting of the sound-bar and sound-post (which the French call "the soul" (*l'âme*) of the fiddle) must be regulated with the extremest nicety, as must also the arching of the tables, the cutting of the *f* holes, and the height of the bridge. A single mistake at any of these points, and the violin is a hideous, squeaking instrument of torture. It is, consequently, not surprising that to those who have given themselves the trouble to inform their minds on the subject of their instruments the violin is a never-failing source of joy, of interest, and of fascination; and it is to such that I address and dedicate these insufficient remarks, since it is not permitted to the musical antiquary to invoke Tom Moore's historic blessing on the head of "the man who hit upon the extremely original notion of sawing the intestines of a cat with the tail of a horse!"

Edward Heron-Allen, *ed.*

## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THAT the lives of men of letters are not, as a rule, generally interesting, is evident, I think, from the small number of good literary biographies which we possess, and which may almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. I refer, of course, to British men of letters, and have in mind such books as Boswell's Johnson, Lockhart's Scott, Moore's Byron, and any good life of Burns, that of Robert Chambers being, I suppose, as good as any. The charm of books like these, however, is not purely literary; for while we respect, admire, and love the literature of the two Scotchmen whom I have named, one the world's greatest song-writer, the other the world's greatest novelist, and respect, admire, and love the literature of the two Englishmen, one the greatest intellectual force in poetry since Marlowe, the other the greatest laborer in many fields of dogmatic thought, the interest which attaches to them is largely a personal one, partly resulting from their unique individuality of character, and partly from the circumstances by which they were surrounded, and which hastened the taking off of the peasant and the peer before they were thirty-seven. Other than literary elements made the career of these men memorable, while others who are equally famous impressed the world less vividly, either because the current of their lives flowed in smoother channels, or because it lapsed away unseen. Professor Knight has recently published a memoir of Wordsworth in three bulky volumes which I have not seen, and which I do not particularly care to see, remembering as I do the two bulky volumes which the brother of the poet published a few years after his death. There was nothing in the career of Wordsworth that demanded these volumes; the incidents of his life were not numerous enough, nor important enough, to justify them, and they were not justified by his verse, concerning which the opinions and the suffrages of readers are not yet at one. But, think what we will of this verse, and I for one think highly of the best of it, I find little to admire, and nothing to respect, in the character of Wordsworth, which was an exceedingly narrow one, which was devoted to worshipping itself, which was detractive of the work of others, and was more egotistical than even that of Dr. Johnson. The man was a curious and disagreeable foil to the poet. I have lately read the memoir of another poet,—an American,—who possessed many of the higher intellectual qualities of his English contemporary, and while the incidents of his life were not numerous nor important, they have for several reasons interested me greatly. He was a majestic figure in our letters,—none more majestic, in my opinion: his influence upon our poetry was as great as that of Wordsworth upon English poetry, while his character, his individuality, his habit of mind, which was cast in the Puritan mould, was incapable of egotism and vanity. No poet ever respected his manhood more than he. I need hardly say that the biography of

which I am speaking was published by Mr. Parke Godwin in 1883, and that its subject is William Cullen Bryant.

The character and work of Mr. Bryant were so strongly marked by what may be called his ancestry and early surroundings, and so closely interwoven with the literary and political history of his country, that they cannot be clearly understood without a greater degree of knowledge in regard to these shaping circumstances than is likely to be possessed by the majority of his readers, even by those who knew him personally,—an honor which I enjoyed during the last twenty years of his life. How well I knew him, or how well any one who was some thirty years his junior could know him, are questions which I am not able to solve. Unfitted, as I have to confess myself, by a temperament which in no respect corresponded with his calmer and graver personality, I have, nevertheless, the qualification of understanding the strict, stern, hard life which was his inheritance, and the peculiar race that moulded it and him. Only an American born in the same region of country as he, and under the same domestic and moral conditions, can have the clue to his nature. The State which gave him birth had not changed much from what it was when I had the infelicity to open my childish eyes therein, though it was somewhat modified by a denser population; nor had its men and women changed much, though they, too, were somewhat modified, in that there was less rusticity among them, more liberality of thought, and (possibly) a little more education. Puritan, at least in rural neighborhoods, Massachusetts remained Puritan long after I was born.

Mr. Godwin traces the ancestry of Mr. Bryant on the paternal and the maternal side, and Mr. Bryant himself not long before his death began what would have been if it had been finished one of the most charming autobiographies in the language. As I am not skilled in genealogical lore, I must content myself with saying that one of his forbears came over in the Mayflower, and that another was connected by marriage with the stout old Puritan John Alden,—a strain of blood than which there was none higher in New England, rivalling, if not surpassing, the royal strains of Bourbon, Braganza, or Hapsburg. The early settlers of Massachusetts Bay were not, in my way of thinking, an agreeable sort of people to know,—certainly not so agreeable as some of the roysterers who made high jinks with Morton at Merry Mount. They were not satisfied to be virtuous themselves, but they must needs prohibit cakes and ale to others. Deficient in the amenities of life, which in some races are so delightful, they were not deficient in the qualities which go to the making of men and women,—the sturdy stuff which was knit into the fibres of the English sailors who captured the heavily-laden galleons of Philip in the Spanish Main, and scattered the great ships of his Armada in sight of their own stormy coast. The strong sinews of this English race which impelled it to destroy the power of Papacy abroad impelled it to deny the power of Episcopacy at home. Readers of the Hebraic Scriptures in the crude but powerful versions thereof with which since the time of Wyclyf they had been familiar, they were Hebraic in their theology, which was that of the Old rather than that of the New Testament, and, like their Jewish



teachers, they were strict, stern, repressive. Their beliefs and practices were not in accord with the more lax beliefs and practices of the more politic Elizabeth and James, and were, therefore, distasteful to the majority of their countrymen. So, in order to worship God in their own way, and unmolested, they quitted the shores of England and Holland, self-exiled, as one may say, from the Old to the New World. To transport themselves, as they did, with their wives and children to a land which was so different from their own, and, once there, to strike root in its sterile and barren soil, demanded great physical courage and endurance, and the constant exercise of unswerving spiritual motives and principles. The land itself, which was covered with pathless forests of primitive growth, had to be cleared and subjected to cultivation, and had, also, to be wrested from savage tribes by whom it had been inhabited from time immemorial. Clearly this was a land wherein the sword could not be beaten into the ploughshare, since it was always necessary to have the sword in hand, or, less figuratively speaking, to have their loaded muskets within reach, so that they might instantly reply to the arrows of invisible foes, to whose barbaric breasts mercy was a stranger. Daily and nightly, year in and year out, their lives were militant. These ancestors of ours were more hardy and more obedient than their descendants. Fleeing from the corrections and exactions of Church and State in the mother-country, they submitted to more onerous corrections and exactions in the step-mother country into which they had forced their way. The sermons to which they listened, and which were generally based upon the grimmest texts in the Old Testament or the most denunciatory texts in the New Testament, extended to sixteenthlies and seventeenthlies, and were a weariness to the flesh, while the laws which were made in their behoof, and for their reproof, betrayed and outraged every sense of personal respect. They feared their pastors, who stood to them in the place of God, and they feared their magistrates, who stood to them in the place of the judges in Israel. Nominally democratic, they were practically aristocratic, theocratic, and despotic. One may respect their devotion to such a government as this, but one cannot regret the destruction of such a government; for, however good it may be for a day, it cannot be good for all time. It sustained us, perhaps, in our conflicts with the Indians; it sowed the seeds of constitutional freedom in our minds throughout our conflicts with the English Crown; but it dwarfed us, nevertheless, in many ways, since it made us narrow and provincial, and kept us poor. We were narrow, mentally, socially, and politically, during the whole of the Puritan reign among us, and down to a later period, which is not yet ended, and we were poor. For a people may be poor in spite of a plethora of bank-bills, and narrow in spite of the breadth of its territories.

We have in Mr. Bryant's autobiography and Mr. Godwin's biography a series of pictures, or sketches, of life in New England, in the last lustrum of the last century and the first years of this century, and as it is a manner of life of which the present generation can know nothing, except from hearsay, it may be worth while to consider it a little, since its memory is rapidly vanishing, and since its depiction will



serve as a background against which imagination may project the childish figure of the coming poet. The theatre in which the drama of this life was performed, and the actors who performed in it, were still primitive, for nature had not yet been mastered, and the usages of the Puritan times survived. Men were more concerned about living then than they are now, for living then was a more serious matter. The life of the body was sustained by unrelenting toil, and the life of the soul by religious ministrations. Ministers of the gospel were important personages, and were conscious of their importance. They were moral policemen, whose presence on public occasions served to restrain the unruly. They attended militia-trainings, where grog and punch were partaken of freely, and town-meetings and political gatherings, where they sometimes restrained the rancor of contending partisans. They visited the district schools, which were prepared for their coming in advance, and to which the children went in their Sunday clothes. They listened to the recitations of the different classes, examined them in the Westminster Catechism, and delivered addresses the burden of which was that learning was better than houses and lands, and that parents could not be enough honored for the sacrifices they made in sending their children to school. Education, such as it was, cost money, and money was hard to obtain. Fathers of families were tenacious of their rights, one of the most undoubted of which was the service of their offspring until they reached the legal ages of manhood and womanhood. Another of their rights was embodied in a bunch of birchen rods, which was bound together by a cord and suspended by a nail against the wall in the kitchen, and was esteemed as much a part of the necessary furniture as the crane in the fireplace, or the shovel and tongs. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was the motto; and the rod was not spared. The little folk of a hundred years ago could not have had a very lively time; for, besides the rods that were constantly in pickle for them, they had to know the catechism, and to learn psalms and hymns. The first book printed in New England was a psalm-book, the authors of which may have understood Hebrew, though they knew but little of their own tongue, and nothing of poetry. This curious production, which was reprinted over and over, was in demand until it was displaced by the sacred canticles of Dr. Watts. These were sung by old and young in the later colonial days, and through the Revolution, in churches, by the firesides of farm-houses, and by the camp-fires of armies, and finally, when the war was over, were enlarged and improved by the famous Connecticut poet Joel Barlow, who went from bad to worse in poetry until he culminated in "The Columbiad." The amusements of the young people were suggestive of work rather than of play. They consisted for the most part of "raisings," where the inevitable minister was, where the bustle of carpentry was carried on furiously, and where danger was sometimes present, now on the beams, which nimble feet missed, and now on the ridge-pole, where the most daring of the workmen stood on their heads, with their heels in the air. In autumn there were "huskings" in the barns, which in the evening were lighted up with lanterns, under which, seated on piles of dry husks, the men and boys of the neighborhood stripped the golden ears of their covering,

and, breaking the stem with a sudden jerk, threw them in baskets about. Stories were told, jokes were cracked, and, when the last ear was husked, the company adjourned to the farm-house, and were treated to pumpkin-pie and cider. Attached to most farm-houses were orchards filled with apple-trees, some of which were just bearing, while others were in their prime, and here in the spring days, when the boughs were covered with blossoms and the air was murmurous with the songs of bees, children played. When October came, young and old busied themselves in gathering the apples that had fallen, or that were shaken down upon them by strong arms. The best were selected for winter use, and stored away in bins in the cellar; the rest were carried to the cider-mills, which were turned by horses, and gushed all day with sweet nectareous juice. The making of cider was an important industry then, and the drinking of it so excessive that it led in time to the formation of temperance societies. Later in the season there were "apple-parings," which brought together the Damons and Pythias of the village, who pared and quartered and cored them preparatory to their being made into apple-sauce. In the winter evenings there were singing-schools, at which they met again, or such of them as "went to meeting,"—and who did not then?—where they were instructed in psalmody by rural *maestri*, who were often composers in a small way. Homelier joys than these, and a more obscure destiny than awaited most who shared them, it would be hard to find. Their annals were short and simple.

Into such surroundings, at Cummington, Massachusetts, William Cullen Bryant was ushered, on November 3, 1794, and amid such surroundings his childhood and youth were passed. The second of seven children, he was the son of a country doctor, who was not grasping enough to lay hold of any great amount of money, nor careful enough to save any that he did lay hold of, and who was consequently poor. In his early manhood, which had been a hard one, Dr. Peter Bryant contrived to make himself a fair Greek, Latin, and French scholar, and he had what for the time when he lived, and the position that he occupied, was a good library. Largely stored with medical lore, it was well supplied with historians like Rollin, Hume, Gibbon, Russell, Gillies, and Sismondi, with miscellaneous writers like Addison, Fielding, Johnson, Burke, and Chesterfield, and with all the greater and some of the lesser British poets, ranging from Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, down to Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Beattie, and Campbell, with others of later date whom he procured from time to time as occasion offered. Sarah Snell, the woman whom Dr. Bryant had chosen, was an excellent wife to him and an excellent mother to his children, and was, besides, what most New-England women of her time were,—a notable housewife. Their lot was a harder one than falls to the women of America to-day, or is ever likely to fall to them again. Like her sisterhood, Mrs. Bryant was constantly employed in domestic duties from which there was no escape, so primitive were still the means of living, and so compulsory was labor on the part of all. Every family was in a certain sense self-supporting. Factories there were none, and if there had been the roads were too rough to render their

products available in such neighborhoods as Cummington, which was sparsely settled, with dense growths of wilderness, and exposures to the cold winds and heavy snows. An important part of the furniture of every family was its spinning-wheels, of which there were never less than two, a small one in the corner of the sitting-room, which the busy foot of the matron set in motion in the long winter evenings, and a large one in the hall or garret, or wherever there was space in which she could walk back and forth, with the spindle in her hands, and twist the flax or tow into threads. Besides these there was a loom for weaving cloth, carpet-frames, candle-moulds, and dye-pots for the coloring of cloth from the extracts of various woods and weeds. The Penelope of the Bryant household was skilful in the use of these, and in a little diary of hers, which was preserved by her son, she set down her doings from day to day. Here are a few of them: "Made Austin a coat;" "Spun four skeins of tow;" "Spun thirty knots of linen;" "Taught Cullen his letters;" "Made a pair of breeches;" "Wove four yards and went a-quilting;" "Made a dress for the boy;" "Sewed on a shirt;" "Washed and ironed;" "Spun and wove."

Precocity, with which most poets are supposed to be endowed in childhood, was certain in the second son of Dr. Bryant, who, instructed by his good mother, as indicated above, knew all the letters of the alphabet before he was a year and a half old. Sent to the district school in his fourth year, he soon became a fluent reader and an infallible speller. Before he was five he had learned to declaim the hymns of Watts,—a lugubrious accomplishment which was then held in high repute. At the mature age of eight he began to compose verses of his own, and when he was ten he was appointed to deliver an address at the school examination. It celebrated such trifles as the progress of knowledge in general and at that school in particular, was written in heroic couplets, and was well enough thought of to be printed in the county newspaper. There was no intellectual value, of course, in effusions like this, for there were others of the same sort, and if I refer to them it is to show the influence which the books in his father's library exercised upon the mind of their writer, and the consideration of this father, who if he had been an ordinary country doctor would certainly have discouraged them. To be sure, he ridiculed them when they sank below the low average of such juvenile productions; but, loving poetry himself, and occasionally writing it, he was secretly as proud of the talents of young William Cullen as the old father of Pope was of the talents of young Alexander. The mention of Pope reminds me to say here that his verse was still esteemed by readers like Dr. Bryant and Grandfather Snell, the latter of whom for a couplet exercise on the first chapter of Job, undertaken at his request, rewarded his grandson with a ninepenny piece.

If I were writing the unsavory history of American Politics, I might have something to say concerning them at this period, which was a stormy one; but I prefer to leave it alone, regretting as I do that Dr. Bryant was so unwise as to allow his boy to take even a boyish interest therein. He was too young to understand the differences between the Democrats and the Federalists, and much too young to

praise or censure either in satiric verse. But our earnest country doctor, who, like most New-Englanders, before and since, was assured of the absolute truth of his own convictions, thought otherwise, and encouraged the lad to write an anti-Jefferson satire, "The Embargo," which was printed at Boston in his fourteenth year (1808), and passed through two editions, both evidently small ones, since they were "printed for purchasers." The road to Parnassus has never yet been turned in the direction of the agora and the forum, and I trust never will be. It was not so turned in the days of Dryden and Pope, or not for long, and it has not been since, the temporary successes of later English political satirists to the contrary notwithstanding. It is by this time fully understood, I believe, that Politics are not Poetics.

I have not read "The Embargo," and do not care to, the extracts therefrom which I have seen convincing me that what I understand by the word Poetry is conspicuous by its absence. The first true note that Master Cullen struck was higher than any ever struck out of party contests, and of more permanent significance than any yet heard in America. It was not caught from the poets whom he read, but direct from nature, the fresh, wild, stern, impressive mountains, valleys, and woods which surrounded his birthplace. Cummington stands in a broad highland region between the valleys of the Connecticut and the Housatonic, and is some two thousand feet above the sea, the Bryant homestead being near the rise. It is cold in winter,—cold in summer, for that matter,—so that the semicircle of evergreens and the hill and wood on the northwest were a welcome shelter from the wind. The snows in such places, when they once fall, generally remain on the ground till spring. When spring comes, the rivers, swollen by the rains and snows, break in pieces the ice which has been gathering all winter, and sweep it along with a tumult that can be heard for miles, piling it up along the banks. A bleak eminence north of the homestead looked down upon a narrow wooded valley, through which flows the Westfield on its way to the Connecticut. Farther to the north, and overlooking the Westfield, is Deer Hill, and twenty miles away rises the blue summit of Graylock. The northern outlook from the hill is magnificent. A little to the left is a rocky pasture, which was once used as a burying-ground; and near by is Johnno Brook, a little stream in a deep rocky dingle, down which it plunges in steep descents, bordered by red and white birches, hurrying on its noisy journey to the quiet waters of the Westfield.

Such were Cummington and its neighborhood in the childhood and youth of Mr. Bryant. I have indicated them as clearly as I could, as well as the character of the people at that time, and their ways of thinking and living, for I hold that the mind of the young poet was colored by them. They passed into his being, and when he began to write they were reproduced from the rich storehouse of his memory. He was attracted first by natural objects,—the sparkle of the spring near the homestead, the pencilled shadow of the grasses on its margin, the warble of the bluebird in the woods, and the glint of the yellow violet as it peeped out of the last year's leaves. As his observation enlarged, it embraced the landscape, which became vital to him. No



boy in Cummington had so keen an eye as he, nor such woodland lore as he gathered in his rambles. He was a born naturalist, as much so as Audubon, and, without knowing it, was fitting himself to be the first and greatest painter of New-England scenery. His first poetic attempts were in this direction. Among them were an "Ode to Connecticut River" and a poem on "Drought," which belong to the period of "The Embargo." They are worthless, except as indications of the early bent of his mind, for the touch of the young artist was uncertain, and what he tried to paint evaded him. There were no models that he could copy, and no one but his father to give him the least instruction. If he had been born in England at the dawn of the poetic Renaissance towards the close of the last century, he would have inherited a liberal education, which he could not hope to obtain in America. American literature was not, though there were American books, of which there is not much to be said. If we reflect for a moment upon the character of our ancestors and the circumstances which led them to expatriate themselves to the shores of New England, we shall see that literature, as such, was about the last growth that could have been expected here. They brought no literature with them, or only such arid specimens as were contained in their lumbering old volumes of theology. The first folio of Shakespeare was not published when the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, and if it had been it is not at all likely that they would have brought it with them. They abominated players as they did the devil and his works.

A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky,—

this was their creed, and it was not a cheerful one, as they practised it. They set their faces against amusements: the graces of life were a delusion of the enemy. Their dispositions were averse from letters, and their lives devoted to other aims. They came hither to worship God after their own fashion, and not after the fashion of the Established Church. They had also to deal with schismatics, and, later, to look into witchcraft. They had no time and not much inclination to write verse. The first book that they printed was a psalm-book, as I have already mentioned; and in the same year (1640) Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, who was a daughter of one of the early governors of Massachusetts, and was styled "the mirror of her age and the glory of her sex," published a volume of poems, which was reprinted in the mother-country ten years later, under the title of "The Tenth Muse Sprung up in America." It was not worse than the indifferent poetry of the period, and was much lauded by her contemporaries: Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, says it was not wholly extinct in his day. Mrs. Bradstreet was followed by lesser singers, among whom we must not forget the colored Muse, Phillis Wheatley. Poets there were none, but prose-writers of a certain sort, such as the Rev. Cotton Mather, who wrote in seven languages and was the author of upwards of four hundred separate publications. Not till we come down to Trumbull and Freneau



do we find anything that can pass muster as poetry, even by the most liberal classification, and I should not myself rank these writers among poets, though "McFingal," as I remember it, was a spirited production, and Freneau's Indian poems were well thought out. He was "burning," as the children say when one of their number, who is not in the secret of its hiding-place, is nearing the object hidden, but he did not in the least suspect it. His "Indian Burying-Ground" was known to Campbell, who pilfered a remarkable line from it, word for word, in his "O'Connor's Child," and his stanzas "To the Memory of the Americans who fell at Eutaw" were rifled of their best line by Scott, who reset it, slightly changed, in the introduction to the third canto of "Marmion." There was little in the obvious verse of Freneau that could interest a thoughtful New-England lad like Cullen Bryant, a poet whose bent had been determined by his social and rural surroundings and by his own self-communion, and nothing, I imagine, in the turgid commonplace of Dwight, who, like Freneau, was burning in his "Greenfield Hill." That both failed to discover, as they did, the poetic side to the life of the Indian, is not to be wondered at, perhaps, when we remember how bloodily he had figured in colonial history. There was poetry about him, nevertheless, and about other things which they missed,—or there would be, when the poet came. But there was no American poetry then, and not much American prose. Charles Brockden Brown was writing his strange novels in the last years of the last century when young Cullen was reciting Watts, and when he was composing his poem on "Drought" Irving and Paulding were at work on "Salmagundi." Such, in brief, theology excepted, was American literature when the son of this Massachusetts doctor was framing his earliest numbers at Cummington.

It would not be difficult to follow the career of Mr. Bryant, so minute and so exhaustive is Mr. Godwin's memoir, but I shall not attempt to do so, partly because it does not come within the scope of this rambling paper, but more because it does not contain what most concerns me,—the history of his mind. To know where he was and what he was doing year after year, to what schools or academies he went, and what branches of learning he pursued, the books that he read and the impression they made upon him, is to know something, no doubt, but not much in his case; for, with the exception of Hawthorne at a later period, the early growth of his genius is less traceable than that of any other American author. It was an individual, a solitary, a secret growth. No one witnessed it,—not even his good father, who in a certain sense directed his studies. It was not sown by these studies, but created by the invisible hands that, shaping the world from the beginning, have shaped and will shape to the end the races which inhabit it, and the minds and souls of the great men who are the flower and fruit of these races. He read the old books in his father's library, and, as the years went by, the new ones which were added thereto, among others the "Lyrical Ballads" of Wordsworth and the "Remains" of Henry Kirke White, which Southey, in his generous way, had introduced to the world; but the book with which he was most familiar, and in which he was most interested, was not included among these.

Glanced at in the early years of the eighteenth century by Thomson, in "The Seasons," and opened in its later years by Cowper, in "The Task," it was understood by no English poet save Wordsworth, who spelled out its first pages in his "Descriptive Sketches" (1793), and began to read it when he published the "Lyrical Ballads." Corrected by conventional taste in England, and done into the current speech of the time, the book of nature was a manuscript in New England, particularly in places like Cummington, where the first draught still existed, fresh, wild, strong, original as when it flowed from the eternal pen. It was before Master Cullen day and night, summer and winter, facing him when from the door of the homestead he looked across fields and meadows, and unfolding its leaves when he rambled through the woods, down the valleys, over the hills and far away. Mastering the letter of this primitive volume, the spirit within the letter crept into his thoughts as the dew crept into the hearts of the flowers, and penetrated his being as the sunlight and starlight penetrated the depth of the forests. He rambled, he meditated, and he wrote. One day during a temporary absence of his father, who was no doubt riding to a distant neighborhood with medicine in his saddle-bags to dose some ailing rustic, he sat down at his father's desk and penned a copy of verses, which, when finished, he folded, and placed in a pigeon-hole of this desk, after which he wandered out of doors again, and took his pleasure in the wilderness. If his dark eye sparkled and light foot scarce touched the fallen leaves, it is not to be wondered at. He had at last written a poem,—and such a poem!

Some time afterwards, while he was at Williams College, which he was obliged to leave before his studies were completed, owing to pecuniary reasons which were always stringent at Cummington, the father of our young poet found this poem in his desk, read it with wonder, and, tradition says, with tears in his eyes. It was good enough to print,—too good, indeed, to be printed in the county paper: so, casting about in his mind, Dr. Bryant sent it, through a friend, to the first well-considered attempt at a serious periodical in America, the *North American Review*, where, after it had been read with admiration by its conductors, who could not believe that it was the product of a native pen, it was finally published in the number for September, 1817. Such, as nearly as can be ascertained now, was the genesis of "Thanatopsis." Boy and man, I have read it for years, and always with the feeling which great poetry, great painting, and great music create. I read it at first for its perfect poetic art, I read it now for its profound human truth. Not long after Mr. Bryant's death I expressed my judgment respecting it in a hasty study of his life and genius, and, as I cannot better now what I wrote then, I will reproduce a paragraph from it here:

"It could have been written nowhere but in America. Its central thought, the universality and antiquity of death, demanded the background of a continent for its illustration, and the flight of untold centuries for its contemplation. I do not see how it could possibly have been suggested by the burial-places of Europe, which are modern in comparison with those of the New World, itself the sepulchre of races

long since extinct. History has preserved neither their names nor their deeds. We can imagine whence they came and whither they went, but knowledge of them we have none. The pall of darkness covers them. No European poet has added a thought to Gray's famous 'Elegy,' and no writer has pointed out, so far as I know, that it is a purely literary production. It may have been conceived in the churchyard at Stoke Pogis, but Gray was delivered of it in his study after seven years' labor. There is scarcely an image or an epithet in it which cannot be traced to other poets, and its natural descriptions are eminently bookish. Its reflections are natural and just, but not original, and the vanished ones who are recalled to mind are mostly such as were native to the place. The narrowness of the poet's sympathies adds to the pathos of the poem, but it circumscribes our interest."

If I were writing the history of American Poetry, I would go over the journals of the time, and trace, as I have no doubt I could, through the critical comments of these journals, the welcome with which "Thanatopsis" was greeted. But, as I am not writing the history of American Poetry, I content myself with saying that it made an immediate and profound impression upon all thoughtful readers, who recognized the advent of a new and true poet. He was recognized at once by his brother and sister singers, who testified their admiration by imitation, which continued for years. This fact is patent in the verse of all his contemporaries, old and young, and nowhere more patent than in the juvenile verse of Longfellow, as readers of "Voices of the Night" will readily remember. The dawn of American Poetry was ushered into the world in "Thanatopsis."

If circumstances had favored Mr. Bryant, at this time, or at any time down to within a few years before his death, he would have devoted himself to poetry, to the exclusion of every other pursuit, as seriously as Wordsworth was then doing, and as Tennyson and Browning have done since. But it was not to be, since he was compelled to earn his livelihood by whatever means he could, and in his case only the most prosaic ones appeared possible, and since no American yet, except Irving, had succeeded in making any money by literature. The necessity of earning one's daily bread is not provocative of poetic thought, nor productive of ideal imaginings. He studied law, and was admitted to the Massachusetts bar, where he gained what for a country lawyer was a fair practice. But his heart was not in his work, and but for his occasional incursions into the lanes and by-ways of song it would have been intolerable. As it was, however, he followed it conscientiously, in spite of the intellectual struggles in which it involved him, and the uncertainty with regard to his future which weighed upon him, and of which we obtain a glimpse in his lines "To a Waterfowl."

I have said that I am not writing the history of American Poetry, and I have also said that I am not writing the biography of Mr. Bryant; and I wish to emphasize these statements, especially the last, since the most that I purposed when I began this sketch was to give my impressions respecting him and his poetry. His life, like that of Wordsworth, was devoid of incidents which a biographer can turn to account. It possessed an interest, however, which that of Wordsworth did not,

for, though quickened at first by country sights and sounds, and colored at intervals afterwards by natural influences, the larger portion of it was spent in the tumultuous imprisonment of city streets and the incessant bustle of public affairs. Acknowledged as a poet from whom the greatest things might be expected, Mr. Bryant removed to New York in his thirty-first year, and, after assisting in two or three literary ventures which were not successful, he became one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, and a year or two later editor-in-chief. Whether literature can be cultivated best on a little oatmeal, as was the opinion of Wordsworth, who chose to associate high thinking with plain living, or upon the daintiest viands and choicest wines, as was the practice of Moore, depends somewhat upon the kind of literature that is to be cultivated, but considerably more upon the talent, the temperament, the determination, of the *littérateur*. If any rule that could be laid down could be separated from the exceptions which attach to it, it would be better for authors to live in the city than in the country, since the greatest have been those who have been in daily contact with their fellow-men, and not those who have secluded themselves in what orator Phillips called the solitude of their own originality. When Mr. Bryant made up his mind to remove from the town or village in which he resided after his marriage (I have forgotten where it was, nor does it matter), he would have preferred to go to Boston, where he had so many warm friends and hearty admirers; but in the Boston of that day he could not have procured even the scanty oatmeal upon which he might have managed to subsist for a time. So he came to New York instead.

Materials for a description of the New York of sixty years ago are abundant and curious, but I shall not avail myself of them further than to say that the city practically ended then at Canal Street on the Hudson River side, and not far from Houston Street on the East River side; that the business part of it lay between Bowling Green and Chambers Street; and that with all its wealth and enterprise it was little more than a large provincial town. It possessed one advantage, however, which the overgrown metropolis of to-day long since sacrificed, and that consisted in the pastoral beauty of its immediate suburbs and the wild loveliness of its adjacent neighborhoods. The inhabitants of New York (if I may judge from my remembrance of them ten years later) had a passion for out-door life which they no longer have, and which led to long rambles along the river-banks, on Long Island, and in New Jersey. Mr. Bryant was given to these delightful rambles, either alone, or with his friends Halleck, Sands, and Verplanck, who, like himself, were lovers of nature, and who, unlike himself, were lovers of good cheer at country taverns and hostelries.

If Mr. Bryant could have foreseen what his life was to be when he abandoned law for letters, he would have hesitated, I think, in making a choice between the two, in the first place because the drudgery which the latter imposed upon him could not exceed the drudgery of the former, and in the second place because the branch thereof from which he expected to pluck the golden apples was a graft, and not a genuine growth of the Hesperian tree. I intend no disrespect to jour-



nalism when I say that it is not literature. The journalist may be a clever man, and every good journalist is a very clever man, but all the same, while he may flatter himself that he is the master, he is the servant of his time,—the creature of the day and the hour. Not that he may not have convictions of his own, and believe that in prosecuting them he is actuated by the highest motives, but that, sooner or later, he is handicapped by considerations from which he cannot escape, however much he may wish to, and fettered in the exercise of his best powers. Journalism, as practised here, is a warfare. One may follow it as the soldiers of Napoleon followed him, for the marshal's bâton that may lie *perdu* in the knapsack of the bravest, and, while I cannot respect the ambition which leads him to do so, I can understand its force. But there are soldiers who fight for pay as well as glory, and for pay rather than glory, and for these I can feel nothing but contempt. I know such fellows, whom I will not so far honor as to compare with the Swiss, for the Swiss, on whatever side they fought, did their duty manfully,—scribblers who wrote Republican editorials last year, who write Democratic editorials this year, and who next year will be writing both equally well, or ill,—hirelings whom it is as disgraceful to employ as it would be to employ bravoës. They are more numerous now than they were half a century ago, for whatever may have been the defects of this earlier journalism of ours, it was an occupation which a gentleman might pursue without forfeiting his self-respect. The editorial profession when Mr. Bryant entered it was an honorable one. It was conducted by men of principle as well as talent, who believed in the truth as well as the expediency of the opinions they advocated, and who never forgot the amenities of life in the heat of writing. Partisan, they were not unscrupulous; and severe, they were not savage. Brutality and blackguardism are the rank growths of later years than those in which Mr. Bryant was installed in the editorial chair of the *Evening Post*. It was read by all the best people in New York, friends and foes alike,—not because it was brilliant, though it was not deficient in brilliancy, but because it was known to be unpurchased and unpurchasable, and could be depended on as the exponent of his matured judgment.

The difference between the journals of that day and the journals of our day is the difference between things that are conclusive and things that are tentative: they were not so much the organs of persons as the organs of parties, and not so much the organs of parties as of principles. The new editor of the *Evening Post* was not the man to spare himself, so far as work was concerned: he cheerfully accepted and faithfully performed all the drudgery it entailed upon him, and was soon acknowledged as a power in the land. Politics ran high, as they always do here, but he rode them fearlessly, and in the main triumphantly; for during the fifty years of his editorial life he witnessed the rise and fall of two great parties, battling at times with both, and lived to see what was good in both consolidated into something better. Mr. Godwin has recorded the history of Mr. Bryant's half-century of journalism with the fulness that was demanded by his biography, and those who like that kind of reading have no doubt found it interesting. I do not like

it myself, for the ends to which it was directed might have been shaped, as it seems to me, by a lesser hand than his, and the years that were spent upon them might have been spent in nobler works. I regret the labor to which this life subjected him, day after day, year after year, and I regret the loss of the poetry that he might have written, and would have written had his lines fallen in happier places than dingy and stuffy editorial rooms. I see but little difference between the dregs of men who were so distasteful to him in legal practice and the dregs of men whom it was his business to defend, or assail, in journalism, and the pen which he used in this last profession was no less barbarous, in my way of thinking, in spite of the vigorous English that flowed from it, than the pen with which he had scrawled the strange words of the law. But one must do what he can when he cannot do what he would, and, agreeable or disagreeable, there is no manly way of escaping from duty. Poets like Coleridge may allow themselves to be supported by their friends, but poets of this stamp are not native to New England, where independence is inborn, and honesty hereditary. I honor Mr. Bryant for his laborious life, and admire him for the determination which kept him a poet through it all. The child was father to the man, and the man never forgot the child's birthright of song,—the divine birthright which revealed him to himself, which brightened his brooding youth, sustained him through his struggling manhood, and consecrated him in his old age. The chambers of his mind were crowded with guests whom he would not have chosen if he had been free to choose, but there was one chamber into which they never penetrated,—into which nothing common ever penetrated, in that it was the inmost sanctuary of his soul. The poems that he wrote in New York and elsewhere were of the same general character as those that he wrote at Cummington, the only difference between them being that the later ones are riper and more mature than the earlier ones, larger in intention and scope, of broader and higher significance, more thoughtful and meditative, more serious and dignified, more purely poetical and imaginative,—in a single word, of greater distinction. What separates them from all other American poems is imagination, which was the supreme quality of his genius, and which, while it is nowhere absent from his verse, is omnipresent in his blank verse, which is the best that has been written by any modern poet whatever,—the most sustained, the most impressive, the most unforgettable. No one can read "Thanatopsis," "The Prairies," "The Antiquity of Freedom," and "The Flood of Years" without feeling that Mr. Bryant was a great poet.

I was acquainted with Mr. Bryant during the last twenty years of his life, but whether I really knew him is not for me to say; for he was never demonstrative, and, friendly always, was reserved, as he had a right to be. He knew that I admired his poetry and had an intellectual reverence for his character, and I think he liked me for this reverence and this admiration. He saw what I wrote about him, and what I wrote about the first volume of his translation of the "Iliad" gratified him so much that he thanked me for my hasty notice in a gracious letter, which does not concern the reader of this sketch, since it was mostly of a personal nature. I have been told, though I do not

know it of my own knowledge, that he thought well of my verse, and of my careful use of our mother-tongue, of which he was so great a master. I paid my respects to him when his seventieth birthday was celebrated by the Century Club, of which we were both members, and I was anxious to do him honor. I was a paid contributor to his paper in war-times, though I do not think he was aware of that trifling fact, and at a later period I might have been one of its editors, had I not declined, for reasons that were satisfactory to him as well as to myself. That he was ever ready to serve me I know, and I recall here a note which he wrote in my behalf while I was wasting my best days in the New York Custom-House, and in which he certified to my business capacity, and requested my continuance in office, in case I was likely to be removed. I wish I had kept this letter, which was a handsome one, and which, after all, was of no service to me, since I was soon subjected to the customary political decapitation. I recall another instance of his kindness, which must have cost a man of his years considerable trouble. It was connected with a poem which I had been asked to deliver before the Grand Army of the Republic, at Springfield, Massachusetts, in May, 1878, and which I wrote to the best of my ability. When it was finished I had it set up in type, in order to see how it looked in print, and, knowing that Mr. Bryant had written a poem of the same nature (to compare great things with small) which he read at Cambridge fifty-seven years before, I asked him if he would criticise it for me in proof, as severely as if we were not friends. He assented, and I sent him the proof, which he criticised in the spirit that I desired, though rather more kindly, I fear, than it deserved. Two or three days elapsed before I met him again, and when we had exchanged greetings he handed me a letter containing his criticisms. I wanted to talk with him, and would have done so but for the presence of one of our impecunious poets, who had evidently called upon him in his editorial room, and who had accompanied him into the business office of the *Evening Post*. I knew that a money transaction was about to take place, and not wishing, for the honor of the guild, to witness it, I left Mr. Bryant and his brother poet to themselves, noting as I did so that the hand of Mr. Bryant was in the act of slipping into his pocket. I folded up his letter, which was the last that he wrote, went away, and never saw him more, for in a week or ten days he was dead!

R. H. Stoddard.

## THE BRIDE OF OLD.

### A PHANTASY.

I THINK the Moon was an ocean bride,  
For she's followed now by each throbbing tide,  
And the light that comes from her realm above  
To the Sea's great heart is the light of love.

William H. Hayne.

## AN ODD LOVE-STORY.

I HAD been in Paris but a day or two, when Brownell and I literally ran against each other on the street. He had been there for three years, but before that, in New York, we had occupied adjoining studios in the Rembrandt, and he was anxious for news of many of the craft. We were both on our way to dinner, and gladly enough decided to dine together.

After we had finished dessert and were enjoying our coffee and cigars, Brownell asked,—

"What has become of Almy? There never was a more magnificent specimen of blonde beauty than that fellow. No wonder we nicknamed him 'the god.'"

"Poor Almy?" I replied, "he has been dead these three months. Brownell, you were fond of him too: come around to my hotel, and I'll show you something he wrote to me. It's the queerest love-story you ever heard, and has the saddest sequel. Do you know that now, looking back, one of the oddest things about it all is that we should have struck on the nickname for him that we did?"

In a few minutes we were in my room at the Hôtel Marset, and, having taken Almy's story from my trunk, I read it aloud at Brownell's request. Here it is.

## THE STORY.

I was neither sleepy nor lonely, as long after midnight I sat before the open fire, holding in my hand a volume of old Persian quatrains. Among these was one which I read and re-read:

For I remember stopping by the way  
To watch a potter thumping his wet clay.  
And with its all-obliterated tongue  
It murmured, "Gently, brother, gently, pray!"

I was so forcibly struck by this idea of the strange evolution whereby the dust of those who had crumbled back to earth centuries ago might now be serving daily household uses or decorating the shelves of our cabinets, that, rising, I took from behind the glass doors that protect such treasures a small cup of Mexican pottery which I had been irresistibly impelled to purchase a few days before.

As I held it, a curious thrill ran through me, like the touch of a woman's magnetic hand, and there seemed to come from it a little fluttering sigh.

I was so startled that the cup fell from my hand, and, as it broke into a dozen fragments, I heard what sounded like the echo of a low moan. For a moment I was incapable of thought or action. Then there came over me the consciousness of a *presence*; and, raising my eyes from the shattered cup, I saw the loveliest vision conceivable.

The form was that of a young girl in the first perfection of womanhood. Warm color showed through her olive skin; from her head to



her little feet rippled a mass of dusky hair; and a new fascination possessed me as I met the look from her soft dark eyes.

Her picturesque dress consisted of a pale-blue cotton skirt (deeply bordered with the brilliant plumage of tropical birds) and a sleeveless white overdress. This was richly embroidered in gold and held in place by a curiously-wrought girdle of the same precious metal. Her arms, neck, and ankles were hung with ornaments, and on her head rested a little golden diadem thickly studded with precious stones.

Strange though I realized the incident of this presence to be, it produced no fear. An indescribable delight filled me, and memory seemed to be struggling with the barrier of a thousand years; for, like a glimpse of a vanished dream, the Presence seemed dimly familiar.

Whenever I have read of spiritual manifestations,—in which I never put any faith, by the way,—it has always seemed to me ridiculous that an audible voice should be attributed to an intangible form. So, in the confused consciousness of a mind partly under the influence of another will, I found amid the mental chaos of the moment a satisfaction that here the unities were to be preserved, as it were. For as the question, "Who and what can you be?" was formed in my mind, the answer was borne in upon me: "The spirit of an Aztec girl, part of whose mortal clay lies in these broken fragments at your feet." And during the hour or more that the vision stayed with me, not a sound was heard in the room but the crackling of the fire upon the hearth and the rattle of wintry winds outside the window-panes.

In the noiseless voice of a soul speaking to a soul, Zuli told me her story. And as scenes were described and incidents narrated, there was ever within me that fruitless groping of memory to grasp somewhere in the past a dimly-remembered existence.

"Four hundred years have passed away," said the voiceless Zuli, "since for one short month I wandered with my Indian lover through the cool shadows of the cypress groves at noonday, and floated on the rippling waves of Tezcuco, when night above us was deepest blue and silver sheen of stars. One little month of joy unspeakable, though overclouded by an unalterable fate.

"Among my people it was necessary to propitiate the gods by offering human sacrifices. Sometimes these were criminals, sometimes helpless children, but generally they were the captives taken in war.

"Long before my time the Aztecs had tried unsuccessfully to exact tribute from the Tlascalans; and the two tribes were ever afterward deadly enemies.

"In the many wars between them, no Tlascalan was ever slain if he could be captured alive to serve as a sacrifice.

"Among the captives thus secured was a noble Tlascalan named Nacatl, who, too brave to flee with his retreating warriors, fought on until overpowered by numbers.

"He was—oh, so beautiful! of majestic height and appearance. His eyes were as blue as the sky, and his hair shone like sunbeams."

She paused; and as her dark eyes looked with tender steadfastness into mine, I felt again the curious thrill that had passed over me when I touched the now broken cup.

"Zuli," I asked, "what is the meaning of this dim recognition? Have I seen you in my dreams?"

"Do not ask me," she said. "It is not given to me to fold aside the veil that perplexes you. Hear all I have to tell you.

"Next to the great Supreme Being, we Aztecs worshipped Tezca, the god of all beauty and beneficence. Every year the priests chose from the thousands of captives one of perfect physical beauty to represent this Tezca. He was clothed in magnificent apparel; stately palaces and gardens were at his disposal, and the king, nobles, and merchants honored and feasted him as if he were the god himself.

"At the end of eleven months a bride was chosen for him, always a maiden of high birth and loveliness; for it was esteemed a distinguished honor for a family to have one of its daughters wedded to this representative of the god.

"I have told you of the beautiful Nacatl. Upon him fell the fatal choice of the priests.

"Often at banquets and festivals we met, and soon tender words and glances passed between us. Admiration for his beauty and pity for his fate had deepened into unutterable love. And one heavenly night, when we two were alone in the palace gardens, we exchanged our vows of constancy.

"The moonlight fell upon a thousand flowers, whose perfume filled the air. The soft plashing of fountains mingled with the tinkling of distant music, and down below the terrace and far away to Huitlapan rippled the waters of Tezeuco."

Again Zuli paused. Again I met the trembling radiance of her eyes; and far away in some forgotten century, on some forgotten shore, I seemed to stand with that moonlit lake before me. I heard the plashing fountains and distant music, and the faint ecstasy of a passion long dead seemed to mingle with the perfume of tropical flowers for a moment, and then, as if it were a flash from some unremembered dream, the scene vanished away.

Zuli continued: "After that imagine what joy it was to us when the priests proclaimed that I was to be Nacatl's bride!—and I blessed my beauty, which before had been but little prized by me.

"All this time my lover was unconscious of the fate that awaited him. Immediate death would have been the punishment of any one who informed him of it. So during that golden month nothing marred his happiness but the thought of distant home and people; while I paid for every moment of joy with an agony of fear.

"So the 'wine of life kept oozing drop by drop, the leaves kept dropping one by one,' until the dawning of the day of doom.

"We were standing on the parapet of the palace, looking down upon the hurrying throng pressing towards the lake and across it on their way to the temple of Tezca, to witness the sacrifice.

"Nearer and nearer drew the procession of priests coming to lead Nacatl to the barge which should bear him away from me forever; and louder and louder sounded their songs and the music of the instruments.

"With a sudden determination to die with him, I turned, and,

throwing my arms about his neck, told him, with tears of anguish, the fate that lay before us both. And as the priests approached, with one last passionate kiss I unclasped his arms from about me and declared to them that I had revealed their sacred secret.

"Side by side we were led to the lake. Once more we were rocked together upon its trembling breast, and then, leaving it behind us, we began the ascent of the pyramid.

"My parents had been informed of my fate, which their wealth and powerful position could not prevent, and, heart-broken, they were forced to bid me farewell.

"Ah! it was hard to part from them whose love had surrounded all my life, but it would have been harder still to see Nacatl go alone to the sacrificial stone.

"Higher and higher up the side of the pyramid wound our sad procession, until at last the summit was reached, and six black-robed priests received us.

"Nacatl was bound and laid upon the great jasper stone, and in an instant his heart lay at the feet of the god to whom he and the temple were dedicated.

"One awful moment of agony, and the same knife which had pierced the bosom of my Tlascalan lover sought my heart too; and out upon the great sea of silence floated the souls of Zuli and Nacatl."

When she paused, my thoughts were for a little while filled with the story I had heard. And then I asked, "In the spirit-world, Zuli, are you and Nacatl always together?"

"I may not tell you of the spirit-world," she replied, "but through all changes it is given me to sometimes look again into the eyes of my beloved." And for one moment through those windows of the soul our spirits seemed to meet face to face. Then the firelight still flickered on the hearth, and the wintry wind rattled at the casement, but I was alone.

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#### THE SEQUEL.

As I laid down the paper from which I had been reading, Brownell relieved his mind by a long whistle.

"I say, Meredith, did you ever notice anything queer about 'the god' before all this?" he asked.

"Never," I replied. "He was as level-headed a fellow as I ever knew. He sent this to me from Mexico, whither he went early in the winter. After his return he painted a picture of the Indian girl, which attracted a good deal of attention, but he refused to sell it.

"He changed sadly in the next few months. He was no longer the *bon camarade* of old. And in the studios it began to be whispered that Almy was going mad.

"One night I entered his room, and found him standing before the picture, grasping the fragments of that broken cup.

"I asked him to go out with me; but he only replied, 'Let me alone, Meredith. I am trying to solve the problem of existence.

Good-night, dear friend.'—"Good-night, my boy," I said; and, with an uncomfortable feeling that I was the *third* in that room, I closed the door and came away.

"The next day none of us saw anything of Almy, and, becoming alarmed, we entered his studio and found him lifeless upon the floor before the picture of Zuli. On the table was a package addressed to me. It contained the volume of Persian quatrains. Between the leaves was a note, which ran thus:

"I am convinced that just out of reach of my hand—just beyond the portal of this tent which we call life—is waiting for me one who has been my companion spirit since the foundation of time. Before you read these words, old friend, I shall have pushed aside the flimsy barrier that divides me from my beloved.

"Bury this broken cup with me. This picture, so precious to me, I leave to you, my faithful friend.

"ALMY."

"Two wavering strokes of a pencil on the enfolding page marked the lines,—

"The Bird of Time has but a little way  
To flutter. And the Bird is on the wing."

"Meredith," said Brownell, after I had ceased speaking, "you have let me into a psychological problem, to-night, that I would give a good deal to see through. Truly enough, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. Poor Almy! Come on, old fellow: I must get out into the air and walk off this queer feeling. When I met you this evening I thought I was thirty-six, but now, by Jove! I half believe I am as old as Time himself. Come on!" And, lighting our cigars, we tried to forget our friend's fate, and strolled out into the brilliant streets of Paris.

*Virginia Bioren Harrison.*

"MADELAINE."

REST as thou art,

Just as thou art this bright October morn,  
For nothing purer since the world was born,  
Purer nor fairer, to the earth was given.

Rest as thou art!

Robed in the graces of thy fourteen years,  
Enriched with all that nature can bestow;  
Cling to thy mother's arms, and calm her fears,—  
Fears that a mother's dread alone can know;  
Lie like a tranquil thought upon her breast,—

A gift from heaven,—

And let thy lashes drink the happy tears



That well up from her soul, and make thy nest  
Deep in the heart of her who loves thee best.

Sweet child, so rest !

As flowers in winter to the senses bring  
Brightness and joy to dissipate the cold,  
Do thou remain, an emblem of the Spring ;  
Rest as thou art, and let the years grow old !

Remain, sweet maid,

The perfect flower for which thy mother prayed ;

Her prize is won ;

She would not wish thee other than as now ;—  
Then stay thou changeless, while the seasons grow,  
A rose-bud blushing at the amorous sun,

Not knowing why

Such tremors should be wafted from the sky.

So unbeguiled,

So near to womanhood, yet still a child !

When thou art nigh,

The leaves, in wonder at thy loveliness,  
Are fain to stay, and never let thee pass,  
And, battling with the breeze for thy caress,  
Crimson, and die in rapture at thy feet.

Ah, coy coquette ! to sink upon the grass,  
While girlish pleasure in thy bosom heaves,  
To know thyself so innocently sweet,  
A lily nestling in the autumn leaves !

Why shouldst thou change ?

When angels lent their features to the earth,  
And Raphael's hand transfixed them as they fell,  
The world, in wonderment at this new birth,  
Prayed to be lifted where the seraphs dwell.

Those heavenly tints remain with us to-day

Undimmed by time :

Surely the angels bore thee here to stay :

Then let all merely earthly things decay,

But thou, remain,

Rest as thou art,—and sure, from every clime,  
Whether from ocean shore or mountain range,  
Pilgrims shall come o'er desert, sea, and plain,  
To worship at the shrine of Madelaine.

Weak as we are,

We shall but gather strength from thy behavior,  
And all behold in thee, the while we pray,

Another star

To lead man's footsteps once more to his Saviour.

*Barton Hill.*

## HANDWRITING AND WRITERS.

"WHAT do you think of my becoming an author and relying for support upon my pen?" says Nathaniel Hawthorne, in a letter written when he was a student in Bowdoin College. "Indeed, I think the illegibility of my handwriting is very author-like." That illegibility he retained all his life, and after his death several of his manuscripts remained long unpublished because no one was able to decipher their intricacies.

But there may be some question as to his adjective of "author-like." Many writers have been even worse scribes than Hawthorne himself, but, on the other hand, there are many whose penmanship is remarkable for neatness and beauty. Among living authors, Howells, Holmes, Bret Harte, Andrew Lang, William Norris, Frederick Locker, and George Macdonald write hands that are plain and legible and often beautiful, without any strongly distinctive characteristics. Among the authors of the past, Gray, Moore, Leigh Hunt, Walter Scott, and Buchanan Read possessed a pleasing running hand which also failed to express any decided individuality. Longfellow's handwriting was a bold, frank back-hand. Bryant's was aggressive and pleasing to the eye, but had no poetical characteristics; and Keats's was rather too clerical for the most dainty of modern poets.

Thackeray's penmanship was marvellously neat, but so small that it could not always be read with comfort by any but microscopic eyes. He is reported to have said that if all other methods of livelihood were to fail him he would undertake to write the Lord's Prayer on his thumb-nail. Charles Dickens's writing was much less beautiful, but almost equally minute, and his habit of writing with blue ink upon blue paper, with frequent interlineations and cross-lines, made his copy a burden alike to compositor and proof-reader. Douglas Jerrold was an offender of the same sort. He jotted down his jokes upon little slips of blue paper in letters smaller than the type in which they were presently to be set. Captain Marryat's handwriting was so fine that whenever the copyist rested from his labors he was obliged to stick a pin where he left off, in order to find the place again. Charlotte Brontë's handwriting appeared to have been traced with a needle. Other experts in microscopic penmanship are the English novelists R. D. Blackmore and William Black, who write tiny characters that are almost undecipherable at first sight, and the Americans George Cable and Julian Hawthorne. The latter forms his letters with care and precision, but, they are almost infinitesimal in size.

Nothing is more noticeable than the difference between the hands of those who seem satisfied with their words, who seem to find pleasure in the rapidity with which they express their thoughts, and the hands of those who are dissatisfied with their words and are disposed to torture language until it expresses something more or something less. Mathematicians, as a rule, write untidy, scrambling hands, because

their thought so constantly distances their powers of expression in words or symbols that they grow careless in their attempt to keep pace with it. Lawyers, on the other hand, usually write a precise and orderly hand, because they are fond of verbiage and are accustomed to employ more words than are necessary to express their thought. Fluent writers like Anthony Trollope or Professor Tyndall write an easy running hand, but poets like Swinburne, Tennyson, or Browning seem to throw over the words they write shadows of dissatisfaction that they express something more or something less, or at all events something different, as though words were a wrong to their soul and a sort of parody on the true expressiveness of sound. Carlyle reconstructs with pen and gall what his mind and eyes have seen, and in the patient but crabbed and oddly-emphasized handwriting much of his temperament may be read. "Eccentric and spiteful little flourishes," says one of his friends, "dart about his manuscript in various odd ways, sometimes evidently intended as a cross to a t, but constantly recoiling in an absurd fashion, as if attempting a calligraphical summersault, and destroying the entire word from which they sprung. Some letters slope one way and some another, some are halt, maimed, and crippled, and all are blind." He was himself highly amused at a story told by his London publishers. A Scotch compositor had just been added to the force of their printers on the strength of a recommendation from the *Edinburgh Review*. His first "take" was some of Carlyle's manuscript. "What! have you got that man here?" he fairly roared. "I fled from Scotland to get away from him!" Balzac's copy was even worse; few printers could read it, and those who could made an express stipulation with their employer to work at it only one hour at a time. Even after the hieroglyphics had been translated into print, the proof-sheets came back more illegible than the original copy. A French writer describes them as sending out from each printed word a dash of ink like a rocket, finally breaking into a fiery ring of phrases, epithets, and nouns. These were interlined, crossed, written upside down, mixed, interlaced, and knotted, forming a word-puzzle which made even the stoutest compositor quail.

Byron was nearly as bad. His handwriting was a mere scrawl, and his additions in the proof were generally greater than the original text. To one poem, which contained only four hundred lines in the first draught, one thousand were added in proofs. Dean Stanley, a short time before his death, was invited by a New York magazine to contribute an article on some timely topic. A paper was promptly written and duly received, but the editor, to his great consternation, could not read it himself, and found it undecipherable by the most expert printers. Finally the editor was obliged to return the manuscript to England to be re-written, and then the timeliness of the subject had evaporated.

Sometimes, however, even the writer himself cannot read what he has written. We are told of Jules Janin, for instance, that when a reckless compositor came to him and besought him to decipher some pages of his own manuscript, the great man replied that he would rather re-write than attempt to read over again what he had once written. Napoleon's handwriting was not only illegible, it is said that his letters

from Germany to Josephine were at first taken for rough maps of the seat of war. Rufus Choate, whose signature has been aptly compared to a gridiron struck by lightning, was equally unfortunate. While having his house repaired, he had promised to send the model for a carved mantel-piece. Failing to obtain what he wanted, he wrote to his workman to that effect. The carpenter eyed the missive from all points of view, and finally decided that it must be the promised plan: so he set to work to fashion what must have been the most original mantel-piece that ever ornamented a room.

But no penman, either American or foreign, could have been worse than Horace Greeley. "Good God!" said a new compositor to whom a "take" of the editor's copy had been handed, "if Belshazzar had seen this writing on the wall, he would have been more terrified than he was." It may have been this very man of whom a good story is told. Becoming disgusted with his typographical blunders, Greeley sent a note up to the foreman, requesting him to discharge the man at once, as he was too inefficient a workman to be any longer employed on the *Tribune*. The foreman obeyed the instructions; but, before leaving, the compositor managed to get possession of Greeley's note. He at once went to a rival office and applied for a position, showing the note as a letter of recommendation. The foreman pored long and earnestly over the crabbed penmanship. Finally he thought he saw a clue,—“Oh, I see! ‘good and efficient compositor, and a long time employed on the *Tribune*,—Horace Greeley,’”—and immediately set him to work.

Once upon a time Mr. M. B. Castle, of Sandwich, Illinois, invited Mr. Greeley to lecture. To this the following reply was sent:

“DEAR SIR,—I am overworked, and growing old. I shall be sixty next February third. On the whole, it seems I must decline to lecture henceforth, except in this immediate vicinity, if I do at all. I cannot promise to visit Illinois on that errand,—certainly not now.

“Yours, HORACE GREELEY.

“M. B. CASTLE,

Sandwich, Ill.”

We can partly imagine the great efforts made by the lecture committee and others to decipher Horace's pot-hooks, and the delight which they must have felt at their ultimate success. That they were successful, will be seen from the following answer forwarded in due time to Mr. Greeley:

“SANDWICH, ILL., May 12.

“HORACE GREELEY, *New York Tribune*.

“DEAR SIR,—Your acceptance to lecture before our association next winter came to hand this morning. Your penmanship not being the plainest, it took some time to translate it, but we succeeded, and would say your time—‘third of February’—and terms—‘sixty dollars’—are perfectly satisfactory. As you suggest, we may be able to get you other engagements in this immediate vicinity; if so, we will advise you.

“Yours respectfully,

“M. B. CASTLE.”



Joaquin Miller's writing is illegible in itself, and is rendered doubly difficult by the fact that the author's spelling is of the most eccentric kind. But who was the literary man who once said, "Sense and knowledge come by experience and study, but the power to spell correctly is the direct gift of God"? Many other authors openly acknowledge their orthographical imperfections and depend upon the intelligent proof-reader to supply the missing vowels and consonants. Goethe himself, who took all knowledge for his province, was fain to leave spelling as a *terra incognita*. The Father of his Country spelled familiar words one way, while Lady Washington spelled them another, and neither managed to be correct. Nay, it is well known that William Shakespeare spelled his own name in several different ways. Mary Queen of Scots, whose English was feeble, signed indifferently Mary, Marie, Marye. In France, Malherbe spelled his surname in at least five different ways.

William S. Walsh.

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### DOES COLLEGE TRAINING PAY?

A GENTLEMAN interested in educational questions recently instituted a series of inquiries in the offices of prominent railroad corporations, among the employees of manufacturing associations, and in different lines of business and commerce, with a view to ascertain what proportion of the persons engaged in clerical and other employments were graduates of collegiate institutions. The details of the investigation, which was carefully and conscientiously made, would be tedious, but the general result is interesting in that it shows not only that the college-bred man is, in business, an exception to his fellows, but that not a few of the leading men in the industrial and commercial world, men who are a part of it and themselves help to make it what it is, prefer, when employing, to engage young men who have grown up in the business rather than those who have enjoyed the advantages of collegiate training. As a great manager of railroad interests stated the case, "College graduates have too much to forget."

This is a surprising exhibit, and seems to indicate that the value of college training is not appreciated by men actually engaged in those lines of occupation which make the business interests of the country what they are. Among the farmers and handicraftsmen of the country the proportion of college-trained men to the entire number is probably even smaller than in the city offices, for few college-bred men, unless driven by dire necessity, will go upon the farm or use their hands in earning their livelihood. Since the college graduates, therefore, are not to be found in agriculture, nor in industrial occupations requiring technical training and manual skill, nor in the offices where trade and commerce are managed, the question naturally arises, What becomes of them?

Before considering this, however, it is well to inquire what propor-

tion the number of college graduates bears to the whole population, and what proportion of the persons deemed fairly educated and engaged in literary and professional work are really the graduates of the various collegiate institutions of the country. Some light, in a general way, is thrown on the subject by the Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1884 and 1885, which gives the names of three hundred and sixty-five colleges and universities now open in the United States for the reception of students, the report for that year being selected in preference to one of later date for the reason that since that date there has been a decline in certain directions, and by taking the report of 1885 the most favorable view possible is given of the state of education.

There being no authority enforcing reports by these institutions to the Commissioner, of course reports are optional, and doubtless there are other colleges and perhaps universities which are not included in the list; but for all practical purposes the roll as given by the Commissioner may be deemed complete. It may also be borne in mind that no reasonable probability exists of any institution under-estimating its own numbers or wealth when making a return of this kind, and so the figures given no doubt present the most favorable view possible of the present condition of the colleges named in the Commissioner's list. According to the figures furnished, there were in attendance in the preparatory departments of these colleges and universities 21,202 male and 7645 female students, a total of 28,847. Besides these, there were unclassified students, that is to say, students taking no special course, following no stated line of work, stragglers from the ranks of learning, sufficient in numbers to bring up the total in the preparatory departments to 34,377. In the classical courses, strictly collegiate in character, there were 14,872 male and 1805 female students; while in the scientific collegiate courses the males numbered 3839 and the females 1812, a total of 21,818 students in the collegiate courses. Thus, in our colleges and universities the grand total in preparatory, classical, and scientific departments is 56,195 persons, male and female, who are supposed to be acquiring such an education as will better fit them for the active duties of life.

In 1880 the population of the United States was about fifty millions, or, to be exact, 50,155,783, and, making allowance for the increase during the five years from 1880 to 1885, the date of the Educational Report, it will be seen that in the year last named about one person in every thousand was a student at college. But, we are assured on good authority, "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," and among the millions of this country's population 56,195 persons of education and training certainly ought to be a force by no means despicable in influence, for "Knowledge is power," whether it be for evil or for good.

Again, it is reasonable to presume that, in a country where the blessings of education are popularly supposed to be as well understood as they are in ours, most of those who begin a college course will finish it, and therefore, the course being about four years in length, the number of graduates should bear each year to the whole number of students the ratio of one to four. It is, therefore, surprising to find that,

according to the Report already mentioned, the number of graduates from collegiate departments in the year 1884 was only 869. It is thus seen that among the colleges the same state of things prevails as among the district schools of our cities: the lower grades are crowded, and the upper benches empty. In several large cities of our country scarcely two per cent. of the pupils who enter the lower grades of the district schools graduate from the high schools; and an approximation to the same proportion is observable in college life.

Incidentally with reference to collegiate training may be mentioned several facts also obtained from the Report already cited. The value of college grounds, buildings, and apparatus in the United States, so far as reported, is \$48,479,200; the annual income of these institutions from their productive funds amounts collectively to \$3,915,545, while the fees from students aggregate \$2,270,518, the State appropriations in aid of colleges and universities were \$932,365, and the scholarship funds \$2,661,836. As a rule, all the annual income of every collegiate institution is expended in the same year, and we thus have an annual expenditure of \$6,577,381 to graduate 869 students. In the preparatory departments there are 924 instructors, in the colleges proper 3912 professors, a total of 4836 teachers, whose united labors are required to graduate less than one-fifth of their own number of students every year. Over \$7500 are expended to graduate a student (to say nothing of the labor), and the question whether he is worth the money is naturally deserving of consideration. Where does he go when he walks off the stage with his sheepskin? What becomes of him? What does he do for a living? Does he do anything? Occasionally, it must be confessed, he turns up on the front platform of a street-car; in the mining camps of the West he is sometimes found with a pick and shovel; but in the greatest number of cases he seems to vanish as utterly from public view after Commencement as though the band which lends such *éclat* to this occasion had played his funeral dirge.

The common supposition is that the graduates of colleges find congenial work in literary employments or in the ranks of the learned professions. This may be true. Then let us see what proportion the graduates will bear to the entire number of those engaged in the learned professions, even if all the college-trained men go into professional life.

The Compendium of the Tenth Census shows that at the time it was taken there were in this country 64,698 clergymen, 64,137 lawyers, while the physicians and surgeons numbered 85,671, the teachers 227,710, and the journalists 12,308; a grand total in the professions of 454,524. From comparison of this vast multitude with the annual number of graduates from our colleges, the conclusion is inevitable that the majority of persons in law, in medicine, in the pulpit, in journalistic life, and behind the teacher's desk are not regular graduates of our colleges. Indeed, there is reason to believe that no inconsiderable number among them are men who have received little or no college training; while instances might be cited of eminent success having been attained by many who received no aid whatever from school or college, though of course this is no argument against college or school, for, al-

though success has been in many cases attained by untrained men, no one can say how much greater might have been the achievements of these same men had they enjoyed liberal training before entering the race.

An apparent exception seems to exist among the doctors, for the code is so strict that no one can be registered as a practising physician who is not a graduate of a medical institute of established rank. But the exception is only apparent; for, although every physician must be a graduate of a registered institution, there is nothing in the code requiring that a medical college student should have been previously a graduate from a classical or scientific college, and the burden of evidence goes to prove that the majority of the physicians of this country, while medical graduates, are not classical or scientific scholars in the collegiate sense of the term.

As a fact, therefore, it may be concluded that college graduates do not play the part expected of them in the affairs of the world at large, nor do they even influence the learned professions as might be supposed they would if the benefits conferred upon them by a collegiate training were as great as teachers and parents would have them believe.

Perhaps the fault is their own, but perhaps also it lies with the college authorities and in the college courses. The courses of study laid down in the catalogues have, year by year, become more encyclopædic, and during every long vacation professors and teachers appear to busy themselves in considering what addition shall be made to the curriculum in order to render it more comprehensive and less practical and practicable.

An examination of the course of study of a large and popular institution shows that in six years' time the young men are supposed to master composition, zoology, drawing, arithmetic, book-keeping, botany, algebra, physics, geometry, trigonometry, solid geometry, chemistry, laboratory-work, physiology, physical geography, hygiene, United States history, American literature, spherical trigonometry, spherical astronomy, English history, analytical geometry, calculus, political science, economic botany, English literature, entomology, French, American history, political economy, German, mediæval history, "Semetic languages" (whatever that expression may mean), ancient history, Anglo-Saxon, logic, psychology, physical laboratory, geology, field-work, palæontology, ethics, and philosophy, both mental and moral. In addition to these, Latin and Greek appear in every half-year but the first, making a total of forty-six different studies; or, if the Latin and Greek are counted as separate studies in each half-year, as indeed they may be, for different text-books are employed, a total of sixty-eight studies to be skimmed over—for mastery is an inapplicable word—in the six years' course of study.

This seems bad enough; but what shall we think when the inspection of the catalogue of a girls' college shows that in the same length of time a young lady, to become a candidate for graduation, is expected to understand composition, zoology, drawing, arithmetic, book-keeping, rhetoric, botany, algebra, physics, German, mediæval history, plane geometry, plane trigonometry, solid geometry, chemistry, English,



laboratory-work, physical geography, physiology, hygiene, calisthenics, United States history, American literature, domestic chemistry, French, modern history, spherical trigonometry, spherical astronomy, English history, physics, art, Greek literature, political science, economic botany, systematic botany, literary criticism, English literature, entomology, political economy, Italian, quantitative analysis, Semitic languages, ancient history, Anglo-Saxon, mineralogy, lithology, psychology, logic, æsthetics, horticulture, landscape-gardening, geological museum, geology, palæontology, ethics, and mental and moral philosophy, besides eight half-years each of Latin and Greek,—a total of seventy-three studies in six years!

Now, suppose that only two books are used for each subject,—which is a low estimate, for in some studies eight or ten would be nearer the truth,—and we have one hundred and forty-six volumes, large and small, which the young-lady student is supposed to go through after some fashion in the course of six years. Let each volume contain only five hundred pages,—probably a fair statement,—and we have seventy-three thousand pages which she is presumed to study, more or less carefully, in the same length of time. The school year, however, is not the calendar year, but consists of forty weeks of five days each, and the unfortunate youths who go through the colleges of our time are thus understood to master about sixty pages a day, not of light reading, such as novels, story-books, or even history, but solid matter which is to be pored over to ascertain its meaning and carefully considered for the purpose of assimilating and making it a part of the mind. In the nature of the case, real learning is a practical impossibility, and no wonder can be felt at the superficiality of college education. Students are misled and mislead themselves, gaining the idea that they have mastered a study, when they have only finished a text-book.

That the young gentlemen and ladies who graduate after skirmishing through a college course should imagine that the sum total of human knowledge is theirs, and that the world is at their feet, is not to be wondered at. Year after year the maxim "Knowledge is power" is dinned in their ears, and they have been led to believe the statement true in the abstract, with no possibility of modification. While, however, it is perfectly true that knowledge may be power, the question whether it is or not, depends on the kind of knowledge. For knowledge may be either a weapon to aid the traveller in cutting his way through the jungle of life, or a piece of useless luggage to encumber his march, and it is still an open question whether the colleges provide the young with weapons or impediments, for after one has mastered and stowed away in his cranium all the knowledge of a college course he is likely to find his mind in the condition of the old-fashioned attic lumber-room, full enough of all sorts of things, but piled in so hurriedly that it is impossible to find any needed article without overhauling the whole.

The value of knowledge does not, of course, depend altogether on its utility or immediate applicability, but it is impossible not to see that in the ponderous mass of learning presented in the college courses the greater part is not likely to be either immediately or remotely useful or

ornamental, for, if it were, evidence of that fact would be visible in the greater influence of college graduates on the business, social, professional, and literary affairs of the world, whereas the truth seems to be that the graduate must unlearn much, if not the most, of what he has learned at college before success is within his reach.

The truth seems to be that most of our colleges are from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty years behind the times, and seem likely to remain so, from the fact that the ideals held up by themselves before their own eyes are the semi-mediaeval universities of Europe,—institutions that at present derive their chief patronage either from the wealthy who have leisure, or from those who go through the curriculum in order to fit themselves for the task of leading others in the same or parallel paths. The attempt at aping the European colleges has kept Latin and Greek foremost in the courses of study, together with much more of the dead past which cumpers the educational ground. But such is the importance still attached to the classics in many of our institutions of learning that a young man who cannot name the Presidents of the United States will glibly deliver himself of a list of the Emperors of Rome, will know more of the Peloponnesian war than of the American Revolution, and will be more familiar with the geography of Greece than with that of his own State.

To be sure, it is well enough to know who reigned in Rome, or who commanded the opposing forces during the wars between two petty Grecian states, and to be able to locate Thebes and Sparta on the map, if you have time to learn these things in addition to facts which should be the property of every fairly-educated man; but the latter should have the preference, and sooner or later college authorities must recognize the difference between the useful and the useless.

As at present constituted, too many of our institutions seem to build students on a wrong gauge, so that after leaving school the gauge must be altered to allow them to run on the track used by the rest of mankind; but how soon this fact will be seen and acknowledged by professors and teachers, is a conundrum. A general impression exists in educational circles that the class-room is the crank round which the world revolves; but sometimes, when the connection between the crank and the grindstone has slipped, the axe-grinding boy may be seen diligently at work turning as fast as his arms can move, unmindful of the fact that the grindstone does not stir. Thus, perhaps, it is with too many of our educational institutions: the crank is going, but the wheel does not respond.

*D. R. McAnally.*

### THE QUESTION OF PURE WATER FOR CITIES.

WITH a view to improving the purity of public water-supplies, in *what direction* are we to look? This question is certainly first in order, if it be a question. I think it is not usually treated as a question; that it is not usually considered; but that it is taken for granted as axiomatic, that of course we are to look to the sources of contamination, and shut them off.

But what are those sources?

Well, first, the entire atmosphere, with all the exhalations and effluvia that can ascend by the method of diffusion or by the rarefying energy of the sun, and with all the comminuted solids that can be raised and sown upon all waters by the force of ordinary winds, not to speak of cyclones.

Second, the whole deciduous material of organic life, animal and vegetable, perpetually strewn upon land and water, falling in the rain, rotting on the margins and in the channels of streams, and leaching into water-supplies from every inch of the habitable earth.

Third, in addition to the regular and constant course of death and decomposition throughout nature, the overwhelming organic *débris* precipitated upon land and water by the breaking up of the vast annual accumulations of winter, and by frequent extraordinary shocks or pestilent changes such as occasionally choke considerable streams with dead and putrefying fish that thicken both the water and the air with the products of their decomposition.

Fourth, the most energetic of all filth-producers and accumulators, man; as much worse than the total of all nature besides, in this respect, as his powers of mind, machinery, and organization exceed the resources of the inferior creatures, while at the same time unprovided with those automatic sanitative faculties that save unintelligent nature from self-destruction. He industriously accumulates large animals in great numbers, with vast products of cultivated vegetation, and concentrates all their refuse and decay, with his own, about his doors. He lines the banks of every stream with manufactories that work up all things in the mineral, vegetable, and animal realms of nature, and pour their changed refuse abroad on the valleys and streams. Worst of all, he accumulates himself, and propagates and packs himself, in dense masses enormously and endlessly growing by the side of all waters, until the perpetual off-castings of his enormous life overwhelm the sanitative powers of nature, and breed unresisted pestilence in water, air, and soil, as far as his encroaching multitudes extend their habitations.

Do we seriously propose to stay these combined and rising floods of impurity with our brooms? Physical force is not given puny man to oppose cosmical forces like these.

Nature has a perfectly successful way to dispose of her own refuse and that of her own children. It is another thing to cope with the cumulative waste of crowded and artificial human life. This cannot be done by the forces of nature, of engineering, of law, or of all combined. The apparatus of nature is perfect as far as it extends; but it is not concentrated on the lines of civilization, where the pestilent results of wholesale artificial pollution are assembled. Such concentration, therefore, is precisely what is wanting; the one thing needful, effec-

tual, and practicable too, by scientific artificial means. We are to take the sanitative methods and agents of nature, adapt them to the changed conditions we have caused, and concentrate them on the concentrated impurity of our waters.

We must do this, because it is impossible to limit these excretions of civilization, or to make room for them outside, or to get along with them by any other method than that which nature has used hitherto with the refuse of the primitive world. We have before us, on the scale of the sparse primitive world, a model apparatus for the perpetual renovation of air, water, and soil to the perfection of wholesome and delightful purity. Nature could not keep out excretion, death, and corruption from these vital elements: no more can we exclude them, in the increasing proportions created by dense civilization, though our very best were done, as it should be, to stop all avoidable defilement. But nature could do something better; and so can we, in the same way: not bar out, but transmute for usefulness, the polluting waste, while daily renovating the vital elements to pristine purity and freshness.

To be more explicit: The rain-water, with the countless impurities it brings from the atmosphere and takes up from the filth of the earth, is first treated by nature with the metallic salts of the soil through which it percolates,—chief in importance those of the ubiquitous potassa and aluminous clay; by which (as every chemist may have found by an imitative treatment) the soluble impurities are withdrawn from solution and coagulated, together with the finer suspended material, for exfiltration. Reaching the sandy sub-soil, filtration commences, and the coagulated impurities are left within reach of the long root-filaments of plants, by which the natural filter is kept cleansed; while the bacteria, whose tendency is to attach themselves, and to work upward rather than otherwise (if we may trust recent demonstrations), also remain in a region of sustenance and usefulness, or else perish infertile in the sterility of the deeper and denser sand. (The above takes place where the proper conditions for coagulation and filtration are combined, as they are not in all places: numerous instances having been noted where polluted, infected, salt-impregnated, or purposely qualified waters have passed through long reaches of sand without undergoing any perceptible change.—undoubtedly for want of chemical assistance from the soil.) A third and still further refining process is going on all the while by the intimate mingling of the diffused water with the telluric atmosphere, under increased pressure as the depths of the earth are penetrated, until, at great depths, the oxygenation of the water—increasing in a large geometrical ratio to the increase of pressure—results in that extraordinary refinement and vivacity for which certain deep-well and spring waters are famed.

To defend our surface-water supplies from sewage and the filterage of privies, stable-yards, and graves, is a most important duty, and ought to be a plain one, to intelligent purpose instructed by natural science. But, pending this not-soon-to-be-accomplished task,—or even granting this accomplished,—to go on drinking all the vast residue of *unavoidable* pollution, with all the probable and possible germs of disease and the certain quantum of reptiles and parasites, when cities by the score are actually rejoicing in full supplies of water filtered from streams to the highest known standard of purity,—to go on doing this in the face of present fact and science, I must pronounce a crime for which ignorance is now no more excuse than indifference.

Let facts speak for themselves—and he that hath ears to hear, let him hear—



at such places as Long Branch, Atlanta, Somerville, N.J., and a hundred others. Let the reports—official, not *ex parte*—of most of the prominent experts in the chemical and biological testing of waters in the United States, interpret the testimony of the waters in such places as I have referred to, showing, as they do, foul waters constantly purified to the sanitary chemical standard, which is unknown in any surface-water supply in the world, and their swarming microbes of every kind eliminated down to a half of one per cent. (as shown by the investigation of the Providence Health Department), or to an infinitesimal quite undiscoverable by the culture-test, as reported by Professor Long, of Chicago, and Professor Kedzie, of the Michigan State University. These cumulative confirmations leave nothing to be demanded further in proof of the practicability and the duty of purifying all public water-supplies, whatever their condition, forthwith to an absolutely unimpeachable sanitary standard.

Nothing remains but to make the public understand the true and inexorable conditions of the achievement.

These conditions are nothing more nor less than a strict scientific reproduction in substance of the processes which science comparatively recent has traced out in the natural renovation of water, universally contaminated, to the crystal perfection of the finest springs.

These processes are precisely four. First, the chemico-mechanical action of the salts of the soil,—chiefly the ubiquitous alumina or common clay,—withdrawing from solution the dissolved organic matter which otherwise no depth or density of filtration can ever touch, and flaking together in their adhesive residuum the matter thus rendered tangible, with the microbes that flock with it, and other particles in suspension which are often too minute (as in coloring-matters) for exfiltration. Next, a compact and deep filter-bed of fine sand,—not forgetting the carbon which all soils supply. Then, a continuous and perfect cleansing of the filter-sand from the arrested impurities, such as is kept up in nature by the greedy root-filaments of plants. Finally, a forcible and prolonged oxygenation of the approximately purified water, under deep pressure analogous to that which nature gives to her finest product in the profound recesses of the earth.

To recognize these conditions is one thing; to realize them is quite another. Water-purification has been baffled for generations, and is still baffled in some places where it is vigorously pursued, by the want of mechanical devices competent to secure the last two objects,—perfect and continuous filter-cleansing, and forcible oxygenation.

Stone or porcelain filters are valuable for private use, because the exfiltered matters are held on the surface of the material and can be easily scrubbed off. But in a granular filter of large size it is no easy matter to scour every grain clean of the tenacious slime that accumulates on all surfaces that detain the impurities of a foul water-supply. This problem is emphatically the *pons asinorum* of all would-be water-purifiers on the large scale. The difficulty is to put through the filter a sufficient scouring energy of water-pressure without washing the sand out into the waste-pipe. This necessity has but recently been appreciated and met successfully, and in two ways: either an upper chamber is added to the filter, for the liquefied and tormented sand to be discharged and scoured in, and whence it may subside again into its bed when thoroughly cleansed; or else the requisite force of water is applied to parts of the sand in succession. No large filter has ever yet been kept clean or efficient but in one

or the other of these two ways; and unless so kept constantly and thoroughly clean, it is worse than nothing. Any pretence of getting along with the light, oozy rinsing that is practicable all at once in a single-chambered filter, or with a superficial wash in the top sand, is a "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." The knowledge of these things is the fruit of vast experience and expense in the past, and is as well established as any human knowledge can possibly be.

It should not be necessary, but perhaps it is, to point out that the upward action of a jet of water, which loosens the sand, is the only way to wash it, and the downward pressure, which compacts it, is the essential for efficient filtration. It seems incredible that even a theorist without experience could invert both of these self-evident principles and rush enthusiastically into "upward filtration" and downward washing. Yet such is a fact, and it is reported that a very big concern in the city of Philadelphia will engage in the idiotic experiment.

The last point is aeration. Too much has been claimed for it as a means of oxidizing the gross filth of streams; but as a finishing process for giving the highest refinement and vivacity of spring-water, it has the sanction of nature's example, and can be applied in the utmost perfection by artificial means.

For this, also, it is important to show the public how *not* to do it. The crude expedient of forcing air into city mains, to hammer its way, with great destruction of joints, to the house-faucets and hydrants, blowing out explosive spurts and spray in place of water, has been tried and got rid of in a number of places, notably Philadelphia and Chicago, and yet is still urged upon inexperienced communities. A harmless method, in behalf of which a good deal of enterprise is expended, is to force air into the bottom of the distributing reservoir, from which it mounts in bubbles like a balloon, and instantly and entirely escapes at the surface. Pressure unconfined and unresisted is not pressure, and compressed air released in an open reservoir is little less than free. The bubbles that seem to the untutored eye to be aerating and exhilarating the water are simply getting out of it, leaving nothing behind.

Here, again, nature is the inventor's true instructor, and a deep well affords the best practicable analogue to her far-underground laboratory for aeration under pressure. I know of no other effective apparatus as yet devised, but a pipe well, say one hundred feet deep, into which the water-supply falls, carrying with it a copious rush of air through a sort of Sprengel injector, and returning up from the bottom by a rising pipe connected with the filter or reservoir. Under a pressure of three atmospheres at the bottom of the well, the oxygen of the air is largely absorbed in excess of the nitrogen, and the latter freed escapes, while the oxygen remains to some extent and for some time in solution, and, being comparatively undiluted with nitrogen, acts rapidly and powerfully for the destruction of organic matter and for the sanitation of organic germs. For an example and test in practice of this novel and powerful process of aeration, in combination with the other conditions above stated for perfect water-renovation on the large scale, the best public water-works at present are those of Long Branch, N.J. The results, scientifically stated, are as follows. Chemical analysis by Prof. Norton for the Massachusetts State Board of Health: Albuminoid ammonia (principal indication of organic contamination), 0.0176 part in one million parts of water before purifying; after purifying, 0.006 part,—a reduction of about two-thirds of the impurity from a water already near to the safety standard, bringing it down to fifty per cent. *purer* than the safety standard

Biological tests by Dr. Charles V. Chapin, Superintendent of Health for the City of Providence, R.I., thrice repeated: Organisms in 1 cubic centimetre of water before purifying, 258; 298; 248: after purifying, 5, 2, and 3, respectively.

*William C. Conant.*

### THE SEAMY SIDE OF LITERATURE.

ANY one who wishes to become acquainted with the seamy side of literature should examine the batch of manuscripts received daily by some periodical publication. After passing through the several stages of amazement, irritation, and disgust, he would probably arrive at the conclusion that people who find they are incapable, through lack of brain-power, of doing anything else in the world, think themselves amply qualified to turn author. They would not attempt to compose a symphony, or paint a picture, without previous instruction; but as for writing,—well, all that is necessary is to invest in pen, ink, and paper. With this capital, they are ready to set up in the business of literature. Allured by the glittering fairy-tales of the paragrapher, they do not see why they, as well as others, should not amass wealth and laurel wreaths. Their artless unconsciousness of their own incapacity—the serene confidence with which they send forth their effusions—would be touching, if it were not such an oft-told tale.

Only the examiner of manuscripts can know the baleful ingenuity of those who take an enemy into their hands to steal away their brains,—the Protean forms their ignorance and folly assume. It seems as if there must exist, somewhere, a sort of literary Domdaniel whither they repair, at stated intervals, to become wise in all manner of editor-torturing devices. Perhaps it is some limping verses,—of so doleful a cast that they may be said to have one foot in the grave,—sent by a lady who states that they are “from the pen of a beloved sister of my friend Mrs. Briggs,” and holds out to the editor the bright hope that he may be an humble instrument in “the development of a future genius.” But the editor, being a cautious man, is not prepared to take any such risk. Another sends a rambling narrative relating, with much circumlocution, the life, sufferings, and death of “one of nature’s noblemen who everybody called uncle;” saying, in the accompanying letter, “I hope some day to make a name for myself by which I may be able to earn some money with which to aid my mother, fix her home, which is going to rack, and do something for my sisters and one thing more which I rather not write, being so secret.”

A poet, clearly of German nationality, sends an “Ode to the Western Maid,” and writes concerning the inspiration thereof, “There is in this town such lovely young Lady, and as she is of the excellent ladies of the West a true type, I was inspired by the Muse to compose the poem. It may attract the attention of foreigners to the rich resources of the Western land, and as the graceful, noble, unsurpassed maidens are well deserving the highest praise, I take the occasion to recommend them. I have written also other poem,—namely, Praise of the Teacher Lady, and Praise of the Typo Lady.” Another bard, with a name that indicates Polish origin, thus expresses himself on the subject of the birth and development of his genius: “Having been a lover of poetry and poems, I spent all my moments in essaying to write poems of divers kind. I did write and compose a few, but upon reading them over and again they seemed to loose their

primitive merit. Since of recently, however, I have acquired to write with a down and harmonious current, not speaking egotastically." An extract will serve to show the nature of this "down and harmonious current:"

You may question about the throne or seat  
Of Spring, if you doubt it isn't seed,  
Everywhere as can plainly be seen,  
From the rose down to bush-weed  
Now dressed in form of green.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
You may dwell upon the rose and lily too,  
But if you do not your course pursue  
That leads into the bushy-wild,  
Or the sand-hill flower homage do,  
You'll never mark the array of every nature child;  
You'll never know it's a festal Sunday  
When each form smiles and is gay—  
Merriment decks the globe,—  
If you don't a universal homage pay  
To the ubiquitous palace of hope.

Having run the gamut of the merely tedious, the mildly ridiculous, the wildly absurd, the positively illiterate comes, in its turn, in the shape of a lyric accompanied by a request—nay, a demand—for immediate publication:

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

AIR—*Cottage by the Sea.*

1st Verse.

So you have lerned to love an nother,  
And you will soon possess his name,  
Fare the well, then I must leve you,  
I will go and rome the wild, wild plane;  
As I rome the plane, my darling,  
A mong the beast that are not tame,  
I will lissen for the winds to mumer,  
Billie, love, come back again.

Chorus.

Good by, lizzie, I must leve you,  
Tho the parting gives me pain,  
If you change your mind, my darling,  
Then I will return again.

And here is a story, the scene of which is laid on the shores of the Dead Sea. It is from one of the most spirited and resolute of would-be contributors, —a young woman still in her teens, to judge by the crudity of her productions. She has poured forth poems, essays, romances,—even a dissertation upon Job, which that long-suffering man would undoubtedly have regarded as the last straw, had it been written during his period of trial. One of her novelettes related the sad history of a young man who, after making a solemn vow to "taste not, touch not, handle not," went to a "fashionable ball" and met there a siren who "lured him with the wine-cup" and then induced him to gamble away his fortune.



"Oh!" said the author, in a burst of impassioned eloquence, "if women only knew their evil influence over weak Man, they would retire under a nun's veil!"

These effusions were always accompanied by long letters in which the writer became very confidential, even going to the length of asking for the editor's photograph. She added, in order that he might understand what a compliment was implied in the request, "There are very few people's photographs I would have. Only some one like my dear Grandpa, like you, like the exalted types of manhood God has given me as friends."

At last, moved to pity by such misdirected energy, the editor, in a moment of weakness, sent her a letter of good advice, in place of the customary printed formula. But, though well meant, his epistle had the effect of turning her honey into gall, as was testified by the answer that speedily arrived: "Notwithstanding such a prodigious amount of sarcasm accompanied your advice, it had no effect upon me. I am well aware that when you wrote that letter you were laboring under the delusion that it would crush me to earth,—that all hope of my ever accomplishing anything in the great Palæstria of literature would be entirely overwhelmed by its sarcasm. But here let me correct your mistaken impression. Though now you may dictate to me with impunity, yet some day, *mark you*, if our lives are spared, the tables will be turned, the dictating will be on my side, and you will deem it an *honor* to publish my writings. I think it will be decidedly conducive to your peace of mind if you will, for a moment, crawl from under your shell of selfishness and self-conceit, and realize that the mantle of the third Hebrew king and Greece's seven sages has not fallen upon the stronger sex alone. I request that you will not again write to me until you have acquired in some degree the gentle spirit of the author of the *Pentateuch*."

That gentle spirit never did descend upon the editor; but the spirited author has relented sufficiently to send him the literary Dead Sea fruit previously alluded to.

Another writer has clearly had some journalistic aspirations nipped in the bud; for he writes an article denouncing newspaper methods and writers,—the corruptness of the former, and the incompetence and illiteracy of the latter. "Why," he remarks, "if the compositors were to follow the copy of these *men ver batum*, it would not take three issues of the paper to disgrace them." In conclusion, he adds, "One whose digestion has always been good, and whose earthly lot has never been darkened by a single cloud, may detect in these observations a trace of the *cinic*; but to me they are but the half-expressed inspirations of sad experience:

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

This may be said to express the wail of the rejected and give voice to their sense of deep injury. No man or woman finds disappointment anything but bitter; yet, even if they must fail, need they fail ridiculously, or resent defeat with angry cries, like a spoiled child? Whether or not the comfortable doctrine of the successful—that genius never goes unrecognized—be true, mere lack of recognition does not necessarily imply genius. And if full many a flower is born to blush unseen, so, it must be remembered, is full many a weed.

J. K. Wetherill.

## WHAT IT COSTS TO ISSUE BIG NEWSPAPERS.

It certainly does not seem to cost a great deal. Doubtless the average reader of an eight-page daily journal of the first class has not the remotest idea of the amount of money required to publish it. It looks so cheap, and—when one has gleaned the news from it—so worthless.

The heaviest single item of expense, for a metropolitan newspaper of large circulation, is for the paper on which it is printed. Of course this varies greatly. The New York *World* and the New York *Times* are each, let us say, eight pages, but the *World* spends more in a day for its white paper than does the *Times* in a week. It is within bounds to place the paper-bill of an eight-page journal, with an average daily circulation of seventy-five thousand, at close upon one thousand dollars per day. During 1888 the New York *World* is said to have paid out six hundred thousand dollars for its paper. The bulky Sunday editions, of from sixteen to thirty-two pages, of the larger newspapers swell the weekly totals.

The "composition" bills vary from about seven hundred and fifty dollars a week for four-page papers like the Boston *Post*, Philadelphia *Record*, Baltimore *News*, and Chicago *Evening Journal*, to six thousand dollars a week for the largest ten- and twelve-page papers, which issue special suburban editions involving the waste of many columns of "local" news put in type for particular places and not used in the principal city editions. It is by means of these special editions that the amazing circulation of certain metropolitan journals is secured.

It is impossible to cover in a single statement the editorial expenditures of the leading newspapers. They differ in this respect more widely than in any other. There is one successful class, represented by the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, whose staff of editorial writers does not cost it one hundred dollars a week; there is another class, including papers like the New York *Sun* and Chicago *Tribune*, the weekly salaries of whose editorial writers foot up not less than one thousand dollars. Perhaps the best-paid editorial writer on any daily journal in the country is Mayo W. Haseltine, of the New York *Sun*, who is said to receive one hundred and seventy-five dollars a week.

In the same way great newspapers differ extremely in the money they expend for special telegraphic news. Certain excellent "local" newspapers with established advertising patronage, notably the Philadelphia *Ledger* and the Baltimore *Sun*, satisfied with the outside news-service of the Associated Press, pay for telegraph-tolls not more than one hundred dollars a week; while other enterprising newspapers, like the New York *World*, *Sun*, *Times*, and *Herald*, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and the Philadelphia *Press*, pay from five hundred dollars to twelve hundred dollars a week. This, it should be borne in mind, is for telegraph-service alone; for here another important distinction between these two classes must be noted. The first (the great local newspapers or advertising mediums) probably expend only from seventy-five dollars to one hundred and twenty-five dollars per week on the special correspondents who send news by telegraph or mail, and are paid by "space," or at so much per column, contributed or printed; while for the same

services the papers of the second class pay out from eight hundred dollars to two thousand dollars per week.

The staff of reporters is not such a variable quantity, since all metropolitan journals must give, with more or less completeness, the news of the cities in which they are published. There are, indeed, in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and Chicago, penny newspapers whose entire weekly outlay for the gathering of "local" news, including the salary of the city editor, does not exceed one hundred and thirty-five dollars. But the larger newspapers employ from twenty to twenty-five reporters at an average weekly salary of twenty dollars, and pay their city editors from fifty dollars to seventy-five dollars.

Then there are the telegraph editors, say five of them at an average weekly wage of twenty-five dollars (the New York *Sun* pays best for this important and laborious service); the literary, dramatic, and financial editors, on salaries ranging from thirty dollars to seventy-five dollars per week; the "news," sometimes the same as the "night," editor, who "makes up" the paper and "puts it to press," and rightly gets well paid therefor; and—saving his highness the editor-in-chief, whose income is too magnificent for mention—there is, finally, the managing editor, who may be paid from fifty to sixty dollars a week all the way up to the princely salary of Colonel John Cockerill, of the New York *World*, who receives from Mr. Pulitzer the snug fortune of twenty thousand dollars a year.

A word should be said about the cable-tolls. These are not so heavy as the public may think. The cable despatches and Sunday letters not only come in skeleton form, very much condensed in substance and abbreviated in letter, to be expanded (though not unduly) on this side of the sea, but they are paid for by the various syndicates of newspapers which receive them. Thus, the New York journal which arranges for a cable letter sells it to a leading paper in five other cities. The cable letter as printed makes one thousand words, we shall say. As received it was five hundred words in length, and the toll for it (at twelve cents a word) was sixty dollars. But divided among six the cost is only ten dollars a thousand words,—not such a lavish outlay, after all. Three New York papers published short reports from the American base-ball team that lately played its way around the world. Now, the telegraph rate to and from Australia is two dollars and fifty cents a word, as the message must be repeated twenty times and go and come by way of Europe. Even at the rate for newspapers of one dollar and twenty-five cents a word these base-ball reports seem a remarkable piece of extravagance, until one knows of the ingenious cipher system by which they were received. There are just so many probable plays in a game of base-ball; only about twenty words were necessary for each report. Divide this trivial cost among the syndicate, and see how insignificant one phase of newspaper "enterprise" becomes.

In my list of expenditures I have taken no account of the force in the business office, the mailing-room, the foundry, and the press-room. I have not the space to dwell upon them. But add the various items for a mammoth newspaper and you'll find the grand total far over a million. This is stunning; but I learn from a trustworthy source that the *World* cleared a million dollars last year.

Melville Philips.

## BOOK-TALK.

THERE can be no greater literary treat than the autobiography of a genuine man. Now, Edward Fitzgerald was above all things a genuine man, and the first volume of his "Letters and Literary Remains" (Macmillan), which is edited by that able craftsman William Aldis Wright on much the same principle that gave its charm to Cross's "Life of George Eliot," has all the essentials of an autobiography. Mr. Wright allows the Letters to tell their own tale; he adds only a very slender connecting thread of narrative,—enough to be explanatory, not enough to be obtrusive. It is a fine honest mind and heart that are here revealed. Fitzgerald was one of those rare characters who are thoroughly frank with themselves. No wonder Thackeray's daughter thought she discerned in him many of the traits of the novelist's "Warrington." There is no room here for cant and humbug, any more than there was in Pendennis's friend. Fitzgerald speaks his mind out plainly about men and things, but a royal good nature dominates all he says. Even the passage which excites Mr. Browning to his unfortunate ebullition of bile and saliva had no ill feeling in it. Mr. Browning fancied that Fitzgerald thanked God his wife was dead, and so suggested that there would be an admirable appropriateness in spitting upon the dead critic with lips once consecrate by hers. Fitzgerald did not thank God for Mrs. Browning's death. He obviously had no personal grudge against her. He did not even know her. But critically he was prejudiced against her writings; he was glad that no more Aurora Leighs were to be added to English literature. The *Deo gratias* occurred in a letter to a personal friend; it was never meant for publication (Mr. Wright has acknowledged, indeed, that he erred in giving it to the light), and it is dictated by no unkindly feeling. It is such a remark as any one of us might casually drop, in a letter or in conversation, on the death of some public person with whom we did not agree.

Now, this is not saying that Fitzgerald was right in his estimate of Mrs. Browning's literary worth. Fitzgerald, it has already been adjudged by competent authority, was often wrong in his judgments of writers both of his time and of the past, as every genuine man is likely to be. One distrusts a taste that is too catholic, that is always in touch with what we call the cultivated opinion. Cultivated opinion is only too apt to like the books that it never reads. It was with no great shock of surprise that some years ago we heard one eminent critic charge, and prove, that another eminent critic had never read some of the "recognized" masterpieces which he freely praised. If the latter had read them, however, he would have praised them quite as freely. Educated opinion is a bugaboo which deprives the critic of his manliness. Not many people perhaps would agree with the verdicts which Mr. Fawcett, for example, has passed upon Browning and Carlyle in his volume "Agnosticism, and Other Essays" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Yet we should do homage to a critic who has the courage of his convictions, who consciously and without affectation of singularity runs counter to educated opinion. We should be glad to see a man who depends not upon hearsay but upon the report of his own faculties for his convictions.



You remember the story of the young physician who was so modest of his own powers that he determined to begin by practising on an infant. Something of the same feeling prompts many authors to flesh their maiden pens on translation. Now, a genuine translation, a translation that does not play traitor to the original, is one of the most difficult of literary feats. The really good versions of foreign authors that enrich English literature may be counted upon one's fingers. Among these, of course, the King James Bible stands out pre-eminent. Thomas Urquhart's translation of Rabelais is another marvellous bit of work that belongs to the same era. Had Rabelais written in English, not French, he could not have been more spontaneous and Rabelaisian than Urquhart. Some of Swinburne's versions of Villon are excellent, and Swinburne himself has recorded his admiration of Rossetti's translation of the same poet's "Ballade of Dead Ladies,"—refusing, indeed, to enter into competition with the elder translator by producing a rival version. Carlyle's renditions of German authors are all good, though too uniformly Carlylese to be thoroughly representative of the originals. Bayard Taylor's "Faust" comes very near being a great work, but Goethe is too mighty an artist not to elude the grasp of the most patient art, the most fruitful scholarship, unless animated by a similar genius. Longfellow is our best American translator, yet his Dante is not quite a success: he has earned his pre-eminence by such exquisite *tours de force* as his "The Castle by the Sea" from Uhland, and "The Silent Land" from Salis. Charles T. Brooks and Charles G. Leland are entitled to respect for many of their renditions of German authors: the latter's Heine should be contrasted with the barbarisms of Sir Edgar Bowring's and Sir Theodore Martin's. Any one who makes the acquaintance of Heine through the atrocities perpetrated by those ruthless knights must find himself face to face with an enigma in literary reputation.

Translating has been aptly called pouring from a gold into a silver chalice. If the silver be sound and pure we thankfully accept the substitute. Yet in rare instances translators have done even better: they have poured from gold into gold, they have even poured out of the silver into the gold, they have improved upon their originals. Fitzgerald is one of these; still another was the forgotten James Clarence Mangan, whom some of us fret to see forgotten. Not, indeed, the Mangan who vulgarized a few of Goethe's and Schiller's best poems, but the Mangan (strange it should be another, yet the same!) who gave us golden substitutes for the silver of Rückert, Freiligrath, and Zedlitz in "The Ride across the Parapet," "Grabbe," and "The Midnight Review." Mangan's "Lenore," considered simply as an English poem, is one of the finest ballads of the weird and the supernatural in the language. It is a finer poem than William Taylor's paraphrase, which Sir Walter Scott admired and imitated, and it is more literal; it is far superior to Brooks's version,—the only other one, out of a hundred different attempts, which can be mentioned in the same breath.

Of the relative merits of Fitzgerald and Omar Khayyam most of us can speak only by hearsay,—Persian is not a common accomplishment,—though we may credit hearsay the more when we find its report strengthened by corroborative evidence. We are told that not Omar Khayyam but Saadi and Hafiz are the great names of Oriental poetry. Now, to us Saadi and Hafiz are names and little more; their subtler beauties have been mastered by no interpreter among the several who have essayed the task. Omar Khayyam has had some half-

dozen translations (here comes the clever Mr. Justin H. McCarthy with one, and here also is another which hails from Chicago), and they all, with the exception of Fitzgerald's, claim at least the merit of being literal. Now, these literal versions lose not only the nameless aroma of Fitzgerald's verse, which may, indeed, exist in the Persian and need a poet's touch to reproduce, but also some of the most striking thoughts, metaphors, and epigrams which certainly should not fail to reappear, roughly at least, in a literal translation.

In the preface to the translation which he and a collaborator have made of a number of French short stories or *contes*—"The Dead Leman, and Other Tales" (Scribners)—Mr. Andrew Lang makes a contemptuous allusion to an American version of the titular story "in which Romuald does not go to bed, but retires, and in which nothing begins but everything commences." The version to which he alludes is evidently Lescadio Hearn's. The Reviewer must acknowledge that only in a half-hearted way can he join in the crusade against the word "commence." As a rule, "begin" is the better word, just as "tweedledee" is on the whole a homelier, simpler, and less affected locution than "tweedledum," with its suspiciously Latin termination. Nathless a man is not ostracized from respectable literary society because he chooses to make his hero commence rather than begin. And as to the Americanism "to retire,"—that might well sound *gauche* and mock-modest to unaccustomed ears. But, on the other hand, is not going to bed a humdrum and prosaic vocation? Perhaps Cæsar and Alexander did not retire; neither did they go to bed,—or not without a loss of personal dignity. Dropping mere verbal criticism, however, it must be said that, though Lang is more natural, gayer, more debonair, Hearn has succeeded better in reproducing the languorous and sensuous effect, "the faint archaism, the perfume, the poetry, of Gautier's prose." With Mérimée, About, and the others who are included in this little volume Mr. Lang succeeds better. The stories are admirable examples of a form of literature in which Frenchmen have always excelled.

This is a form in which Germans, especially, are held to be deficient. Even their novels, it is complained, are long, cumbrous, awkward; they lack the artistic touch which gives a paragraph in a sentence, a sentence in a word. Yet the Germans have produced at least five writers of *contes* worthy to rank with the best in any literature,—Fouqué, Hoffmann, Tieck, Heyse, and Zschokke. Perhaps Goethe might be added as a sixth on the strength of his exquisite "New Melusina," but he certainly would be ruled out if his adherents sought to press the claims of that chaotic Märchen which Germans ambitiously style *The Tale*. This tale of tales is a wondrous allegorical poem if you will, it is, properly speaking, no *conte*. As to the five authors already mentioned, the Reviewer owns himself a captive to their various charms, and there are moods when he would prefer the least of them, Zschokke himself, to his more famous rivals. "The Journal of a Poor Vicar,"—founded, it is said, on the same original as Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield,"—"The Adventures of a New-Year's Night," and "The Broken Pitcher," are little masterpieces of their kind. He is glad to see that the Messrs. Putnam have republished in the favorite Knickerbocker Nuggets a selection from the translations of these and other tales which Mr. Parke Godwin gave to the public some forty years ago.

William S. Walsh.

Whatever the critics may say, or disdain to say (for their silence is more destructive than condemnation), of Mr. Gunter's tales, those imaginative works possess that most salient of merits which belonged to Tupper in the past, and to the razors in the ballad; they "do sell." In "That Frenchman" he frankly assaults and triumphantly carries the reader's curiosity with a method borrowed from Gaboriau and Du Boisgobey; indeed, his treatment is more advanced, more Gallic, more eminently active, than theirs. Something remarkable happens on every page; events tread on each other's heels and tumble over one another to such an extent that it is difficult to remember them all; they sparkle and gleam and coruscate, till one is bewildered by the rockets and Roman candles incessantly shooting through the air, and the fire-crackers sputtering about one's heels. No wonder, when the characters are perpetually "astounded" by their own performances. From the latter part of this book you get such a light on the intricate tanglements of Russian policemen and Nihilists as Stepniak and Mr. Kennan together are wholly unable to afford.

It is not easy to follow in the footsteps of an illustrious predecessor and at the same time maintain a character of one's own, but Dr. Lyman Abbott seems to be doing it at Plymouth Church. His "Signs of Promise" are worthy of the place, and of the time. A disciple of Mr. Beecher, with (inevitably) less than his master's magnetism, expansiveness, and brilliancy, he is equally earnest and more logical. These sermons were reported, but there is about them nothing of the mental looseness so often characteristic of the extempore discourse; they read as if they had been carefully written. They are not lacking in frankness: the New England theology, we are told, "made man an automaton and God a glacier;" the controversy which divided Presbyterianism into Old and New School "would have rent the Congregationalists into two denominations,—only you cannot rend a lot of separated threads." As to formal doctrine, "man's character is not made by his creed: his creed is made by his character. Dogmas are creatures, not creators." But Dr. Abbott is not merely destructive; he builds up valiantly, holding the theology of the past to be in no vital relation to the essential truths of Christianity, but merely a human accretion, a fungus which has grown upon the tree of life.

*Robert Tinsol.*

### RECENT LIPPINCOTT PUBLICATIONS.

EXTRACTS from the Journal of Elizabeth Drinker. From 1759 to 1807 A.D. Edited by Henry D. Biddle.

To Philadelphians, and especially to Philadelphians with Philadelphia grandfathers, this journal has a particular interest on account of the great number of old names which are mentioned in it. But the book has a much wider interest than a merely genealogical one, and has for the general reader a peculiar historical value: a glance at the dates between which the Journal was kept shows that events fraught with the greatest importance occurred while the Journal was being written, events which even the quiet Quaker author could not allow to escape without comment, nor keep from disturbing the peaceful current of her life. Elizabeth Drinker was the daughter of William Sandwith, a native of Ireland, who early in life emigrated to America and became a prominent merchant in Philadelphia. Elizabeth was married to Henry Drinker, a shipper and importer, in 1761: hence her diary commences a few years previous to her mar-

riage. The general reader must not be discouraged by the first few pages, which chronicle only small happenings, and especially such a number of tea-drinkings that we cannot but feel the appropriateness of the name which the young Quakeress took to herself in marriage. As the Journal progresses it increases rapidly in interest, and suddenly the storm of the Revolution breaks in upon it without previous warning, almost the first indication being given in this quaint and Quakerly way :

"A part of Washington's army has been routed, and have been seen coming into Town in great numbers; ye particulars of the Battle I have not attended to; ye slain is said to be very numerous. Hundreds of their muskets laying in ye road—which those that made off have thrown down.

"I was a little fluttered by hearing a Drum stop at our door, and a hard knocking succeed; it proved to be men with orders for H. D. to appear, or find a substitute. There has been a meeting this afternoon at ye State House, on what account I know not. 'Tis supposed that G. Washington is in Town this evening."

We are apt to imagine that during the occurrence of such great events as the American Revolution, all the people who are not actually taking part are kept in a continual state of agitation and suspense, and have scarce a thought for anything save the great struggle; but in this Journal we are given glimpses of quiet peace-loving people who cared little for the war or its results, save only when the tide of battle set immediately in their direction and forced itself upon their observation. This is the way in which the surrender of Cornwallis is noted :

"Ye 17th of this month, October, Gen'l Cornwallis was taken, for which we previously suffered on ye 24th, by way of rejoicing. A mob assembled about 7 o'clock, or before, and continued their insults until near 10, to those whose Houses were not illuminated. Scarcely one Friend's House escaped. We had nearly 70 panes of glass broken; ye sash lights and two panels of the front Parlor broke in pieces—ye Door cracked and violently burst open; when they threw stones into ye House for some time, but did not enter."

Diaries such as Mrs. Drinker's form valuable supplements to history, for they give accurate accounts of the every-day life of the people, or of certain portions of the people, while history devotes itself to the leading political events.

After notes of the Revolution have quietly slipped out of the entries in the diary, the next important event noted is the yellow fever scourge which first visited Philadelphia in 1793. Such entries as the following show that in our times we certainly have improved in methods of caring for the sick and of suppressing contagious diseases :

"The poor sick man who has lain two nights in ye fields, was found this morning by the 7th milestone vomitting—he had now got among the inhabitants. J. Perot and others raised 4 dollars, for which sum a man took him away in a cart."

Many other events of an historical nature are touched upon: the administrations of Washington and Adams, the French Revolution, the killing of Hamilton by Burr, and other important occurrences. The diary gives frequent glimpses of the life in the quiet Quaker circles of old Philadelphia which are very interesting. The editor, Mr. Henry D. Biddle, has done his work carefully and well, and has added many valuable foot-notes.

UNDER the taking title of "Gold that did not Glitter" the clever author of "The Story of Don Miff" issues a new novel. Virginus Dabney has a peculiar and whimsical style which gives a decided stamp of originality to his stories. "Gold that did not Glitter" is full of bright and clever things, and the story skips along at so lively a rate that the reader hardly stops to take breath before he has finished it. The scene opens in New York, where we catch glimpses of a New York boarding-house and of a Bohemian restaurant, and then is shifted to Virginia, where the author treads his native heath. The hero, an Englishman, is a kind of Lord of Burleigh, who makes a penniless Virginia girl very happy by winning her love as a poor man, and then showering his wealth upon her.

WHEN Mrs. Josephine W. Bates published her "A Blind Lead," about a year ago, she showed herself to be a novelist of considerable ability and power. Her last novel, "A Nameless Wrestler," cannot fail to add greatly to her reputation. The plot is an exceptionally strong one, and is very skilfully wrought out; the problem of evil enters into it, and the manner in which retribution dogs the path of the ill-doer is very powerfully portrayed. There are capital descriptions of Western life, the scenes being laid in Portland, Oregon, during its transition-stage from a trading-post to a flourishing town, and among the Rocky Mountains during the gold-hunting period. The rough characters of the miners are described with a realistic pen, and there is a very exciting account of a raid upon a mining-camp by Nez Percé Indians, and a subsequent rescue. But the book does not rely upon mere excitement of scene to give it interest, for the author has a grasp upon life and its problems that lends to her book its real charm and power.

A VERY clever novel in "Lippincott's Series of Select Novels" is "Julian Karlake's Secret," by Mrs. John Hodder Needell. Julian Karlake, the hero, is a fine-strung, high-minded character, with perhaps a too quixotic sense of the responsibilities of a promise made in boyhood to his dying mother. The promise made was to shield a younger brother from harm at whatever expense to himself. The younger brother turns out badly, and becomes a *roué* and a forger. To keep his promise and screen his younger brother becomes the paramount object of Julian Karlake's life. The sins of the guilty brother are for a time visited upon the head of the innocent, who bears his trials bravely. The younger brother is believed to be dead, and Julian Karlake feels that he cannot reveal the secret of his existence, for by so doing he will bring him to the criminal dock, while, on the other hand, as a consequence of keeping this fact a secret, public disgrace awaits himself, as well as separation from a lovely and loving wife. All this he is prepared to accept, when luckily an old friend appears on the scene, who knows Julian Karlake's secret, and reveals it, so that the innocent may not suffer for the crimes of the guilty brother. The book is full of strong scenes, and never allows the reader's interest to flag for an instant.



## CURRENT NOTES.

THE sword of Damocles forever hangs over the head of humanity, from the cradle to the grave. In this degenerate age, when every man's gain is another man's loss, the sword has assumed gigantic proportions. We all know man is born to die, but that he should be hustled into the grave before his allotted three-score years and ten, by the hidden crimes of his brother man, is a wrong that the laws of the country should right. 'Tis bad enough when indiscretions and the frailties common to humanity bring the painful rewards, but when suffering and death are hidden from knowledge by the wicked machinations of our fellow-men, 'tis a fearful crime for which to be responsible. Two-thirds of the suffering, the pain and misery of this world, is due to the ignorance of the sufferer and the cupidity of his neighbor. We instinctively cling to the law of self-preservation, and yet every day of our lives through want of knowledge and investigation we may be taking into our system death-producing substances. If a man commits a murder, by common consent he is hung; if a man forges a note or makes counterfeit money, he goes to the penitentiary by general acclamation; but if a man adulterates the food of his fellow-man, he climbs easily and high toward the pinnacle of success and is cheerfully urged to go higher. Manslaughter runs riot in everything,—in our tea, coffee, sugar, bread,—in almost everything we eat and drink that can by perverted ingenuity be adulterated. That men prosper by deceit is bad enough, but that food producers and sellers thrive by manslaughter is enough to make one shudder. Every effort to mitigate this evil should be applauded, and when men of scientific knowledge and experience, having the welfare of humanity at heart, give to the public a pure, nutritious, strength-giving food product, authorized and accepted by all scientific heads, there is no excuse for suffering the pangs of death in the tortures of dyspepsia, headache, and all human ills. So little attention has been paid to adulterated food, that few physicians recognize it as an important cause of disease that menaces every community; invalids and little children falling victims to the fraud. One of the first to wage a war against food adulteration was the Price Baking Powder Co. Their earnest efforts to protect the public health and bring the bread-tainters to exposure and conviction will not be forgotten. The issue of their war was purity in human diet, and the decision of the National Food Analysts was that Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder was the only one they could recommend to general family use, being free from ammonia, lime, and all drug taint.

**A POET-EDITOR.**—Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "*The Light of Asia*" and many other exquisite poems, is the editor of the *London Daily Telegraph*. He is now making an extended tour, and has been received with much distinction in this country. When in London he goes but little to the office of the *Telegraph*, but does his editorial writing at home. Although a poet, he is very methodical in his work, and supplies punctually a stated amount of editorial matter each day. His editorials bear an individual stamp, and are readily recognized, though unsigned. His wife was an American woman, very gifted and charming. Since her death Sir Edwin has retired from society and accepts but few invitations.

**MAKING THE MINUTE.**—In a recent article Max Müller explains the wherefore of our divisions of the hour and minute. He says, "Why is our hour divided into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds, etc.? Simply and solely because in Babylonia there existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as sixty. The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into twenty-four parasangs, or 720 stadia. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into sixty minutes. A parasang is about a German mile, and Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing one parasang. The whole course of the sun during the twenty-four equinoctial hours was fixed at twenty-four parasangs, or 720 stadia, or 360 degrees. This system was handed on to the Greeks, and Hipparchus, the great philosopher, who lived about 150 B.C., introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. Ptolemy, who wrote about 150 A.D., and whose name still lives in that of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, gave still wider currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time. It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the Middle Ages, and, strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French Revolution. For the French, when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins, and dates, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches, and allowed our dials to remain sexagesimal, that is, Babylonian, each hour consisting of sixty minutes. Here you see again the wonderful coherence of the world, and how what we call knowledge is the result of an unbroken tradition of a teaching descending from father to son. Not more than about a hundred arms would reach from us to the builders of the palaces of Babylon, and enable us to shake hands with the founders of the oldest pyramids and to thank them for what they have done for us."

**THE BARBER'S POLE.**—The barber formerly was a surgeon as well as a barber, inasmuch as he practised blood-letting. The pole was used by the barber-surgeon for the patient to grasp while his blood was let, and a fillet or bandage was used for tying the arm. When the pole was not in use, the tape was twisted around it, and it was hung out as a sign. Afterwards, instead of hanging out the actual pole used in operating, a pole was painted with stripes around it in imitation of the real pole and its bandages: hence the barber's pole.

WE ANTICIPATE the time when the benevolent features of the old gentleman who triumphantly holds up Ayer's Sarsaparilla, with the exclamation, "Worth \$5 a bottle!" will be as much admired on canvas as they are on paper.

For the aged, who are often painfully reminded of advancing years, as well as for the young, who may have inherited a taint of blood disease, no medicine can approach Ayer's Sarsaparilla in strength, efficacy, and freedom from any harmful ingredient. It is, by far, the most popular and economical of all blood-purifiers.

"I have been more or less troubled with scrofula, but never very seriously until the spring of 1882. At that time I took a severe cold, which, notwithstanding all efforts to cure, grew worse and finally became a chronic catarrh. I tried many of the so-called specifics, but obtained no relief until I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using nearly two bottles of this medicine I noticed an improvement. When I had taken six bottles all traces of catarrh had gone and I was restored to perfect health."—A. B. CORNELL, *Fairfield, Iowa.*



"It is my experience that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has no equal as a blood-purifier, especially for the cure of scrofula. We sell a large quantity of this valuable preparation."—WM. B. SNYDER, *Roaring Creek, Pa.*

"No medicine could be better adapted to cleansing the blood of such impurities as manifest themselves on the skin by pimples and blotches, small ulcers, etc., than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have used it for that purpose with the most gratifying results."—J. R. ROSEBERRY, *Warton, Texas.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

**Best Cough Cure.**—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral strengthens the vocal organs, allays irritation of the mucous membrane, and prevents the inroads of consumption. In every stage of that disease, this medicine relieves coughing and induces refreshing rest. Colds, coughs, croup, and sore throat are always benefited and, in most cases, promptly cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

**MEN OF STRAW.**—In earlier times the procuring of witnesses to perjure themselves by false swearing was more common than now, and men could be easily found to give any evidence upon oath that might be required of them. In England it was a common thing for these mercurial wretches to walk openly in Westminster Hall with a straw in one of their shoes to signify they wanted employment as witnesses: hence originated the expression "he is a man of straw." These false witnesses can boast of a high antiquity. A writer in the *Quarterly Review*, describing the ancient courts in Greece, says, "We have all heard of a race of men who used in former days to ply about our own courts of law, and who, from their manner of making known their occupation, were recognized by the name of straw-shoes. An advocate or lawyer who wanted a convenient witness knew by these signs where to find one, and the colloquy between the parties was brief. 'Don't you remember?' said the advocate. The party looked at the fee and gave no sign; but the fee increased, and the powers of memory increased with it: 'To be sure I do.' 'Then come into court and swear it!' And straw-shoes went into court and swore it. Athens abounded in straw-shoes." There are plenty of "straw-shoes" still, but they do not wear their distinguishing mark. They devote their talents now chiefly to furnishing bail without the necessary qualifications, and "straw-bail" has become a familiar term in our courts.

**THE ROMANCE OF "KENILWORTH."**—The unfortunate Anne Dudley, the first wife of Lord Robert Dudley, Queen Elizabeth's favorite, and after Anne's death Earl of Leicester, was the daughter of Sir John Robsart. She was married to Lord Robert Dudley on June 4, 1550. Soon after the accession of Elizabeth, when Dudley's ambitious views of a royal alliance had opened upon him, his countess mysteriously died at the retired mansion of Cumnor, near Abington, September 8, 1560. The manner of her death is but imperfectly ascertained; still, there seems to be greater foundation for supposing the earl guilty of her murder than usually belongs to such rumors,—all her other attendants being absent at Abington Fair, except Sir Richard Verney and his man.

**A NEW DEPARTURE.**—So far *Lippincott's Magazine* in the selection of its novels has confined itself to native American authors; but it has recently secured two strong novels from two prominent English authors, which will be brought out in the near future. One of these stories is from the gifted pen of Oscar Wilde, who is known upon this side of the water chiefly as the apostle of æstheticism, but who is destined to a more enduring fame as a poet, dramatist, and novelist. The other novel is by A. Conan Doyle, whose recent book, "Micah Clarke, his Statement," has caused a sensation on both sides of the water. Dr. Doyle is a young man, about thirty years of age. He has been successful both as a physician and as an author. For years before "Micah Clarke" made him famous he contributed to leading English periodicals. His last novel, "The House of Girdlestone," has been published by a syndicate. His father was a well-known artist, whose brother was the celebrated Dick Doyle, of *Punch*; another uncle is Mr. Henry Doyle, C.B., a director of the Royal Irish Academy.

There will be no dearth in the future, however, of stories from leading American authors, and there will soon appear novels by such popular writers as Julian Hawthorne, Captain Charles King, John Habberton, and others.

**PINK-EYE; OR OPHTHALMIA**, is a painful disease of the interior lids and eyeballs that sometimes becomes epidemic. Babies are frequently attacked with it. "It is ophthalmia," said a prominent physician to a young mother; "you had better be careful, or she'll lose the sight of that eye." He left some salve. Days passed, and the case grew worse. The lid was entirely closed and much inflamed. The mother lost faith in the doctor, and tried Pond's Extract and warm water, equal parts, bathing the eye every hour. Next day the eye opened, and the baby was entirely well.

It is quite remarkable how strong a hold upon the people a remedy so valuable and so universally popular comes gradually to have. George B. French, Esq., of Nashua, N.H., in an argument before the New Hampshire Legislature, July 16th, 1889, says, "When the common people cannot find Pond's Extract, which they run for in distress, on sale at some convenient place, just as they have done, there will be a howl go up that the regular school cannot cure with their instruments or thorough courses. When a man has a raging pain in his tooth, joints, or face, when he is tied into a double bow-knot with a cramp in the stomach, he cannot stop to go to a physician five miles off and take a thorough course. He is going to have something in his medicine-closet that he can get at without any written prescription with a gold seal on it."

Yet this very popularity only incites the unscrupulous to endeavor to gain some profit by a worthless imitation, so that dozens of remedies are offered which are represented "as good as" or even "the same as" Pond's Extract. They should be carefully avoided, and only the genuine article obtained. Notice the landscape trade-mark on buff wrapper and the words Pond's Extract blown in the bottle-glass.

**ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE**, and to enable every one to act his part well needs that he shall be in perfect health. The very best of actors require prompting occasionally, and so it is with the functional parts of our bodies: they sometimes require prompting. A sluggish liver, impaired digestion, or weak stomach, if taken in time, only need a little prompting to set them right, but if neglected may lead to complications that will necessitate a physician's care. An article that has, comparatively speaking, been but recently introduced in America, is by far the best little prompter in all the aforementioned cases. We refer to Beecham's Pills, a staple article in England, having been before the British public for over fifty years and already in great demand in every other English-speaking country throughout the world. These pills are really a wonderful medicine, arousing and strengthening the system and prompting every organ to the proper performance of its part. It has recently been shown that they are nine times more used in England than any other patent medicine and have the largest sale of any in the world. In fact, they are the World's Medicine. No home in America need be without this famous and inexpensive remedy, for, although they are proverbially pronounced to be "worth a guinea a box," they can be obtained of any druggist for 25 cents, or from the Sole Agents for the United States, B. F. Allen & Co., 365 Canal Street, New York City, who will forward them to any address upon receipt of price.

**JOHN H. WOODBURY**, the noted Dermatologist, formerly of 210 West Forty-Second Street, New York City, has removed to the brownstone-front building 125 West Forty-Second Street, which he has leased for a term of years.



"CREOLE AND PURITAN," the complete novel which appeared in the October number of *Lippincott's*, is enjoying, as it deserves, an unprecedented popularity. It is a charming romance, full of stirring scenes and adventures, and at the same time most skilfully depicts the influence of environment upon certain types of character. The central figures are two West Point cadets, one an impulsive Creole, the other a cool-headed New-Englander; they are admirably contrasted, and their characters are well sustained throughout the story. Though rivals in love and for class-distinction, the two young men are sworn friends. The war parts them, and at its close they meet in New Orleans, and here fight a duel on account of the woman they both love. There is a capital description of a Carnival and of an international horse-race: nothing in recent fiction since the famous chariot-race in "Ben-Hur" can compare with the wonderfully realistic description of the latter exciting event. The scene of the story shifts to Egypt, where there is a stirring description of a capture and chase across the desert. The story is brought to a close in the city of New York, where many tangled threads are skilfully unravelled and lead up to a just though unexpected *dénouement*.

The author, Mr. T. C. De Leon, was formerly United States Consul-General in Egypt, and has the good fortune to know well the various scenes of his story. He is known to the reading public as the author of "Cross-Purposes" and "The Rock or the Rye." His last romance is bound to win him a wide fame, and a permanent place among the great novelists of the day.

LIVERY.—The word "livery" is of French origin, derived from the verb *livrer*, to "deliver." The custom of clothing servants in livery probably originated in France. At the plenary courts under the first two races of monarchs the king made a custom of delivering to his servants particular clothes, which were called *livrées*, because given at the king's expense. In like manner the nobility and gentry gave their dependants liveries, and various colors were adopted by different masters to distinguish one another's servants. Sometimes the livery consisted only of a particular mark or badge. The term "livery" formerly had a wider significance, and sometimes denoted both the food and clothes of the servants, and also the meat and drink that were served to guests. Spenser gives the meaning of the word in his time thus: "What livery is, wé, by common use in England, know well enough, namely, that it is allowance of horse-meat, as to keep horses at livery, the which word, I guess, is derived from *livring* or delivering both their nightly food. So in great houses the livery is said to be served up for all night, that is, their evening allowance of drink. And the livery is also the upper weed which a servant-man weareth, so called, as I suppose, for that it was *delivered* and taken from him at pleasure."

The use of liveries is very ancient in England, and the practice of giving liveries to menials is noticed in some of the statutes of the reign of Richard II. Livery was not confined to menials, however, but was worn also by retainers, not always of a low condition. In the time of Edward IV. the terms "livery" and "badge" seem to have become synonymous. The badges were generally worn upon the left sleeve, and engraved upon them was the master's crest or arms. In the dresses of porters and watermen, and perhaps in the shoulder-knots of footmen, the remains of the ancient badge are still preserved in England.

## A NEWLY-DISCOVERED FRAGMENT OF A GREAT LATIN AUTHOR.

Quid fit a sapiente viro antequam iter incipiat?

Emit syngrapham in "The Travelers' Insurance Co."

Quare?

Ut indemnificetur pro tempore amisso ratione injuriæ personalis, atque ut sua familia salvetur a paupertate morte occurrente.

Quanti pretii hæc syngrapha comparari potest?

Tantum \$5.00 per annum, per unumquodque \$1000 securitatis, cum \$5.00 per hebdomadale indemnificatione durante tempore valetudinis.

An requisitur examen a doctore medicinæ?

Nullum examen requisitur.

An plurimi homines casu adverso læsi aut occisi?

Pene sexta pars per annum ex illis qui habent syngraphas.

An societas solvit illis magnam pecuniam?

Plusquam \$4500 per diem.

A quo tempore?

Viginti et quinque annis abhinc: quo tempore illa societas plusquam \$16,500,000 in toto expendidit, more illo.

An societas id facere poterit, multis casibus occurrentibus?

Illam societas possidet plusquam \$2,250,000 bonarum in excessu omnium debitorum.

In quibus locis sunt procurandæ istæ syngraphæ?

Ubique, in Statibus Unitis et in Canada.

An existet in continente Americana, una alia opulens societas contra casus syngrapham dans?

Non existet.

It is well worth while for any one to learn Latin in order to absorb the valuable lore contained in this palimpsest; but for the sake of those who have not the spare time, we will explain that it analyzes the merits and record of the chief accident-insurance company of the globe, with its \$11,000,000 of assets and \$2,250,000 of surplus, its payments of over \$1,500,000 a year to claimants, and its liberal and equitable policies. The learned author should have added also that the same company issues the best Life Policies in the market, non-forfeitable and world-wide, at lowest cash rates. "Moral: Insure in The Travelers'."

**ANOTHER JONAH.**—A story is told by Herodotus which bears a striking resemblance to that connected with the name of the prophet Jonah. Somewhat abridged, it runs as follows. Arion the Mithymnæan, who in the days of Periander, King of Corinth, resided for some time in that city, is said to have been carried to Tænarus on the back of a dolphin. He went to Italy, and there acquired a large fortune, apparently by the exercise of his unrivalled talents as a harpist. Wishing to return to Corinth with his wealth, he embarked at Tarentum in a Corinthian vessel; but as soon as they were out at sea the sailors determined to murder him for the sake of his money. Perceiving their intention, he offered them all he had to spare his life, but the men were determined to be rid of him. Reduced to extremity, he entreated that they would at least allow him to put on his most valuable dress, and also permit him to give them a specimen of his musical powers, promising that as soon as he had finished he would destroy himself. They complied, retiring to the centre of the ship while he made his arrangements. Having dressed to his taste, Arion stood with his harp upon the side of the vessel, where he sang them a quick, spirited song, and then leaped into the sea. The ship pursued her course to Corinth, but Arion, so the fable relates, was taken up by a dolphin and carried on its back to Tænarus. He hastened at once to Corinth, and told his strange adventure to Periander, who would not believe him until he was confronted by the sailors with whom he had sailed, who, when they saw him, confessed their crime.

**THE CURFEW.**—Erroneous notions have long prevailed concerning the original object of the curfew. The custom of covering up fires about sunset in summer, and about eight at night in winter, is supposed to have been introduced by William I., and to have been imposed upon the English as a badge of servitude; and it has often been quoted to show with what severity the Conqueror sought to press his cruel government even to the very firesides of his subjects. But this opinion does not seem to be well founded, for there is evidence that the same custom prevailed in France, Spain, Italy, Scotland, and probably all the other countries of Europe, at this period. The curfew was intended as a caution against fires, which were then very frequent and very destructive, as so many houses were built of wood; and of such fires the Saxon Chronicle makes frequent mention. Again, the curfew is said to have been used in England at a much earlier date than the Conqueror's reign, and by so good a monarch as Alfred the Great. He ordained that all the inhabitants of Oxford should, at the ringing of the curfew at Carfax, cover up their fires and go to bed; which custom, it is stated in Peshall's "History of Oxford," "is observed to this day, and the bell as constantly rings at eight as Great Tom tolls at nine." It is reasonable to conclude that the Conqueror revived or continued the custom, which was previously established in Normandy.

The curfew is mentioned to a late period as a common and approved regulation, which would not have been the case had it been originally imposed as a badge of servitude or a law to prevent the people from meeting at their firesides and conspiring against an oppressive rule. We even find the ringing of the curfew-bell provided for by bequests of tracts of land, or other property, although this ringing was but the relic of the custom; for the people are not supposed to have put out their fires and lights beyond the reign of William II. Henry I. restored the use of lamps and candles at court after the ringing of the curfew.

Forty years ago almost every mother thought her child must have paregoric or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a few drops too many of them will produce the sleep from which there is no waking. Many are the children who have been killed and whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum, and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is "*A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which, in poisonous doses, produces stupor, coma, convulsions, and death.*" The taste and smell of opium medicines are disguised, and sold under the names of "Bateman's Drops," "Godfrey's Cordial," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician knows of what it is composed.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."—H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."—ALEX. ROBERTSON, M.D., 1057 Second Avenue, New York.

"From personal knowledge I can say that Castoria is a most excellent medicine for children."—DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria promotes Digestion, assists Teething, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.



WALKING along the corridor of the Philadelphia Post-Office, a peculiar weighing-machine may be seen in use by the clerks at the different windows. This little machine is said to represent an improvement in postal scales amounting to almost a complete revolution in the practice of weighing mail-matter. It is manufactured by the American Machine Co., of Philadelphia, and is known as the "Perfection Automatic Postal Scale," and the phenomenal success with which it has already met by its adoption in the postal service of different countries, as well as by a large number of business houses, shows its merits to be appreciated.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER and MRS. LILLIE LANGTRY, two famous beauties concerning whom all ladies are interested in reading, and whose care of their beautiful complexion should command the attention of all womanhood, have taken the trouble to write in reference to an article which both have tried and have found worthy of a place among their toilet requisites. In the March number of *The Home-Maker* will be found an article on Chapped Skin, written by that friend of the household, "Marion Harland." In it she follows the example of Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Langtry in recommending Watt's Glycerine Jelly of Violets as the best preparation in use. It is a harmless and inexpensive way to keep the skin smooth and velvety soft, and will prevent all roughness of the skin due to the use of impure soap, cold winds, exposure to the sun, etc. Sold by all druggists, and by the manufacturer, H. C. WATT, 10 North Broad Street, Philadelphia.

A FALSE EPITAPH.—A writer in the English *Notes and Queries* makes the following interesting note upon an old and well-known epitaph: "All men (i. e., a great many) have heard of Mrs. Martha, or Margaret, Gwynn, celebrated in an epitaph which I may give as follows:

Here lie the bones of Martha Gwynn,  
Who was so very pure within,  
She broke the outer shell of sin,  
And thence was hatched a Cherubin.

"Being desirous to find the true form and also the place of this epitaph, I lately searched for and found it in three published collections, each of which gives a text differing from the other two. For the place of it one collector, Mr. Augustus Hare, says Cambridgeshire. Had he said England he would have committed himself to less, and the reference would have been about equally useful. Another more definitely assigns it to St. Albans, Herts. By the help of a friend I was enabled to learn with something like certainty that it is not to be found there, though my friend happily suggested that, as Nell Gwynn once had a house of her own not far off, Martha the immaculate and naughty Nelly may have been sisters. But, unhappily for her fame, it now appears that Martha Gwynn either never had any existence at all, or, if she lived and practised all the virtues, at least was the cause of sin in her grave, seeing that her epitaph was, in Macaulay's phrase, stolen, and marred in the stealing. I have obtained what I suppose must be accepted as the original and veritable matrix from which Mrs. Martha received her mythical being. It is an epitaph in Toddington Church, Bedfordshire, mentioned and partly quoted by Lysons ('Magna Britannia') in his description of that church. In spite of 'conceits' and affectation, it has some literary merit, and at least presents something better and closer in thought than the flabby and pointless saying, 'She was so very pure within.' Here it is in full:

"Maria Wentworth, illustris Thomæ Comitissæ Cleveland Filiæ premortuæ primæ animam virginæam exhalavit [—] Januar. an<sup>o</sup> Dni. MDCXXXII., stat. xviii.

And here y<sup>e</sup> pretious dust is layde  
Whose purelie temper'd clay was made  
So fine that it y<sup>e</sup> guest betray'd.  
Else the soule grew so faste within,  
It broke y<sup>e</sup> outwarde shelle of sin,  
And soe was hatch'd a Cherubin.  
In height it soar'd to God above,  
In depth it did to knowledge move,  
And spread in breadth to generall love.  
Before a pious duty shind,  
To Parents courtesie behind,  
On either side an equal minde.  
Good to y<sup>e</sup> poore, to kindred deare,  
To servants kinde, to friendship cleare,  
To nothing but herself severe.  
See though a Virgin yet a Bride  
To everie grace, she justified  
A chaste Poligamie, and dyed."



THE man who insures his life discounts the risks and anxieties of years. He renders it certain that his family will always have a suitable support. He buys a fortune on instalments,—the fortune to be delivered to his family at the end of a given number of years, or at his death. He has a great advantage over the uninsured. His mind is free, his capital is free. A fortune for his family is practically secured, and he does not defer to the future the enjoyments which it is his right to take now: he enjoys as he goes along. But he should exercise judgment in the selection of a company.

A company must show its title to be an insurer. It must offer ample security, and ample evidence that such security will be maintained,—sufficient assets now, and to spare, and a continuous record of honorable management. Important, also, is a guarantee that the cost will be kept at a minimum. Here, too, the past must speak for the future. The Penn Mutual Life of Philadelphia for forty-two years has enjoyed a most enviable reputation with respect to both security and cost. It has kept the first undoubted, the second much lower than the average. Satisfied in these particulars, minor features should have consideration; and, being duly weighed, the Penn Mutual will not be found wanting in any that are desirable and equitable.

LOTTA writes, under date of December, 1888, "When I reached Philadelphia I was very much fatigued, run down in health, and my voice almost gone. After using the Compound Oxygen treatment for three weeks I felt that my health was entirely restored. I can now sing without fatigue, and never felt better in my life. I feel under great obligations to the Compound Oxygen treatment. To Messrs. Northrop & Hickman, 1128 Walnut Street, Philadelphia." The secret of the success of this Compound Oxygen lies in the fact of it being a blood-purifier, a tonic, and a stimulant without depending on drugs for its action. Compound Oxygen will restore a healthy action in every diseased organ in the body; gives tone to the nerves, relieving Neuralgia and Nervous Prostration. Especially recommended in diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, Lungs, Liver, and Kidneys, Catarrh, and Rheumatism. For further information concerning Compound Oxygen treatment, address Northrop & Hickman, 1128 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PROFESSOR W. W. GILCHRIST has returned from his summer outing and is still more confident that his throat is permanently cured, it being now three years since his recovery. The musical world well remember how the loss of his voice was feared, the most prominent throat specialists at home and abroad having failed entirely to afford him relief. Such a striking cure has made Dr. Walter C. Browning, of 1235 Arch Street, Philadelphia, much sought after as a Throat Specialist by our best vocalists. The new system called "Perfected Oxygen" is original with Dr. Browning, and his interesting treatise can be obtained by any applicant in person or by mail.

"A BELATED REVENGE," which appears in the current number, is a powerful story of life and adventure in Virginia previous to the Revolutionary War. The manuscript of the novel was left unfinished by the late Dr. Robert Montgomery Bird, who is best known as the author of "The Gladiator" and "Nick of the Woods." Had he lived to finish "A Belated Revenge" it would undoubtedly have added greatly to his reputation as a novelist. The story, however, has been most acceptably completed by his son, Frederic M. Bird.

Dr. Bird was born in 1805, at New Castle, Delaware. He commenced to practise medicine in Philadelphia, but soon gave himself up to literary pursuits. Besides "The Gladiator" he wrote another successful tragedy, entitled "Oraloosa." Among other well-known works of his are "Calavar, A Romance of Mexico," "The Infidel," and "The Adventures of Robin Day." In 1847 he became joint editor and proprietor of the *North American and United States Gazette*, and continued in this capacity until his death in 1854. In 1833 Dr. Bird made an extended trip through the South and Southwest, and it was then that he enjoyed the opportunity of making local studies for "A Belated Revenge," which story he had already outlined. He was very well versed in colonial history, and in the manners of life and customs of pre-Revolutionary times: this knowledge enabled him to give to his story a peculiar interest and value, lending it that air of reality which is necessary to a tale of the kind, and at the same time making it a true picture of the times.

**EARLY PRINTING.**—In the infancy of the art of printing its results were comparatively very rude. The type used was intended to imitate writing, and partook of the character of gothic and script. In punctuating, no marks were at first used other than the period and the colon; an oblique stroke was afterwards introduced, and fulfilled the purpose of our comma. Pages had neither running title nor number. Capital letters were not used to commence a sentence, nor in proper names. No rules seem to have regulated the orthography, and abbreviations were very numerous. The first presses were fashioned after the model of the common wine-press. For a short time the paper was printed on but one side, the blank sides being pasted together. The only forms of books were the folio and quarto.

**THE BED OF JUSTICE.**—This expression (*lit de justice*) literally denoted the seat or throne upon which the King of France was accustomed to sit when personally present in parliament; and from this original meaning the expression came in course of time to signify the parliament itself. Under the ancient monarchy of France a bed of justice denoted a solemn session of the king in parliament. According to the principle of the old French constitution, the authority of the parliament, being derived entirely from the crown, ceased when the king was present; consequently all ordinances enrolled at a bed of justice were acts of the royal will, and of more authority than decisions of parliament.

The last bed of justice was assembled by Louis XVI. at Versailles, on August 6, 1788, at the commencement of the French Revolution, and was intended to enforce upon the Parliament of Paris the adoption of the obnoxious taxes which had previously been proposed by Calonne at the Assembly of Notables. The resistance to this measure led to the assembling of the States-General, and to the Revolution.

## ALL ABOUT Harriet Hubbard Ayer and the Récamier Toilet Preparations.

Why you should use them?

Because no woman can be beautiful, or even cleanly in appearance, whose face is marred by pimples, blackheads, blotches, freckles, or other imperfections.

Because they are the only skin remedies indorsed by physicians and by the women who make the preservation of their beauty a life study.

40 BROADWAY, N.Y., January, 1887.

MRS. H. H. AYER:

Dear Madam—Samples of your Récamier Preparations have been analyzed by me. I find that there is nothing in them that will harm the most delicate skin, and which is not authorized by the French Pharmacopœia as safe and beneficial in preparations of this character.—Respectfully yours,

THOS. B. STILLMAN, M. Sc., Ph.D.

From Madame Adelina Patti-Nicolini,  
Crag y Nos Castle, October 13, 1887.

My Dear Mrs. Ayer—There never has been anything equal in merit to the Récamier Preparations, my skin is so immensely improved by their use. I need not dread old age while these magic inventions of yours exist. I use cream, balm, and lotion every day of my life, and could not exist comfortably without them. Récamier Soap also is perfect. I shall never use any other. It far surpasses all toilet soaps. I hear that the Princess of Wales is delighted with the Récamier Preparations. I am convinced your Récamier Preparations are the greatest boon ever invented. I could not comfortably endure a day without them.

ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI.

Récamier Cream, for tan, sunburn, pimples, &c. Price, \$1.50.

Récamier Balm, a beautifier, pure and simple. Price, \$1.50.

Récamier Almond Lotion, for freckles, moth and discolorations. Price, \$1.50.

Récamier Powder, for toilet, nursery. Will stay on and does not make face shine. Price, \$1.00 large boxes; 50 cents small boxes.

Récamier Soap. Best in the world. Price, 50 cts. scented; 25 cts. unscented.

If your druggist cannot supply you, refuse all substitutes and order direct.

If you will mention Lippincott's you will receive a free package of the Récamier Toilet Powder. In giving orders please make your remittance by post-office or express money order, postal note, stamps, or in registered letter.

Caution.—Beware of swindlers and discharged employés. I employ no agents. The secrets of my formulæ are unknown outside my laboratory.

Récamier Manufacturing Company, 52 and 54 Park Place, New York City,  
Harriet Hubbard Ayer, President.



*To Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer  
I am very pleased to receive from  
the  
Adelina Patti Nicolini  
1887.*

**ORIGIN OF THE TERM "CHESTNUT."**—A correspondent writes to ask the origin of the term "chestnut" as applied to old jests. Various explanations have been given as to the origin of this word: the most plausible one is given by Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who, to quote his own words, says, "There is a melodrama but little known to the present generation, written by William Dillon, called 'The Broken Sword.' There were two characters in it, one a Captain Xavier, and the other the comedy part of Pablo. The captain is a sort of Baron Munchausen, and, in telling of his exploits, says, 'I entered the woods of Colloway, when suddenly from the boughs of a cork-tree'—Pablo interrupts him with the words, 'A chestnut, captain, a chestnut.' 'Bah!' replies the captain, 'Bobby, I say a cork-tree!' 'A chestnut!' reiterates Pablo. 'I should know as well as you, having heard you tell the tale these twenty-seven times.'

"William Warren, who had often played the part of Pablo, was at a stag-dinner a few years ago, when one of the gentlemen present told a story of doubtful age and originality. 'A chestnut,' murmured Mr. Warren, quoting from the play. 'I have heard you tell the tale these twenty-seven times.' The application of the lines pleased the rest of the table, and when the party broke up each helped to spread the story and Mr. Warren's commentary. 'And this,' Mr. Jefferson adds, 'I really believe to be the origin of the word 'chestnut.'"

**ST. ANDREW'S CROSS.**—The cross of St. Andrew is always represented in the shape of the letter X; but that this is an error ecclesiastical historians prove by appealing to the cross itself on which he suffered, which St. Stephen of Burgundy gave to the convent of St. Victor, near Marseilles, and which, like the common cross, is rectangular. The cause of the error is thus explained: when the apostle suffered, the cross, instead of being fixed upright, rested on its foot and arm, and in this posture he was fastened to it, his hands to one arm and the head, his feet to the other arm and the foot, and his head in the air.

**THE EARLIEST COINED MONEY.**—Throughout the early parts of Scripture, as well as through the poems of Homer, not a single passage occurs from which can be inferred the existence of stamped money of any description. It is now agreed that the Egyptians had no coined money. Herodotus is authority for the statement that the Lydians were the first people who coined gold and silver. The Parian Chronicle, however, ascribes the first coinage of copper and silver money to Pheidon, King of Argos, 895 B.C., in Ægina, which Ælian corroborates; and the best numismatic antiquaries agree in considering the coins of Ægina, from their archaic form and appearance, the most ancient known. They are of silver, and bear on the upper side the figure of a turtle, and on the under an indented mark.

Pheidon also first established a scale of weights and measures, which are considered to have been borrowed immediately from the Phœnicians, and by them originally from the Babylonians, the common origin being the Chaldean priesthood.

Coins are among the most certain evidences of history. In the later part of the Greek series they illustrate the chronology of reigns. In the Roman series they fix the dates and succession of events. Gibbon observes that, if all our historians were lost, medals, inscriptions, and other monuments would be sufficient to record the travels of Hadrian. The reign of Probus might be written from his coins.



**CATARRH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS, AND HAY-FEVER.** A new home treatment. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and Eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay-fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

"N.B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of ten cents by A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 West King Street, Toronto, Canada."—*Toronto Globe*.

Sufferers from catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

**SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HINDOOS.**—A contributor to *Science* gives the following account of superstitions in every-day use among the Hindoos: "The Hindoos are early risers. In the warm season—extending from April to October—they sleep either upon the house-top or in the court-yard, or in the veranda, if rain should be threatening, and are usually up at five o'clock or earlier in the morning. In the cold weather, when they sleep within-doors, they rise later, but they are out before seven. Rising in the morning while but half awake, the Hindoo repeats the name of Rama several times. Happening to yawn, he immediately fillips his thumb and middle finger, though he does not know why. He prepares for his morning toilet. He plucks a twig from the bitter Neem-tree, breaks off a span length of it, crushes one end between his teeth, and extemporizes a tooth-brush. He next draws up water from the well in the yard with an iron bucket, and prepares to wash his hands and face. This is quickly done. He then throws on an extra garment, the thickness and texture depending on the season and weather, lights his hooka, takes a few pulls with his euphonious hubble-bubble, and is ready to go out. With a passing 'Rama, Rama,' to friend or acquaintance, and a neighborly gossip by the way, he repairs to his place of business. While going he will sedulously avoid those signs and sounds which may augur ill for the day. Should one sneeze, or should he hear the cawing of a crow or the cry of a kite, or should he meet an oil-man, or one blind or lame, or see a cat cross his path, he would be greatly distressed as to the day before him. On the other hand, if a fox crosses his path, if he hears a gong or shell summoning him to worship, or if he meets a Brahman with his head uncovered, he would rejoice, hailing it as auspicious. Some are so superstitious that if any evil portent occurs on the way they would return home, have a smoke, or chew a betel-leaf, and proceed afresh."

**ADORATION OF FLOWERS.**—In ancient times plant-worship was universal in the East, and it seems that even in our own times a system of flower-worship is kept up in various parts of Persia and India. A recent traveller in India gives the following description of flower-worship as practised by the Persians in Bombay: "A true Persian in flowing robe of blue, and on his head a sheepskin hat,—black, glossy, curly, the fleece of Kar-Kal,—would saunter in, and stand and meditate over every flower he saw, and always as if half in vision. And when the vision was fulfilled, and the ideal flower he was seeking found, he would spread his mat and sit before it until the setting of the sun, and then pray before it, and then fold up his mat again and go home. And the next night,



and night after night, until that particular flower faded away, he would return to it, and bring his friends in ever-increasing troops to it, and sit and play the guitar or lute before it, and they would all together pray there, and after prayer still sit before it sipping sherbet and talking the most hilarious and shocking scandal late into the moonlight, and so again and again every evening, until the flower died. Sometimes, by way of a grand finale, the whole company would suddenly arise before the flower and serenade it together with an ode from Hafiz, and depart."

**MODES OF EXECUTION.**—A contributor to *American Notes and Queries* summarizes the modes of execution in different countries as follows:

- Austria, gallows, public.
- Bavaria, guillotine, private.
- Belgium, guillotine, public.
- Brunswick, axe, private.
- China, sword or cord, public.
- Denmark, guillotine, public.
- Ecuador, musket, public.
- France, guillotine, public.
- Great Britain, gallows, private.
- Hanover, guillotine, private.
- Italy, capital punishment abolished.
- Netherlands, gallows, public.
- Oldenburg, musket, public.
- Portugal, gallows, public.
- Prussia, sword, private.
- Russia, musket, gallows, or sword, public.
- Saxony, guillotine, private.
- Spain, garrote, public.
- Switzerland:
  - Fifteen cantons, sword, public.
  - Two cantons, guillotine, public.
  - Two cantons, guillotine, private.
- United States, other than New York, gallows, mostly private.

**NAPOLÉON'S BEES.**—Napoleon I., wishing to have some regal emblem more ancient than the *fleur-de-lys*, is said to have adopted the bee under the following circumstances. When the tomb of Childeric (the father of Clovis) was opened in 1658, there were found, besides the skeletons of his horse and page, his arms, etc., a great number of models of what the French heralds mistook for bees. These were "of the purest gold, their wings being inlaid with a red stone, like cornelian." These "bees" were accordingly sprinkled over the imperial robe as emblematical of enterprise and activity. But these small ornaments resembling bees were only what in French are called *fleurons*, supposed to have been attached to the harness of the war-horse. Handfuls of them were found when the tomb was opened at Tournay, and sent to Louis XIV. They were deposited upon a green ground at Versailles, which was adopted by Napoleon as the original Merovingian color.

